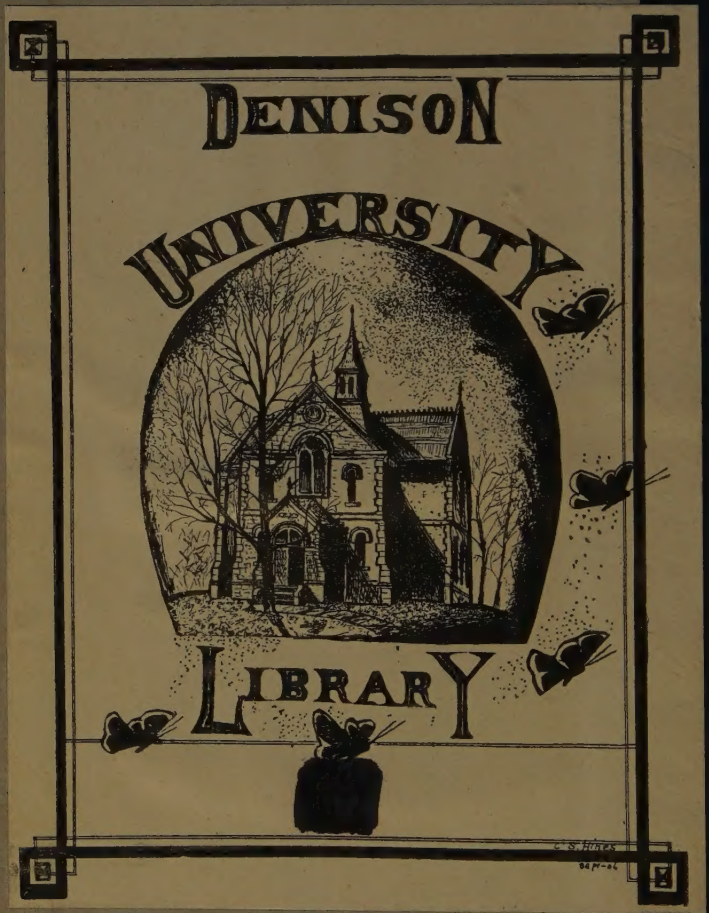
WITHDRAWN



BOOK-CRAFT
BINDERY
Old Books
made New
106 KING AVE.

KINGS AND QUEENS;

OR,

Life in the Palace:

CONSISTING OF

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF JOSEPHINE AND MARIA LOUISA, LOUIS PHILIPPE, FERDINAND OF AUSTRIA, NICHOLAS, ISABELLA II., LEOPOLD, VICTORIA, AND LOUIS NAPOLEON.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

NEW YORK:
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
329 & 331 PEARL STREET,
FRANKLIN SQUARE.
1855.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four, by

HARPER & BROTHERS,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

A52

10923

PREFACE.

IT is extremely difficult to obtain accurate information respecting the character and conduct of those who occupy thrones. The views of writers are so influenced by political predilections, that the same character is represented by one as an angel, and by another as a demon. The author of the following sketches has spared no pains to obtain as correct knowledge as possible of the distinguished individuals of whom he has written, and he has introduced no illustrative actions which have not appeared to him to be well authenticated. He has not been careful to inquire whether the opinions he has expressed are generally entertained or not. He has only endeavored to give utterance to his honest convictions in reference to events and actions which have agitated and still divide the opinions of the world.

New York, May, 1848.

CONTENTS.

920X
A

	Page
JOSEPHINE AND MARIA LOUISA	13
LOUIS PHILIPPE	65
FERDINAND	119
NICHOLAS	155
LEOPOLD	207
ISABELLA	249
VICTORIA	293
LOUIS NAPOLEON	329

KINGS AND QUEENS;

OR,

Life in the Palace.

JOSEPHINE AND MARIA LOUISA.

KINGS AND QUEENS.

Josephine and Maria Louisa.

A DARKER day never enveloped in its gloom the Austrian monarchy, than when the beleaguering hosts of Napoleon encompassed Vienna, and from their encircling batteries were showering shot and shells upon the doomed city. The armies of Austria, in repeated conflicts, had been mown down and scattered by the resistless conqueror. As the eagles of Napoleon glittered upon the hills which overlook the city, the royal family, with the "hot haste" which terror inspires, had fled far off into the wilds of Hungary. It is midnight. The sky is streaked with the fiery projectiles which, like meteors of death, are descending into the thronged and dismayed metropolis. Flames are bursting forth in every part of the city. All hearts are frozen with terror. There is no place of refuge. Red-hot balls crush their way through dwellings of brick and stone. Shells explode in the cradle of the infant, and, upheaving the most massive dwellings, bury their mangled inmates beneath their ruins. The clamors of two hundred thousand combatants fill the midnight air, and mingle with the thunders of one of the most awful bombardments earth has ever witnessed.

In one of the chambers of the royal palace there lies a maiden, sixteen years of age, the daughter of the king. Her father and mother, in the consternation of their flight, were compelled to leave behind them their sick child. Her cheek is flushed with fever, and again paled with terror, as the uproar of the assault, like angry thunders, fill the air. The glare of bursting shells and the flames of the spreading conflagration portentously gleam through the windows upon the eye of the sick and terrified sufferer. She in vain buries her head beneath the bed-clothes to shut out the horrid cries of the assailants and the shrieks of the wounded.

In the midst of this most dreadful scene, the gates of the city are suddenly thrown open, and a small party emerge, and with a flag of truce pass through the embattling hosts, till they approach the presence of Napoleon. They inform him of the situation and the peril of the princess. He instantly orders the direction of every gun to be changed which might endanger her person. The flag of truce again retires within the walls, and the awful bombardment continues. For ten long hours this terrific storm of iron descends upon the city, till three thousand shells have filled its streets with ruins and with blood. But Maria Louisa remains upon her bed unharmed, though other parts of her father's palace are blown from their foundations. Little did she imagine, in the consternation of that dreadful night, that it was her future husband who was thus raining down destruction upon her father's capital; and little did the plebeian conqueror imagine, as he compassionately changed the direction of his guns, that this maiden was to be the Queen of France, and that by this bombardment he was wooing and winning for his bride a daughter of the Cæsars

A daughter of the Cæsars! What a mysterious influence there is in ancestral renown! Napoleon even, the creator of his crown, the fabricator of his own glory, was dazzled by its glare. Maria Louisa was a lineal descendant of the proudest monarchs of Rome. The blood which circulated in her veins had passed to her from the Cæsars, and through the heroic heart of Maria Theresa. She had been cradled and nurtured amid scenes of moral sublimity and regal magnificence, which, one would think, would give an impress of grandeur even to the meanest soul. Surely, then, her spirit must be animated with all that is lofty and ennobling in human character. Alas! it was not so. She was nothing more than a mild, amiable, pretty girl, utterly incapable of cherishing an idea of magnanimity or of heroism. She was endowed by nature only with those qualities which were most common-place and earthly, and was entirely unqualified to act a noble part in the lofty drama through which she was destined to move.

Napoleon was at this time contemplating a divorce from Josephine. He loved Josephine as intensely as so ambitious a spirit was capable of loving any person. His connection with her had been founded on the most romantic attachment, and was associated with all the most interesting events of his history. His desire for a divorce did not originate in any waning of affection, but was urged by those considerations of state policy for which, in his boundless ambition, he was ready to sacrifice every affection. He deemed it essential to the perpetuity of his throne that he should add the grandeur of ancestral renown to the glory of his unparalleled exploits; and his desire was intense to be blessed with an heir who should inherit his power and perpetuate his name.

Rumors had for some time been reaching Josephine of the doom which was impending over her. Agitated with the most terrible fears, and again clinging to trembling hope, the unhappy empress passed several weeks in the agony of suspense. Both were under great restraint, and neither hardly ventured to look at the other. The contemplated divorce was noised abroad, and Josephine read, in the averted looks of her former friend, the indications of her approaching disgrace. Napoleon and Josephine had been accustomed to live upon terms of the most affectionate intimacy, and in their private hours, free from the restraints of a court, she would loiter in his cabinet, and he would steal in, an ever-welcome visiter, upon the secrecy of her boudoir. Now, reserve and restraint marked every word and movement. The private access between their apartments was closed. Napoleon no longer entered her boudoir; but, when he wished to speak to her, respectfully knocking at the door, would wait her approach. Whenever Josephine heard the sound of his approaching footsteps, the fear that he was coming with the terrible announcement of separation immediately caused such violent palpitations of the heart that it was with the utmost difficulty she could totter across the floor, even when supporting herself by leaning against the walls, and catching at the articles of furniture. They had many private interviews before Napoleon ventured to announce directly his determination, in which he hinted at the necessity of the measure. From all these interviews Josephine returned with her eyes so swollen with weeping as to give her attendants the erroneous impression that personal violence was used to compel her to consent.

The fatal day for the announcement at length arrived.

Josephine appears to have had some presentiment that her doom was sealed, for all the day she had been in her private apartment weeping bitterly. As the dinner-hour approached, to conceal her weeping and swollen eyes she wore a head-dress with a deep front, which shaded the whole of the upper part of her face. They dined alone. Napoleon entered the room in the deepest embarrassment. He uttered not a word, but mechanically struck the edge of his glass with his knife, as if to divert his thoughts. Josephine could not conceal the convulsive agitations of her frame. They sat together during the whole meal in silence. The various courses were brought in, and removed untouched by either. Says Josephine, "We dined together as usual. I struggled with my tears, which, notwithstanding every effort, overflowed from my eyes. I uttered not a single word during that solitary meal; and he broke silence but once, to ask an attendant about the weather. *My* sunshine, I saw, had passed away; the storm burst quickly." Immediately after this sorrowful repast, Napoleon requested the attendants to leave the room. The emperor, closing the door after them with his own hand, approached Josephine, who was trembling in every nerve. The struggle in the soul of Napoleon was fearful. His whole frame trembled. His countenance assumed the expression of the firm resolve which nerved him to this unpardonable wrong. He took the hand of the empress, pressed it to his heart, gazed for a moment, speechless, upon those features which had won his youthful love, and then, with a voice tremulous with the storm which shook both soul and body, said, "Josephine, my good Josephine, you know how I have loved you; it is to you, to you alone, that I owe the few moments of happi-

ness I have known in the world. Josephine, my destiny is more powerful than my will. My dearest affections must yield to the interests of France." "Say no more," exclaimed the empress, in mortal anguish; "I expected this. I understand and feel for you; but the stroke is not the less mortal." And, with a piercing shriek, she fell lifeless upon the floor. Napoleon hastily opened the door and called for help. His physician, Dr. Corvisart, was at hand, and, entering with other attendants, they raised the unconscious Josephine from the floor, who, in a delirium of agony, was exclaiming, "Oh no! you can not, you can not do it! you would not kill me." Napoleon supported the limbs of Josephine, while another bore her body, and thus they conveyed her to her bed-room. Placing the insensible empress upon the bed, Napoleon again dismissed the attendants and rang for her women, who, on entering, found him bending over her lifeless form with an expression of the deepest anxiety and anguish. Napoleon slept not that night, but paced his room in silence and solitude, probably lashed by an avenging conscience. He frequently, during the night, returned to Josephine's room to inquire concerning her situation, but each time the sound of his footstep and of his voice almost threw the agonized empress into convulsions. "No! no!" says Josephine, "I can not describe the horror of my situation during that night! Even the interest which *he* affected to take in my sufferings seemed to me additional cruelty. O! how justly had I reason to dread becoming an empress!"

At length the day arrived for the public announcement of the divorce. The imperial council of state was convened in the Tuileries, and all the members of the imperial family

and all the prominent officers of the empire were present. Napoleon, with his pale and care-worn features, but ill concealed by the drooping plumes which were arranged to overshadow them, sacrificing strong love to still stronger ambition, with a voice made firm by the very struggle with which he was agitated, in the following terms assigned to the world the reasons for this cruel separation:

"The political interests of my monarchy, the wishes of my people, which have constantly guided my actions, require that I should leave behind me, to heirs of my love for my people, the throne on which Providence has placed me. For many years I have lost all hopes of having children by my beloved spouse, the Empress Josephine. That it is which induces me to sacrifice the sweetest affections of my heart, to consider only the good of my subjects, and desire the dissolution of our marriage. Arrived at the age of forty years, I may indulge a reasonable hope of living long enough to rear, in the spirit of my own thoughts and disposition, the children with which it may please Providence to bless me. God knows what such a determination has cost my heart; but there is no sacrifice which is above my courage, when it is proved to be for the interests of France. Far from having any cause of complaint, I have nothing to say but in praise of the attachment and tenderness of my beloved wife. She has embellished fifteen years of my life; the remembrance of them shall be forever engraven on my heart. She was crowned by my hand; she shall retain always the rank and title of empress. But, above all, let her never doubt my feelings, or regard me but as her best and dearest friend."

Josephine, with a faltering voice, and with her eyes suf-

fused with tears, replied, "I respond to all the sentiments of the emperor in consenting to the dissolution of a marriage which henceforth is an obstacle to the happiness of France by depriving it of the blessing of being one day governed by the descendants of that great man, evidently raised up by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, and restore the altar, the throne, and social order. But his marriage will in no respect change the sentiments of my heart; the emperor will ever find in me his best friend. I know what this act, commanded by policy and exalted interest, has cost his heart; but we both glory in the sacrifices which we make to the good of our country. I feel elevated by giving the greatest proof of attachment that was ever given upon earth."

Such were the sentiments, replete with dignity and grandeur, which were uttered in public; but Josephine returned from this dreadful effort to her chamber of the darkest woe, and so violent and so protracted was her anguish, that for six months she wept so incessantly as to be nearly blinded with grief. The next day after the public announcement to the imperial council of state of the intended separation, the whole imperial family were assembled in the grand saloon of the Tuileries for the legal consummation of the divorce. It was the 16th of December, 1810. Napoleon was there in all his robes of state, yet care-worn and wretched. With his arms folded across his breast, he leaned against a pillar as motionless as a statue, uttering not a word to any one, and apparently insensible of the tragedy enacting around him, of which he was the sole author, and eventually the most pitiable victim. The members of the Bonaparte family, who were jealous of the almost boundless

SUNDERING THE TIE.

influence which Josephine had exerted over their imperial brother, were all there, secretly rejoicing in her disgrace. In the center of the apartment there was a small table, and upon it a writing apparatus of gold. An arm-chair was placed before the table. A silence, as of death, pervaded the room. All eyes were fixed upon that chair and table, as though they were the instruments of a dreadful execution. A side door opened, and Josephine entered, supported by her daughter Hortense, who, not possessing the fortitude of her mother, burst into tears as she entered the apartment, and continued sobbing as though her heart would break. All immediately arose upon the appearance of Josephine. She wore a simple dress of white muslin, unadorned by a single ornament. With that peculiar grace for which she was ever distinguished, she moved slowly and silently to the seat prepared for her. Leaning her elbow upon the table, and supporting her pallid brow with her hand, she struggled to repress the anguish of her soul as she listened to the reading of the act of separation. The voice of the reader was interrupted only by the convulsive sobbings of Hortense, who stood behind her mother's chair. Eugene also stood beside his mother in that dreadful hour, pale, and trembling like an aspen leaf. Josephine sat with tears silently trickling down her cheeks, in the mute composure of despair.

At the close of this painful duty, Josephine for a moment pressed her handkercheif to her weeping eyes; but, instantly regaining her composure, arose, and with her voice of ineffable sweetness, in clear and distinct tones, pronounced the oath of acceptance. Again she sat down, and with a trembling hand took the pen and placed her signature to

the deed which forever separated her from the object of her dearest affections and from her most cherished hopes. Scarcely had she laid down her pen when Eugene dropped lifeless upon the floor, and he was borne to his chamber in a state of insensibility as his mother and sister retired.

But there still remained another scene of anguish in this day of woe. Josephine sat in her chamber, in solitude and speechlessness, till Napoleon's usual hour for retiring to rest had arrived. In silence and in wretchedness, Napoleon had just placed himself in the bed from which he had ejected the wife of his youth, and his servant was waiting only to receive orders to retire, when suddenly the private door to his chamber opened, and Josephine appeared, with swollen eyes and disheveled hair, and all the dishabille of unutterable agony. With trembling steps she tottered into the room, approached the bed, and then irresolutely stopped, and burst into an agony of tears. Delicacy—a feeling as if she *now* had no right to be *there*—seemed at first to have arrested her progress; but, forgetting every thing in the fulness of her grief, she threw herself upon the bed, clasped her husband's neck, and sobbed as if her heart had been breaking. Napoleon also wept, while he endeavored to console her, and they remained, for some time locked in each other's arms, silently mingling their tears together. The attendant was dismissed, and, for an hour, they remained together in this last private interview, and then Josephine parted forever from the husband she had so long, so fondly, and so faithfully loved. As Josephine retired, the attendant again entered, and found Napoleon so buried in the bed-clothes as to be invisible. And when he arose in the morning, his pale and haggard features gave attestation of the sufferings of a sleepless night.

At eleven o'clock the next day Josephine was to leave the scene of all her earthly greatness, and to depart from the Tuileries forever. The whole household were assembled on the stairs and in the vestibule, in order to obtain a last look of a mistress whom they had loved, and who, to use an expression of one present, "carried with her into exile the hearts of all who had enjoyed the happiness of access to her presence." Josephine appeared, leaning upon the arm of one of her ladies, and veiled from head to foot. She held a handkerchief to her eyes, and moved forward amid silence, at first uninterrupted, but to which almost immediately succeeded a universal burst of grief. Josephine, though not insensible to this proof of attachment, spoke not; but instantly entering a close carriage, with six horses, drove rapidly away, without casting one look backward on the scene of past greatness and departed happiness. The palace of Malmaison was assigned to Josephine for her future residence, and a jointure of about six hundred thousand dollars a year settled upon her. Here, after many months of tears, she gradually regained composure, as time healed the wound which had been inflicted upon her heart. It was soon evident that there was no surer way of securing the favor of Napoleon than by paying marked attention to Josephine. She was consequently treated with the utmost deference by all the ambassadors of foreign courts and all the crowned heads of Europe.

One of the ladies who had been attached to the brilliant court of Josephine, upon the fall of her mistress was anxious to abandon her, and to revolve as a satellite around the new luminary, Maria Louisa. To the application, Napoleon replied in an angry tone, "No! no! she shall not. Although

I am charged with ingratitude toward Josephine, I will have no imitators, especially among the persons whom she has honored with her confidence and loaded with her favors."

Josephine gives the following account of a subsequent interview with Napoleon at Malmaison. "I was one day painting a violet, a flower which recalled to my memory my more happy days, when one of my women ran toward me and made a sign by placing her finger upon her lips. The next moment I was overpowered. I beheld Napoleon. He threw himself with transport into the arms of his old friend. O! then I was convinced that he could still love me; for that man really loved me. It seemed impossible for him to cease gazing upon me; and his look was that of the most tender affection. At length, in a tone of the deepest compassion and love, he said, 'My dear Josephine! I have always loved you—I love you still. Do you still love me, excellent and good Josephine? Do you still love me, in spite of the relations I have contracted, and which have separated me from you? But they have not banished *you* from my memory.' 'Sire,' said I—'Call me Bonaparte,' said he; 'speak to me, my beloved, with the same freedom, the same familiarity as ever.' Bonaparte soon disappeared, and I heard only the sound of his retiring footsteps. O! how quickly does every thing take place upon earth. I had once more felt the pleasure of being loved."

The repudiation of Josephine, strong as were the political motives which led to it, is the darkest stain upon the character of Napoleon. And, like all wrong doing, however seemingly prosperous for a time, it promoted final disaster and woe A pique, originating in his second marriage, alienated Alexander of Russia from the French em-

MALMAISON.

peror, and hence the campaign of Moscow, and the imprisonment of Napoleon upon the rock of St. Helena.

When the design of Napoleon was known, every court in Europe was emulous of the honor of such an alliance. The Bourbons, in their exile, would gladly furnish a princess of the blood royal as a bride for the mighty conqueror. The Russian court proffers any of its high-born maidens to the acceptance of the master-spirit, at whose frown all Europe trembles; and the Austrian monarchy, the proudest of all earthly dynasties, eagerly seeks alliance with the soldier of fortune, who has twice entered its capital in triumph, and reposed, with his plebeian marshals, in its palaces. After much deliberation, Napoleon decided to accept the alliance of Austria. Proposals were made for Maria Louisa, and eagerly accepted. Maria was then nineteen years of age, and was most happy to be honored as the bride of one who had filled the world with his renown. Napoleon was forty-two.

On the 12th of March, 1810, apparently without emotion, Maria left the palaces of her father, surrounded by all the pomp the Austrian monarchy could confer, to meet her future husband. As the long train of carriages left Vienna, the people gazed mournfully upon the scene. Maria Antoinette, the last princess Austria had furnished for the throne of France, but a few years before had perished miserably upon the scaffold. The populace were only prevented by the soldiers from cutting the traces of the carriages and preventing the departure. The gorgeous procession proceeded on its way toward the frontiers of France. Napoleon had never yet seen the bride who was coming to meet him. "She is not beautiful," he said, as he gazed

upon her miniature, "but she is a daughter of the Cæsars!"

When Maria arrived at the Rhine, her Austrian attendants left her, and she was received by the French nation and conducted toward Paris with the highest possible accompaniments of imperial splendor. The bells rang their merriest peals of congratulation. The Austrian and the tricolored flag floated in friendly embrace from every tower. Triumphal arches, illuminated cities, and civil and military processions greeted her progress, while the horses of her chariot buried their hoofs in the beds of roses which were spread over her path. France, then in the zenith of its pride and intoxicated with glory, from the Rhine to the Pyrenees resounded with all the expressions and demonstrations of rejoicing. Napoleon met her near Compeigne. Springing from his own carriage, he eagerly leaped into that of the empress, and, entirely regardless of all the restraints and etiquette of courts, folded her in his embrace with the most youthful impetuosity. The postillions were ordered to drive upon the gallop to the Palace of Compeigne. This unexpected ardor was not at all unwelcome to Maria, and a few hours in the society of her imperial husband invested her with such queenly ease and affability that she could hardly be recognized by her former attendants. The marriage ceremony was celebrated with the utmost splendor at St. Cloud, and never before or since has Paris resounded with such an uproar of rejoicing as when Napoleon led his youthful bride into those apartments of the Tuilleries from which Josephine, but three months before, had been so cruelly ejected. Four queens held the bridal train of Maria Louisa, and the ambassadors of all

the courts of Europe revolved around her as their central luminary. But who can tell how dismally these rejoicings fell upon the ear of Josephine, as she sat weeping in her deserted chambers!

In one year from that time, Maria was placed upon that mysterious couch of suffering from which no regal wealth or splendor can purchase exemption. Her pains were long protracted and her anguish dreadful. The attendant physicians, in the utmost trepidation, informed Napoleon that the life of the mother or the child must be sacrificed. "Save the mother," said Napoleon; but, perceiving that they had lost their presence of mind in view of the peril of so illustrious a patient, he immediately added, "Do as you would with the wife of the humblest tradesman of the Rue St. Denis." The physicians, reassured, returned to their duty, and the crisis was passed.

The birth of this child was an event which had been anticipated by all France with the most intense interest. It had been previously announced that the cannon of the Invalides should proclaim the advent of the expected heir to the throne. If the child were a *princess*, twenty-one guns were to be fired; if a *prince*, one hundred. At six o'clock in the morning of the 20th of March, 1811, all Paris was aroused by the deep booming of those heavy guns, reverberating over the city in annunciation of the arrival of the welcome stranger. Every window was instantaneously thrown open. Every ear was on the alert. The slumberers were aroused from their pillows, and silence pervaded all the streets of the busy metropolis, as the vast throngs stood motionless to count the tidings which those explosions were thundering into their ears. The heart of the great

capital ceased to beat, and in all her glowing veins the current of life stood still. When the twenty-first gun had been fired, the interest was intense beyond all conception. The gunners delayed for a moment the next discharge, and all Paris stood breathless in suspense. The next moment, the guns, double loaded, pealed forth the most welcome announcement, and from the entire city one universal roar of acclamation rose and blended with their thunders. Never was an earthly monarch greeted with a more affecting demonstration of a nation's love and homage. The birth of the King of Rome, how illustrious! The thoughtful mind will pause and muse upon the striking contrast furnished by his death. Who could then have imagined that his renowned father would perish a prisoner, in a dilapidated stable in St. Helena, and that this child, a nation's idol, would linger through a few short years of neglect and sorrow, and sink into a forgotten grave!

The sisters of Alexander of Russia were mortified and exceedingly irritated that Napoleon should have selected an Austrian rather than a Russian princess for his bride. In these feelings the Russian court generally participated. Coldness, and alienation, and mutual recrimination ensued. Anticipating a rupture, Alexander began to marshal his armies. Napoleon inquired the cause, and, receiving an unsatisfactory answer, also armed, that he might not be attacked unprepared. Step by step these angry demonstrations were continued, till the disastrous campaign to Moscow was arranged, to "conquer a peace." When Napoleon had made all his preparations for this majestic enterprise, and had assembled his legions upon the frontiers of his almost boundless empire, Maria Louisa accompanied

him as far as Dresden. That was the hour and that was the place where Napoleon stood upon the very pinnacle of his glory. He had arrived at the very summit of the pyramid; and, as all eyes were riveted upon him, awe-stricken, he made one false step, and rolled, a mangled corpse, to the dust. At Dresden there was literally a congress of kings, all doing homage to him who appeared to hold their crowns in his hands, and who could enthrone them or dethrone them at his pleasure. The wife of Napoleon was then surrounded with more of splendor and homage than any female had probably ever received before. The pomp and the pride of the Continent revolved around her, and before her youthful diadem the oldest potentates bowed in reverence. Queens were her maids of honor, and amid the brilliant throng of princes and of courtiers she beamed forth the cynosure of all eyes. The luster which encircled her husband enveloped her in its blaze of glory. It was, however, but the intense glare of the meteor, the precursor of the blackness and darkness which follows its explosion.

Napoleon appointed Maria regent of France during his absence. She returned from Dresden quietly to Paris, while the emperor proceeded with his glittering band of five hundred thousand warriors in the campaign where he lost his army and his crown. At the termination of that most disastrous enterprise, Napoleon, leaving his frozen hosts beneath the drifts of a Russian winter, fled as on the wings of the storm itself, day and night, over the bleak wilds of Poland and of Germany, till, in advance of all his couriers, he arrived in Paris, at midnight. Unattended and unexpected as he was, it was with no little difficulty that he could get the gates of his own palace open for his admission.

Maria, having heard rumors of the destruction of the army, had just retired to rest, in the deepest dejection, when the voices of two men were heard in the antechamber, and a cry of astonishment from one of the maids of honor announced that something extraordinary had occurred. The empress, in terror, leaped from her bed, when the door was burst open, and she was seized and enfolded in the embrace of a man enveloped in his wintry riding-dress. It was Napoleon. Their interview was tender and affecting. He had returned to his capital a fugitive. His army was literally annihilated, and all the powers of combined Europe were preparing to pour down upon France in resistless numbers. Despair alone could nerve one with energy to attempt to meet such a crisis. Never did mortal man before rouse himself to such Herculean efforts as Napoleon made in these days of disaster. With electric energy he convulsed every fiber of France. Not a day, not an hour, not a moment was lost. The long wars which had desolated Europe had drained France of its vigorous youth. Hundreds of thousands of her chosen young men were now lying frozen into blocks of ice upon the storm-swept plains of Scandinavia, and the tempests of winter were piling over them their winding sheets of snow. None were left but boys and old men, to meet the swelling flood of invasion. Napoleon gathers around him a little band, many of them beardless youths of seventeen, and with a saddened yet determined spirit advances to stem the inundation which, like ocean billows, is rolling in upon the frontiers of France. Before setting out from Paris on his desperate enterprise, he took a very solemn and affecting leave of Maria and his son. It was Sabbath evening. Napoleon assembled in the apart-

ments of the Tuileries all the principal officers of the National Guard. A religious ceremony was connected with the interview, to render it additionally imposing. As the emperor took the beautiful child, then three years of age, in his arms, and, passing through the ranks of the officers, with a most touching address presented him to them as their future sovereign, cries of enthusiasm filled the apartment, and those gray-headed veterans wept with emotion. The bell on the tower of Nôtre Dame was tolling three o'clock in the morning when Napoleon rode through the dark and deserted streets of Paris to join the army. He never saw Maria or his son again.

A more sublime spectacle has rarely been witnessed than the almost superhuman struggles of Napoleon against the fearful odds which came rushing upon him. Wherever he meets his foes, he hurls his little band upon them, and scatters them as leaves before the tempest. And still the concentric lines draw nearer and nearer to his capital; for, even when victory is perched upon the banner of the emperor, and, with his beardless boys, he is trampling in the dust the shaggy barbarians of Hungary and Tartary, in other parts of the interminable line the countless hosts are advancing. They roll on and roll on, from the north, and the east, and the south, like the locusts of Syria. Often as Napoleon rode over the gory field, and saw the slender and fragile forms with which the ground was strewn, inured as he was to scenes of carnage, and contending as he was for his throne and his liberty, he forgot himself and wept. But it was all in vain. Europe had risen in arms against a single man. The allies pressed on, and soon their batteries were reared upon the heights which surround Paris,

and their balls began to fall upon the roofs of the beleaguered city like the first drops of a tempest. Napoleon was absent, breasting the invaders in one part of the vast segment by which they were approaching. All hearts in the metropolis were frozen with terror; and, to avoid the horrors of bombardment, the capital of France capitulated, and Napoleon was ruined.

It was, indeed, a gloomy hour when Maria Louisa, with her son, descended from the apartments of the Tuilleries to escape from Paris. In the distance could be heard the thunders of approaching battle, and the young Napoleon clung screaming to the tapestry, refusing to be torn from the palace of his father. Pale and dejected, the unhappy empress entered her carriage, while a Parisian crowd gazed upon the scene in melancholy silence. It was the burial hour of the Napoleon dynasty. The funeral procession, in a long train of carriages, passed slowly away, and Maria, deserting her husband in the hour of his greatest need, threw herself upon the protection of the allies. If she had possessed one emotion of real greatness, then was the hour to have shown it, and to have extorted the admiration of mankind. Had Paris held out three days longer, Napoleon would have thrown himself behind its defenses, and at least would have compelled his foes to come to reasonable terms. He felt most keenly the want of character manifested by his wife on this occasion. Once only, in the most confidential intercourse, did he allow himself to utter any expression of these feelings. "Who can calculate the effect," he said, "which would have been produced by my youthful consort running through the ranks of the army and the national guard, holding her young son in her arms, presenting him

to all, and placing herself and him under the protection of their courage and their bayonets? Whenever I think of it, the anguish abridges my life of an hour."

Had Maria possessed the heroic soul of Joan of Arc or of Charlotte Corday, she would have ennobled herself and her sex in this crisis, which seemed to invite her to achievements of magnanimity. She would have roused the enthusiasm of the nation, and, rushing to the rescue of Napoleon, would have thrown entire France upon the invaders. But Maria was no heroine. Had Maria been capable of cherishing those deep and sacred emotions of woman's love which glowed in the truly imperial soul of Josephine, and which have made her the idol of all true hearts, she would have clung to Napoleon with deathless fervor in those days of adversity, and would have won the admiration of the world. Maria, following her husband to Elba, sharing his perils at Waterloo, and seated by his side on the storm-washed rocks of St. Helena, would have occupied, in the eyes of all nations, a more exalted throne than her illustrious ancestors of Rome ever embellished; and in her own living, glowing, throbbing heart, she would have found a luxury of emotion for which one might well spurn all the bawbles of pomp, and pride, and power. But Maria was of the "earth, earthy." In the poverty of her ignoble spirit, she preferred to dally with her own chamberlain on voluptuous sofas, in the luxurious apartments of a ducal palace, and to leave her husband to languish and to die alone Peace be with you, Maria.

It was, perhaps, less the fault than the misfortune of Maria that her soul was incommensurate with the grandeur of her circumstances. She was by nature merely a mild,

amiable woman, and utterly incapable of heroic action or of romantic love. There is no power upon earth by which the mind of man is so perfectly entranced as by the spirit of a truly noble woman. One is constrained to bow, almost with adoration, before the alliance of female loveliness with the lofty attributes of the soul. The union is rare, but when encountered, the entranced spirit does it willing homage. There are spirits dwelling in these mortal frames which seem almost radiant with the luster of Heaven. But they are seldom cradled under the canopy of a throne.

It is true that the situation of Maria during this conflict was peculiar, and for a feeble mind extremely embarrassing. The armies of Austria and France were arrayed against each other. Her *father* and her *husband* had crossed swords with the most unrelenting hostility. The affections are plants which do not thrive in the atmosphere of courts. Napoleon could immolate Josephine upon the altar of his political ambition, and the Emperor of Austria had no hesitation in sacrificing the grandeur of his daughter to promote the grandeur of his throne. In the downfall of France the spoilers would share the booty; and Francis was very willing to wrest territory and power from his own child, that he might annex them to his own dominions. It is not, perhaps, strange, that a daughter of the Cæsars should inherit this passion of the Cæsars. As Maria saw the empire of Napoleon falling into fragments, she forgot both her husband and her son in her eagerness to save what she could from the wreck for herself.

While Napoleon was engaged in the almost superhuman struggle which preceded his downfall, he looked constantly, not to Maria, but to Josephine, for that sympathy which

every human heart needs. His last interview with Josephine, as he returned a fugitive from Moscow, and again departed to meet his foes, was hurried and distressed. He, however, kept up a constant correspondence with her; and, as the clouds of misfortune grew more black over his head, his letters became more affectionate than ever. In the last he wrote before the conflict terminated, he said, "I have sought to meet death in many conflicts. I can no longer fear it. To me death would now be a blessing. But I would once more see Josephine." Though from motives of delicacy he had never seen her alone since her divorce, he had availed himself of every opportunity which the jealousy of Maria Louisa would permit, to visit her; and he confided to her all his plans. She had earnestly endeavored to dissuade him from the campaign to Moscow. He valued her counsel, and often had occasion to admit the superiority of her judgment. In these tempestuous days of gathering ruin, letters were constantly passing between them; and it was observed that a letter from Josephine was rather torn than broken open, so great was the eagerness of Napoleon to receive a line from her. No matter how pressing the engagements in which he was involved, the moment a letter was received it was read. Josephine continued to cherish for Napoleon emotions of the most ardent affection. With a spirit of self-sacrifice of which the world can not afford another example, she most cordially rejoiced in the birth of his child. All her own griefs were forgotten in seeing Napoleon happy. The emperor often called upon her, taking with him his idolized boy, who was as great a favorite of Josephine as of the father. In a letter to Napoleon, she says, "The moment I saw you enter,

leading the young Napoleon in your hand, was unquestionably one of the happiest of my life. It effaced for a time the recollection of all that had preceded it, for never have I received from you a more touching mark of affection."

The allied sovereigns even felt such veneration for the character of Josephine, that they immediately appointed a guard to protect her residence from harm. The Emperor Alexander early solicited an interview with her. As she received the emperor with her wonted grace in the gallery of Malmaison, he replied, "Madam, I burned with the desire of beholding you. Since I entered France, I have never heard your name pronounced but with benedictions. In the cottage and in the palace I have collected accounts of your angelic goodness; and I do myself a pleasure in thus presenting to your majesty the universal homage of which I am the bearer."

When Napoleon, deserted by all, was sent to Elba, all the warmth of a wife's tender love burst forth anew in the bosom of Josephine. She received a very affectionate letter from the emperor. The perusal of it overwhelmed her with grief. She exclaimed, "I must not remain here; my presence is necessary to the emperor. That duty is indeed more Maria Louisa's than mine; but the emperor is alone —forsaken. Well, I, at least, will not abandon him. I might be dispensed with while he was happy: now I am sure he expects me." She immediately wrote to Napoleon, soliciting his permission to share his exile with him.

"Now only can I calculate the whole extent of the misfortune of having beheld my union with you dissolved by law; now do I indeed lament being no more than your friend, who can but mourn over a misfortune great as it is

NAPOLEON AND HIS CHILD.

unexpected. You will have to mourn over the ingratitude and falling away of friends, on whom you deemed you could confide. Ah! sire, why can not I fly to you? why can not I give you the assurance that exile has no terrors save for vulgar minds, and that, far from diminishing a sincere attachment, misfortune imparts to it new force? I have been on the point of quitting France to follow your footsteps, and to consecrate to you the remainder of an existence which you so long embellished. A single motive restrained me, and that you may divine. If I learn that, contrary to all appearance, I *am the only one* who will fulfill her duty, nothing shall detain me, and I will go to the only place where henceforth there can be happiness for me, since I shall be able to console you when you are there isolated and unfortunate! Say but the word, and I depart. Adieu, sire; whatever I would add would still be too little; it is no longer by *words* that my sentiments for you are to be proved, and for *actions* your consent is necessary."

The fall of Napoleon plunged Josephine into profound melancholy. She could not even hear his name pronounced without the deepest emotion. Care and sorrow preyed so heavily upon her that her health became exceedingly precarious. A few days after this letter was written, the Emperor Alexander, with a number of distinguished foreigners, dined with Josephine. In the evening the party went upon the beautiful lawn in front of the house, to enjoy the favorite game of prisoners. Josephine, while striving to promote the enjoyment of her guests, took cold. Her illness rapidly increased. Alexander, hearing of her danger, returned to Malmaison after a week's absence. He entered the chamber of Josephine but to find her dying.

Eugene and Hortense were kneeling at their mother's bedside, bathed in tears, receiving her farewell blessing.

It was the 29th of May, 1814. The evening was mild, serene, and beautiful. The descending sun spread its cheerful beams upon the couch where the empress, pale and languid, but with a smile upon her lips, was breathing her last. The trees surrounding her mansion were adorned with their richest luxuriance and their most lovely bloom, and the western breeze wafted the perfume through the open windows to her bed. And the carols of birds, like the vespers of paradise, filled the air, and, lulled by these sweet songs, the spirit of Josephine sunk into its last repose.

"My sight grows dim," said the empress; "a cloud, a boundless cloud rises between the world and me; I am dying; I am insensibly escaping from myself; though I feel that I have but a few moments to live, I know, also, that there are eternal years before me. I might invoke death, had not my Maker forbidden me to desire it."

She called for the portrait of the emperor, gazed upon those features she had so tenderly and faithfully loved with much emotion, and then folding her hands over her bosom, faintly articulated the following prayer: "O God! watch over Napoleon while he remains in the desert of this world. Alas! though he hath committed great faults, hath he not expiated them by great sufferings? If his projects of ambition have given birth to great evils, hath not his genius effected great good? Just God, thou who hast looked into his heart, hast seen with how ardent a desire for useful and durable improvements he was animated. Deign to approve my last petition. And may this image of my *husband* bear me witness that my latest wish, my latest prayer, were for him and for my children."

Gazing once more upon the portrait of the emperor, she exclaimed, "L'isle d'Elbe—Napoleon—" and died. Alexander, as he contemplated her remains, burst into tears, and uttered the following affecting, yet just tribute of respect to her memory: "She is no more; that woman whom France named *the beneficent*, that angel of goodness is no more. Those who have known Josephine can never forget her. She dies regretted by her offspring, her friends, and her cotemporaries." The dying scene of Josephine! How harmoniously does it blend with her character and her life!

The remains of Josephine were deposited in the Church of Ruel, the adjoining village to Malmaison. The prelate who performed the funeral obsequies was so intensely affected with grief, that tears and sobs often rendered his voice inarticulate. All the allied sovereigns paid tributes of respect to her memory, and she was followed to the tomb by countless thousands, with a pomp of sorrow such as earth had seldom witnessed before. The place of her burial is now marked by a very beautiful white marble monument, with this simple yet affecting inscription:

EUGENE AND HORTENSE
TO
JOSEPHINE.

In the treaty between Napoleon and the allied powers, by which Napoleon renounced for himself and his heirs the throne of France, it was stipulated that Maria Louisa and his son should be permitted to accompany him to Elba. As the day for his departure drew nigh, and Maria still remained with her father and the allies, Napoleon, supposing that she was forcibly detained, refused to move, alleging

that the allied powers had violated their compact, and threatening to appeal to the army to renew the war. The Austrian commissioner solemnly assured him that Maria remained behind of her own free will. This most cruel desertion was felt by the emperor most keenly. He, however, was never heard to speak one unkind word of Maria. A few sentences only, which escaped his lips at St. Helena, showed how deeply his soul was wounded. But a few days before, the civilized world seemed to revolve around him in homage. Now he was deserted nearly by all, even by his own wife and child. His old guard, who had surrounded him with their eagles in so many sanguinary conflicts, alone remained faithful.

As the emperor, shorn of his power, descended the great stairs of the palace of Fontainebleau, to depart, alone and friendless, from the scene of all his past glory to the obscurity of Elba, his loyal guards were drawn up before the carriages, to bid farewell to the master whom they had loved and served with so much fidelity. Napoleon advanced into their midst, perfectly overcome with emotion. Those scarred veterans of a hundred battles gazed upon their beloved chieftain with loud sobs and impassioned weeping. With a few tremulous words of tenderness he addressed them. Then, with faltering accents and a swimming eye, he exclaimed, "Adieu, my children. I would that I could press you all to my heart. I will, at least, embrace your eagle." Seizing their standard, he pressed it fervently to his bosom, and kissed the eagle. "Adieu once again, my old companions," he said; "may this last embrace penetrate your hearts." Again, with impassioned tenderness, he enfolded the standard in his arms, and then, with his eyes filled with

tears, sprang into his carriage and drove rapidly away. As the rattling of the carriage wheels in the distance died upon the ear, the air resounded with the weeping and lamentations of these stern warriors. Josephine said that Napoleon was the most fascinating of men. He certainly must have had a warm heart of his own, or he never could have become so perfectly the master of the affections of others.

As Napoleon, deserted by his wife and child, took his solitary way to Elba, often overwhelmed with the profoundest grief, and again rousing his energies to smile at the caprice of fortune, Maria, with the young King of Rome, entered her carriage to return to the palaces of her father. She was silent and dejected. In an hour, as it were, she had been plunged from the very pinnacle of earthly splendor into dependence, obscurity, friendlessness, and uncertainty. She was extremely solicitous in reference to her future lot. By abandoning the ruined fortunes of her husband, she hoped to secure for herself a better inheritance than had been allowed to him. Alone and ungreeted, she retraced the route by which, four years before, she had been conducted a bride and a queen, surrounded by more than imperial splendor, and welcomed by the acclamations of thirty millions of voices. The few remarks, however, which she made, showed that her thoughts were intent upon her own lost grandeur, and that she had almost forgotten her husband and her child. She was a daughter of the Cæsars, and longed for Cæsar's share of the loaves and fishes.

Having arrived in Austria, she took up her residence for a time at the chateau of Schoenbrun, a few miles from Vienna, a magnificent pleasure palace belonging to the Austrian kings. This imperial palace is surrounded with every

enchantment which nature and art can combine. It is the summer abode of the Austrian kings. The edifice, of most imposing grandeur, and furnished with magnificence, corresponding to the wealth and pride of its regal possessors, is embowered in extensive gardens, embroidered with graveled walks of twice the width of a turnpike road, and embellished with flowers and shrubs of every variety of fragrance and beauty, flanked with majestic forests. Gurgling streams and sylvan lakes, upon whose surface disport swans and water-fowl of every variety of plumage, and in whose depth myriads of gold-fishes enjoy the luxury of existence, arrest the steps of the bewildered and delighted visiter. Marble statues, in inexhaustible profusion, decorate the serpentine walks and the margin of the lake. Twice Napoleon, a resistless conqueror, had driven the Austrian kings from their empire, and had taken possession of this palace with his suite. Upon that very bed of royalty where Napoleon had slept in triumph, the son of Napoleon subsequently slept in death. Here the allied sovereigns were assembled, reveling in wine and wassail. In the midst of their imperial carousings, with songs and dances, and the most voluptuous licentiousness, they were quarreling about the division of their booty. The Emperors of Austria and Russia, the Kings of Prussia, Denmark, Bavaria, and Wirtemburg; sovereign dukes and grand-dukes without number, and a countless throng of embassadors from France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, and all the countries and provinces of Europe, had there gathered in the scramble for the spoil of Napoleon. Jeweled courtesans thronged the masquerade balls of these royal revelers, and mingled with the gorgeous throng upon the Prater in gilded chariots, and

glittering with diamonds. Queens in masquerade condescended to flirtation with the motley yet resplendent crowd, and all hearts were surrendered to the dominion of voluptuous and forbidden pleasure. It would have been manifestly too indecorous for Maria openly to have participated in these rejoicings over the wreck of her own and her husband's fortunes. But, ascending to an attic window, which overlooked the grand ball-room, she solaced herself in gazing down upon festivities in which she could not participate. The veil of oblivion was drawn over her imperial husband, and even over her own sorrows, as, like a true daughter of Eve, she watched from her peep-hole the flirtations of kings and embassadors, of queens and princesses.

Here glide Metternich and Castlereagh as gay masqueraders, more deeply absorbed for the moment in contemptible coquetry and faithless *amours* than in the political questions for the decision of which armies were gathering and empires frowning. This gaudy gallant, surrendering himself to the fascinations of an unknown fair one, is the King of Prussia. That flowing pelisse and picturesque Hungarian costume envelop the person of the Emperor of Austria, who is dancing to the tune so edifying to his daughter, "The downfall of Paris." Maximilian, king of Bavaria, mingles in these orgies in the same brilliant costume in which Maria had often seen him at the levees of Napoleon, doing homage to that imperial spirit, whom these banded monarchs now affect to despise. This colossal figure is easily recognized as the King of Wirtemberg. The magnificent domino, resplendent with gold, which is gathered so gracefully around him, can not disguise his gigantic frame. And the nimble grisette with whom he is flirt-

ing is that very Duchess of Oldenburg, whose female jealousy was aroused by Napoleon's rejection of her proffered hand, and by his marriage with an *Austrian* princess. "A *Russian* princess," she haughtily says, in her mortification and chagrin, "is not to be won like a peasant girl, simply by the asking." Unfortunately for her consistency, she was *offered* to Napoleon, and rejected by him. Talleyrand stealthily glides through those festive halls, a wily spy, listening to conversation, detecting the masquers, and reporting each night to the Bourbons all amours and intrigues but his own. Upon this scene, from her loop-hole of retreat, Maria gazes with wistful eyes. Four years before, in that same hall, she had appeared in bridal robes, the central object of attraction, the destined spouse of Napoleon, to ascend a more exalted throne than her imperial ancestors ever occupied. Now she was forgotten.

As Napoleon, from his Lilliputian realm of Elba, contemplated the carousals of his banded foes, his lip curled with contempt. His mind, so untiring in its energies for the promotion of national grandeur; so absorbed in devotion to enterprises which should leave a lasting impress upon the world, could not but regard with scorn the regal fops who were dancing away their days at Vienna. Alexander of Russia had the most elevation of character of them all. He admired the intellectual supremacy of Napoleon, and half regretted that he had joined the alliance to dethrone the most energetic monarch who had ever swayed a scepter. In the Congress, his influence was ever exerted to moderate the measures adopted in reference to the fallen emperor. He openly declared, "The Bourbons are now once more upon the throne. Let them keep there. If they fall again,

HOUSE AT ELBA.

CEDARVILLE UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY
CEDARVILLE, OHIO

I shall not lift them up." Maria was in the midst of this "mob of kings," eagerly watching her interests and urging her claims.

On the 28th of April, 1814, Napoleon set sail from France for his exile in Elba. The nation was soon weary of the imbecile Bourbons, who had been imposed upon them by foreign troops, and longed for the return of their emperor, who commanded the respect of the world. On the 1st of March, 1815, Napoleon landed again on the shores of France. The Congress of Vienna was still in session. And it is a curious illustration of the character of these crowned heads, that the announcement that Napoleon had returned—that France was welcoming him with acclamation—and that the terror-stricken Bourbons were fleeing from their throne, was received with uncontrollable bursts of laughter.

The quarrel among the allied monarchs had now risen to such a pitch, that they were just on the point of hurling their arms upon each other, when the fugitive Bourbons appeared among them, pallid with fear, and imploring help. The allies were compelled to bury all their animosities in combining against the common foe. Maria, fearing that her interests might be endangered by this movement of the emperor, took very special pains to inform the allies that she had no sympathy with Napoleon in his heroic enterprise, and that she would on no account reunite herself with him and return to France. But when the army and the nation had received Napoleon with shouts of welcome, and he was again seated upon the throne where he had reigned with so much glory, and all Europe was trembling with the apprehension that he would come down upon them with terrible retribution, then Maria longed to return to the

grandeur of the Tuileries, and to share again the renown of her imperial spouse. But she was ashamed to do so She had so selfishly abandoned him in the hour of misfortune, that she could not summon sufficient effrontery to rush into his embrace in the day of triumph. In the perplexity into which she was thrown by the mingled emotions of hope and dread which now oppressed her, she was heard to say, as if thinking aloud, "If I could only be assured that he would not blame me for not having gone to Elba," and then, after a pause, as if in conclusion of a train of inward thought, "but I am surrounded by persons who can not fail to have inculpated me." It was evident that her mind was ill at ease, from the many excuses she made to those around her for the course she had pursued. She endeavored to appease her own self-reproaches by stating that "necessity had compelled her;" that "she was not mistress of her own actions;" that "she could not disobey her father;" that "Austrian princesses were merely tools in the hands of the family;" and, finally, that "she was born under a malignant star, and was never destined to be happy." None of these excuses, however, could avail to quiet the condemning sentence of her own conscience; and she was at last constrained to avow, that, having refused to share Napoleon's disgrace, she was ashamed to partake a prosperity which she had done nothing to promote. There is here a glow-worm glimmering of honor. Let Maria be credited with it all. She can not afford to part with one particle which is her due.

Chateaubriand had pithily remarked, that "if the cocked hat and surtout of Napoleon were placed on a stick on the shores of Brest, it would cause Europe to run to arms from

one end to the other." The sole of Napoleon's foot had hardly touched the soil of France when this saying was verified. Europe from one extremity to the other simultaneously resounded with the clangor of arms. The gleaming banners of Alexander were seen pressing down through all the defiles of Russia and of Poland, leading on to the conflict three hundred thousand men. Austria sent the war-summons with electric energy through all her widespread dominions into the plains of subjugated Italy, and to the remotest hamlets among the Hungarian Mountains, and immediately the rumbling of artillery wheels, the clatter of iron hoofs, and the martial tread of two hundred and fifty thousand soldiers resounded along her thoroughfares. Prussia, dismembered and exhausted by Herculean efforts, raised two hundred thousand men again to meet those eagles before whom they had so often fled in dismay. The war-cry echoed through all the minor states of Germany From every kingdom, and duchy, and principality, the warlike bands issued forth, and the whole interminable host, with shouts of defiance and vows of vengeance, poured down toward the frontiers of France to meet Napoleon. The navy of England unfurled its sails, and vomited forth upon the shores of the German Ocean her powerful contribution for the approaching shock of battle. Bernadotte, with iron nerve and treacherous soul, rallied the half-savage legions of Sweden to crush his benefactor. And through Denmark, Switzerland, Spain, and Portugal, drums were beating, trumpets sounding, and city and country were filled with gleaming sabers and floating banners, as the gathering host rolled on toward the field of conflict. Napoleon's proposals for peace were contemptuously rejected

All crowned heads united to trample in the dust a sovereign raised to the throne by popular suffrage. It was a war of hereditary kings against the right of the people to choose their rulers. If France may dethrone the Bourbons and elect Napoleon, England may dethrone the Guelph and elect a Cromwell. "Death to Napoleon!" was the watchword by which monarchical Europe was banded.

There are few events recorded in history which appear to me more to be deplored than the result of the battle of Waterloo. The wars of Napoleon were, in the main, undeniably wars of self-defense. The unrelenting and persevering hostility with which England endeavored to combine the powers of Europe against the *elected* Emperor of France has not a shadow of justification, and every day the verdict of the world upon this subject is becoming more unanimous and decisive. With all the faults of Napoleon, he was immeasurably superior to the banded kings who were struggling, by his overthrow, to support the despotism of their thrones. Napoleon, during his short reign, did more for the promotion of civil and religious liberty, and for the elevation of the masses of the people, than all the combined kings of Europe have done for the last three centuries. The prevailing impressions of Bonaparte are derived from the gross caricatures of the English historians —his inveterate foes. Can Lockhart or Scott, who write to flatter national vanity and to please aristocratic ears, fairly delineate the character of the renowned enemy whom that nation has so long delighted to traduce? As well may you expect the Quarterly Review fairly to describe Republican America. The most impartial and correct account of Napoleon, in the admission of faults as well as

virtues, is contained in the brief memorial of our own countryman Headley.

"When I heard of the result of the battle of Waterloo," says Robert Hall, "I felt as if the clock of the world had gone back six ages. The eyes of all nations were fixed upon the spot where the armies of Christendom were concentrating for the decisive conflict. On the one side were all the banded monarchs of Europe. On the other was Napoleon. The match was almost an equal one. A morning of the peaceful Sabbath ushered in the dreadful conflict. During all the long hours of that sacred day, till the sun was descending, the battle raged with sanguinary ferocity. At every point Napoleon was victorious, and the mangled, wavering lines before him gave assurance that the eagles of France were again triumphant. Wellington, as he gazed upon his melting columns, trembled before the genius of Napoleon, and, wiping the cold sweat of agony from his brow, exclaimed, 'Oh! that Blucher or night were come!' The foaming couriers of the emperor were on their way to Paris with the tidings of the victory."

At that eventful hour, a black mass of thirty thousand Prussians suddenly appeared, headed by Blucher, and poured down like an avalanche upon the field of battle. The troops of Napoleon, exhausted by the Herculean toil of the day, unable to resist this new onset, were, after the most desperate resistance, overwhelmed and swept away. All was lost. Maria, from the palaces of Vienna, looked on, apparently with imperturbable equanimity, as the star of her husband's glory paled and faded away on the field of Waterloo. His defeat relieved her mind from serious embarrassment. She moved smilingly amid the group of his

exulting foes, and even appeared in public leaning upon the arm of the Duke of Wellington. There is no evidence that she shed a tear, or experienced an emotion of regret, as her husband was borne, like a caged lion, to that barren rock which was to be his prison and his grave. Not one word of sympathy or tenderness was sent to him from Maria, as he bade adieu to every object he held dear upon earth, and entered upon a doom more intolerable than death. Napoleon had hardly arrived at that dreary rock where in misery he was to wear away the few remaining years of his life, when Maria Louisa, highly elated with her own good fortune, departed from Vienna in gilded chariots, surrounded with fawning favorites, to enjoy her possessions as Duchess of Parma. She assumed no garb of mourning. She affected no grief of bereavement and widowhood. Congratulating herself that *her* lines had fallen to her in pleasant places, and that *she* had a goodly heritage, she allowed no pleasures to be marred by unavailing regrets. Forgetting her imperial husband on that dreary rock which his sufferings have immortalized, forgetting her son, born to so exalted a destiny, more splendidly, but none the less ingloriously, an exile and a prisoner in Vienna, she surrendered herself, with a most amiable philosophy, to all the enjoyments within her reach.

Colonel Neipperg, a Hungarian count, had been appointed by the Austrian cabinet to accompany Maria Louisa to Parma. He was to do all in his power to divert her mind from the grandeur from which she had fallen, and to lure her to all the public and private haunts of festivity. His task was easy and agreeable; and faithfully he performed his mission. The silvery lake is gilded by romantic moon-

light. The soft air of an Italian summer invites to an excursion upon the water. The boat glides over the unrippled surface, which shows a concave of moon, and stars, and fathomless immensity beneath as above. Soft music of flutes, and still more liquid voices, floats upon the cool zephyrs. Maria reclines upon the cushioned seats, leaning upon the arm of Neipperg, and yields herself to the luxury of the hour. How can she send her imagination from that scene of enchantment to the foggy, storm-swept, rain-drenched rock where Napoleon is imprisoned?

A pleasure jaunt is planned to Genoa. The ducal chariot is drawn by prancing steeds gayly caparisoned. Liveried servants and outriders, with glittering sabers and in rich uniform, compose the splendid *cortège*. The brilliant vision sweeps along through the ever-varying scenes of Italy. In the luxurious carriage of the young duchess sits Neipperg, by the side of Maria. They read — they talk —they sing.

Looks of affectionate recognition are interchanged, and words of tenderness are uttered. Thousands of leagues of stormy ocean intervene between Maria and Napoleon. She can never see him again. Why, then, should she *think* of him any more? Marriage, says infidel Europe, is a partnership, to be formed or dissolved at pleasure. My partnership with Napoleon, thinks Maria, is dissolved by his absence. Why may I not form another? The world will condemn, whispers an inward voice. Then I will not tell the world, thinks Maria. Maria wants counsel in affairs of state. Neipperg is at hand to give direction to her wavering purpose, and the cabinet council is prolonged late into the hours of the night. She wishes to stroll along the

banks of the romantic stream, or ascend the mountain. The accommodating count lends her his hand, and supports her by his protecting arm.

Maria loves not solitude, and would avoid meditation. She would walk in the garden, and desires a friend on whose arm she can lean, and who will beguile her thoughts. Neipperg is on the alert. They saunter among the shrubbery which fringes the serpentine walks, and recline till the stars gem the sky, in bowers fragrant with the perfume of every odoriferous plant. Oh! if one could only forget. Maria could forget. Maria was an Epicurean. The pleasure-loving philosophy is very comfortable to those who have no souls. The daughter of the Cæsars had no soul. Surrendering herself to all the seductions of momentary enjoyment, her slumbering spirit was undisturbed either by anguish or remorse. And yet the *living agony* of some minds is far preferable to the *dead repose* of others.

True, Neipperg was a stiff, formal Hungarian soldier. The automaton manners of the camp had left their coarse impress upon him. One eye had been torn out by a bullet, and a black patch covered the deformity. He was twenty years older than Maria, and had no attractions of body or of mind to win a generous woman's love. The flexible heart of Maria, however, gladly sought solace for its voluntary widowhood with this unalluring courtier. Floating upon the current of self-indulgence, she endeavored, with timbrels and dances, to beguile life of its cares. Reveling in scenes of festivity, and luxuriating upon velvet sofas, she hugged her comforts, and heeded not the storms which howled around the eternal crags of her husband's prison. Consigning Napoleon to the grave of oblivion, and forget-

ting that she had ever been a wife, a mother, and an empress, she yielded herself to the seductions of each passing hour.

And yet, who that has an emotion of honorable feeling would not infinitely prefer to have been Napoleon, listening to the dirge of careering storms and dashing wave upon the sea-engirdled, mist-enveloped rock, rather than to have been Maria, in her ducal palace, on the sunny plains of Italy, breathing the fragrance of violets, and lulled to slumber by the soft music of the lute. Maria! though thou wert cradled in the palaces of the Cæsars, it was, indeed, an ignoble spirit which chose thy frame as its tabernacle.

Yet, after all, it must be confessed that the soulless and the heartless glide comfortably through such a world as this. If they know nothing of the deeper excitements and nobler emotions of our nature, they are also saved from those intensities of suffering which at times will almost wring the life-blood from the sensitive heart. The terrific storm of temptation never "wrecks their sky;" the anguish of conscious frailty and wrong-doing never lacerates their hearts. Like the stalled ox, they ruminate in sunshine and storm, and die in peace.

A secret marriage, it is commonly reported, was soon consummated between Maria and Count Neipperg, which was publicly recognized soon after the death of Napoleon. Three children have been the issue of this union: the eldest, a daughter, is married to an Italian count, grand chamberlain of Parma; a son, the Count de Monti Nauvoo, is an officer in the Austrian army; a second daughter died in infancy. Ten years ago Count Neipperg died, and Maria was again left a widow.

When, some four years ago, the remains of Napoleon were brought from St. Helena, to repose on the banks of the Seine, the eyes of the civilized world were directed to the sublime spectacle. The French nation arose, as one man, to do homage to the dust of their mighty emperor. The gray-headed survivors of the Old Guard, who had proved faithful to Napoleon through his reverses, came tottering to meet their beloved chieftain, now returning triumphant, though in death. The king, the royal family, the nobility, the people in city and in country, all came, a mourning nation, to honor the memory of Napoleon. A scene of surpassing moral sublimity earth has seldom, if ever, witnessed. As in solemn pomp the remains of the emperor were conveyed through the streets of the capital, where he had so often moved the most powerful of monarchs, all the sons and daughters of France bowed their heads in sorrow as children weeping over a father's sepulchre.

Maria, in her ducal palace, was at so short a distance from France that she could almost hear the muffled drums, the tolling bells, the booming of the cannons, and the solemn requiems by which the ashes of her husband were so mournfully welcomed to the land over which he so gloriously reigned. Under the majestic dome of the Invalides, which his own energy had reared, the body of Napoleon now slumbers, awaiting the resurrection.

But the widow of Napoleon could take no part in these impressive scenes. Maria discreetly decided to remain at home. And when a nation wept at the burial of her imperial husband, she sat listless in her palace, with unmoistened eye and unmoved heart.

Had Josephine been then living, every eye would have turned to her; she would have been the prominent mourner; and sorrowing France would have bowed before her in veneration. One can almost see the faithful spirit of Josephine arise from the grave to welcome her returning husband, and to invite him to slumber in death by her side.

A few years ago the young King of Rome, who had received from the Austrian court the title of the Duke of Reichstadt, died, at the age of eighteen. He had been reared at Vienna, forgotten by his mother, and carefully guarded against all knowledge of the heroic character and achievements of his imperial father. As the name of Bonaparte was still a word of terror to the thrones of Europe, his untimely death was probably regarded with satisfaction by all crowned heads. It is not improbable that the son of Napoleon was borne to the tomb unaccompanied by a single mourner. His birth was hailed by the acclamation of thirty millions, and received the congratulations of every court in Europe. His death was unnoticed and unlamented.

On the 17th of December, 1847, came the closing scene in the life of Maria. She had passed through fifty-seven years. At the silent hour of midnight, with listless attendants around her pillow, she breathed her last, and departed to that tribunal where we all in turn must appear. The world had long forgotten her. She had neither enemies nor friends. Her death caused none to mourn, and none but those who inherited her estate to rejoice. *Requiescat in pace.*

> "So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
> Smiles may be thine, while all around thee weep."

LOUIS PHILIPPE.

ENTRANCE GATE TO NEUILLY.

Louis Philippe.

THERE is no romance equal to the romance of real life. No imagination can produce changes and combinations so wonderful as those which are continually turned up to us by life's kaleidoscope. The personal and political history of Louis Philippe presents one of the most strangely checkered dramas which has ever been enacted on the stage of time. Deeply as we may be interested in the biography of those who have influenced the destinies of past generations, we have a peculiar and far deeper interest in minds now active, framing the laws, guiding the armies, and molding the manners of the age in which we live. There is probably no one now on life's busy theater who, from his personal character, his eventful history, and his important and perilous position, is more deserving the attention of intelligent minds, than he who has for the last eighteen years sat upon the volcanic throne of France, endeavoring to smother or to control the restless fires by which that throne is ever shaken.

Louis Philippe was born in his father's splendid residence, the Palais Royal in Paris, on the 6th of October, 1773. His father, the Duke of Orleans, was the richest man in Europe, and of royal blood. He, embracing the infidel philosophy so prevalent at those times, devoted the resources of his boundless wealth to the most unrestrained indulgence in the pursuit of pleasure. The mother of Louis

was as distinguished for her piety and virtues as was his father for his reckless dissipation. She, surrounded by more than regal magnificence, saw all her hopes of earthly happiness blighted, and, broken-hearted, as the only remaining solace of life, devoted all her attention to the culture of her children. Louis Philippe was her eldest child; and the influence of this good mother has been the controlling genius of his eventful life.

He was early placed under the tuition and care of the celebrated Madame de Genlis. She was unwearied in her endeavors, and wonderfully successful in giving him a highly-cultivated mind, strong moral principle, the power of self-restraint, and a vigorous constitution. One of the effectual modes by which Madame de Genlis taught her pupil to examine his heart, and regulate his conduct and his thoughts, was by keeping a very minute daily journal. This daily self-examination was conducted with great fidelity. The following questions, written in his journal, were read to him every evening, and to each one he returned an answer in writing:

1. Have I this day fulfilled all my duties toward God my Creator, and prayed to him with fervor and affection?

2. Have I listened with respect and attention to the instructions which have been given me to-day with regard to my Christian duties and reading works of piety?

3. Have I fulfilled all my duties this day toward those I ought to love most in the world, my father and my mother?

4. Have I behaved with mildness and kindness toward my sister and my brothers?

5. Have I been docile, grateful, and attentive to my teachers?

6. Have I been perfectly sincere to-day, disobliging no one, and speaking evil of no one?

7. Have I been as discreet, prudent, charitable, modest, and courageous as may be expected at my age?

8. Have I shown no proof of that weakness and effeminacy which is so contemptible in a man?

9. Have I done all the good I could?

10. Have I shown all the marks of attention I ought to the persons, present or absent, to whom I owe kindness, respect, and affection?

Every evening these questions were proposed to Louis by his teacher, and to each one he recorded the answer in his journal. This exercise was followed by a season of devotion, in which the young prince sought of God the pardon of his sins, and implored divine grace and assistance for the future.

Such was the moral and intellectual training of a youth of sixteen. In the midst of the most voluptuous court of Europe, surrounded by the most dazzling allurements of gilded vice, with the notorious Duke of Orleans for his father, young, sanguine, rich, and of excellent birth, protected by this discipline, he moved uncontaminated through all these dangerous scenes, and has, for half a century, sustained a character of the most irreproachable and the purest morality. In one passage of his private journal, which was taken with other of his papers during the revolution and published, he writes, "O my mother! how I bless you for having preserved me from those vices and misfortunes into which so many young men fall, by inspiring me with that sense of religion which has been my whole support."

In allusions to the trials and privations of his life, Mad-

ame de Genlis says, "How often, since his misfortunes, have I applauded myself for the education I have given him; for having taught him the principal modern languages; for having accustomed him to wait on himself, to despise all kinds of effeminacy, to sleep habitually on a wooden bed, with no covering but a mat; to expose himself to heat, cold, and rain; to accustom himself to fatigue by daily and violent exercise, and by walking ten or fifteen miles with leaden soles to his shoes, and, finally, for having given him the taste and habit of traveling. He had lost all that he had inherited from birth and fortune; nothing remained but what he had received from nature and me."

Well might Louis Philippe feel grateful for the maternal care which had thus watched over and protected him. Had he fallen into the practices of the dissipated youth of his time, with an enfeebled mind and body, he never would have been able to have borne up under the anguish, and to survive the hardships of his long years of poverty and exile. Here was laid the foundation of that greatness of character, which has borne him triumphantly through the stormiest scenes, and has finally elevated him to the highest point of earthly influence and honor.

Speaking of his progress and character under her tuition, the Countess de Genlis observes: "The Duke of Chartres has greatly improved in disposition during the past year; he was born with good inclinations, and has now become intelligent and virtuous. Possessing none of the frivolities of the age, he disdains the puerilities which occupy the thoughts of so many young men of rank, such as fashions, dress, trinkets, follies of all kinds, and a desire for novelties. He has no passion for money; he is disinterested;

despises glare; and is, consequently, truly noble. Finally, he has an excellent heart, which is common to his brothers and sister, and which, joined to reflection, is capable of producing all other good qualities."

At the commencement of the French Revolution, Louis Philippe, though but sixteen years of age, became a warm advocate of republican liberty. From the intellectual training he had received, he had, at that age, unusual maturity of character. As active colonel in a regiment of dragoons, he was soon found at the head of his regiment in the thickest dangers of many battles. In the bloody conflict of Jomappes, and in the fearful cannonade of Valmy, this beardless youth, under the veteran General Dumourier, bore a conspicuous share in the toil and peril of the fight.

"Louis Philippe," says Lamartine, "had no youth. Education suppressed this age in the pupils of Madame de Genlis. Reflection, study, premeditation of every thought and act, replaced nature by study, and instinct by will. At seventeen years of age the young prince had the maturity of advanced years." When the law was enacted by the Constituent Assembly suppressing the right of primogeniture, which law deprived him of the enormous patrimony he would otherwise have obtained, he embraced his brother and exclaimed, "It is a good law which lets brothers love each other without jealousy! It only enjoins upon me what my heart had done before. You all know that nature had created that law between us." His appearance is thus described: "His stature was lofty, his frame well knit, his appearance serious and thoughtful. The elevation of his brow, the blue hue of his eyes, the oval face, and the majestic, though somewhat heavy outline of his chin,

reminded every one strongly of the Bourbon family. The bend of his neck, the modest carriage, the mouth slightly drawn down at each corner, the penetrating glance, the winning smile, and the ready repartee, gained him the attention of the people. His familiarity—martial with the officers, patriotic with the citizens, soldierly with the soldiers—caused them to forgive him for being a prince. But beneath the exterior of a soldier of the people lurked the *arrière pensée* of a prince of the blood, and he plunged into all the events of the Revolution with the entire yet skillful *abandon* of a master mind. And it seemed as though he knew beforehand that events dash to pieces those who resist them, but that revolutions, like the ocean's waves, often restore men to the spot whence they tore them."

As the French Revolution advanced into the regions of anarchy, and the Reign of Terror held its carnival in blood-stained Paris, General Dumourier conceived the design of arresting its horrors by elevating the youth Louis Philippe to the throne, upon which Louis the Sixteenth had just been beheaded. The royal lineage of the young prince, his patrimonial wealth, his popularity as a known republican, favored the enterprise. Whether the youthful Louis participated in this plan is unknown. But the effect was, to direct the terrible anger of the revolutionary tribunal against the whole Orleans family. His father was dragged from his magnificent domain, the Palais Royal, to the guillotine. His two younger brothers, under circumstances of the most atrocious barbarity, were plunged into a dungeon at Marseilles. His mother, sister, and revered instructor, Madame de Genlis, became the subjects of the most rigorous persecution.

On the 6th of November, the Duke of Orleans, father of Louis Philippe, was seized, on the plea of conspiring against the nation. On the 6th of November, he was brought before the revolutionary tribunal, and, after a mock trial, condemned to death, on a series of charges, of all which he was notoriously guiltless.

"Viewing the proceedings of his judges with contempt, he begged, as an only favor, that the sentence might be executed without delay. The indulgence was granted, and he was led, at four o'clock, when the daylight was about failing, from the court to the guillotine. An eye-witness on this tragic occasion mentions that, prompted by barbarous curiosity, he took his station in the Rue St. Honoré, opposite the palace of the duke, in order to observe the effect which, at his last moments, these scenes of former splendor and enjoyment might have upon him.

"The crowd was immense, and aggravated, by its unjust reproaches and insults, the agony of the sufferer. The fatal cart advanced at so slow a pace, that it seemed as if they were endeavoring to prolong his torments. There were many other victims of revolutionary cruelty in the same vehicle. They were all bent double, pale, and stupefied with horror. Orleans alone—a striking contrast—with hair powdered, and otherwise dressed with care in the fashion of the period, stood upright, his head elevated, his countenance full of its natural color, with all the firmness of innocence. The cart, for some reason, stopped for a few minutes before the gate of the Palais Royal, and the duke ran his eyes over the building with the tranquil air of a master, as if examining whether it required any additional ornament or repair. The courage of the intrepid man faltered not at

the place of execution. When the executioner took off his coat, he calmly observed to the assistants who were going to draw off his boots, 'It is only loss of time; you will remove them more easily from the lifeless limbs.' In a few minutes he was no more. Thus died, in the prime of life—his forty-sixth year—the rash and imprudent, though honest Philippe Egalité, adding by his death one to the long list of those who perished from the effects of a political whirlwind which they had contributed to raise."

Alison, in his description of these scenes, says that the duke was detained for more than a quarter of an hour before his palace by order of Robespierre, who had solicited in vain his daughter's hand in marriage, and who had promised that, if he would even then consent to the union, he would save his life. For twenty minutes the duke thus remained, honorably refusing to save his life by the sacrifice of his daughter to such a monster. This daughter, the illustrious sister of Louis Philippe, Madame Adelaide, died December 30th, 1847, at the age of seventy years. She was a woman of rare intelligence and virtue; she had been almost the constant companion of her brother for more than half a century; in the midst of all his wonderful reverses, his ever-safe adviser, and her death overwhelmed Louis Philippe with grief.

From these scenes Louis Philippe fled for life to Switzerland, all his immense property confiscated, an immigrant, and penniless. The Swiss government, trembling before the gigantic power of revolutionary France, feared to afford an asylum to a nobleman who had incurred its displeasure. In disguise, and under a feigned name, he passed many lonely months wandering about on foot among the fast-

nesses of the Alps. But, trained to toil, and educated to fortitude of mind, it is said that his mental resolution did not fail him while thus hunted as a fugitive and an outlaw over the cliffs and through the ravines of Switzerland. While thus eluding his Argus-eyed enemies, a friend secured for him the situation of a teacher of a village school, under the borrowed name of Corby. Thus Louis Philippe, cradled among the magnificence of the Palais Royal; inheriting by birth the titles and the princely revenues of the Duke of Orleans; the leader of the armies of France in many triumphant battles; the candidate of the throne of the Bourbons, toiled early and late, for fifteen months, in this obscure village, instructing in geography and arithmetic.

And could he have remained in this secluded retreat, "from noise and tumult far," in the enjoyment of a quiet home and a contented mind, his days would have glided away far more happily than can have been the case in the brilliant and stormy scenes through which he has since been led.

At length, alarmed by the earnestness with which his enemies were searching for him in all parts of Europe, he resolved to embark for America, the asylum alike of kings and beggars. With that design he went to Hamburg, but was there unable to raise money to pay the expenses of his passage. There was no safety for him in any other portion of the south of Europe. As the only retreat open for him, he set out, alone and on foot, in friendlessness and poverty, to traverse the dreary regions of Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Lapland, eating the black crusts, and sleeping in the huts of semi-barbarians, with all the powers of revolutionary France, like blood-hounds, baying in his track, and thus

he actually pushed on through the ices and the storms of those dismal solitudes, five degrees nearer to the pole than any other French traveler had ever done.

At length, his mother succeeded in forwarding a letter to him, with some funds, and he immediately embarked for this country. In the month of October, 1796, the youthful Duke of Orleans landed upon the wharves of Philadelphia, in friendless and almost penniless exile. He remained in this country and the West Indies about four years. While here, he traveled extensively through most of the states of the Union, and in an open boat descended the Mississippi. He occasionally received remittances from Europe, but at times, from the failure of these remittances, he was in a state of destitution. While in this country, he passed some time in Boston. His finances while in America were at times so low, that he supported himself by teaching classes in French. It is said that to the present hour he speaks with gratitude of the sympathy and kindness he received from various gentlemen in this country, in those dark days of adversity.

The brother who accompanied the Duke of Orleans in his travels in the United States, wrote the following letter from Philadelphia to his sister, dated the 14th of August, 1797.

"I hope you received the letter which we wrote you from Pittsburg two months ago. We were then in the midst of a great journey, which it took us two months to accomplish. We traveled, during that time, a thousand leagues, and always upon the same horses, except the last hundred leagues, which we performed partly by water, partly on foot, partly upon hired horses, and partly by the stage or public

conveyance. We have seen many Indians, and we remained several days in their country. They received us with great kindness, and our national character contributed not a little to this good reception, for they love the French. After them we found the Falls of Niagara, which I wrote you from Pittsburg we were about to visit, the most interesting object upon our journey. It is the most surprising and majestic spectacle I have ever seen. I have taken a sketch of it, and I intend to paint a picture in water colors from it, which my dear little sister will certainly see at our tender mother's; but it is not yet commenced, and will take me much time, for truly it is no small work. To give you an idea of the agreeable manner in which they travel in this country, I will tell you, my dear sister, that we passed fourteen nights in the woods, devoured by all kinds of insects, after being wet to the bone, without being able to dry ourselves; and eating pork, and sometimes a little salt beef and corn bread."

From this country Louis Philippe went to England, and there joined the surviving members of the exiled royal family, their sense of political differences being lost in their common misfortunes; for, though Louis Philippe was by birth a Bourbon, and a foe to Napoleon, he always advocated republican institutions.

One day, the King of Sicily came into the apartment where his wife and daughter were sitting, with a letter, informing him of the wanderings of this unfortunate prince. Becoming interested in his story, he proposed inviting him to his court. The ladies, of course, acceded to a proposal in which the claims of real benevolence came with the resistless zest of the most chivalrous romance. In a short

time, consequently, Louis was reposing in the palace of the Sicilian king.

In the romance of real life, as well as in that of the imagination, there must always be a wedding. It was so in this case. It so happened that the Princess Amelia, young, beautiful, and amiable, soon found the sympathy with which she regarded her father's illustrious guest deepening into a stronger and more tender emotion, and, with the approval of her parents, she yielded to the solicitations of Louis Philippe to accept the title of the Duchess of Orleans, with the necessary contingencies. Though Louis was a friendless exile, driven from his patrimonial estates, the Princess Amelia had the good sense to see and appreciate his intellectual endowments, and the moral purity with which his character was elevated and adorned. The lapse of a few months witnessed the Sicilian court illuminated and rejoicing over their espousals; rare espousals in the courts of princes, where the mercenary barterings of ambition were unthought of, and youthful and congenial hearts were wedded in instinctive sympathy and love. Thus the storms of past adversity were forgotten as the tempestuous waters of his life were lulled into a short and happy calm.

Soon after this event, Napoleon was defeated by the allied powers, and virtually imprisoned on the island of Elba. The Bourbons reascended the throne. The confiscated estates of Louis Philippe were restored to him, and, with joy unutterable, he led his happy bride, whom in poverty he had wooed and wedded, to his native land, to share with him his princely estates and his exalted honors. In the uniform of a lieutenant-general of France, and at the head of the nobility of the realm, he again entered the regal palace

where his infancy was nurtured. Halls of grandeur were again spread around him; boundless wealth emptied into his lap, the peerage of Europe felt honored by his hospitalities, and kings and queens were guests in his princely saloons.

He was thus living in the enjoyment of the most perfect domestic tranquillity, rejoicing in the hope that the storms of his life were over forever, when suddenly the political heavens gathered new blackness. Another tempest came careering on with resistless fury, and he was driven from his regal mansion, from Paris, from France, and again found himself in poverty and exile. Napoleon landed on the French coast, marched triumphantly to Paris, and his enemies were scattered before him like the herded sheep when the lion leaps into their inclosures.

The battle of Waterloo replaced the Bourbons on the throne of France, and again restored to Louis Philippe his sequestered estates. Once more he returned from exile to honor, from poverty to the Palais Royal. Tired of revolutions, and weary of the strife of parties, he now sought repose. Declining all connection with political movements, he devoted himself to the improvement of his extensive possessions. His hospitable mansion became the resort of distinguished men of all nations and of all parties, and especially an asylum for the victims of political persecution. Such was the position of the Duke of Orleans, when another moral earthquake shook France to its center, and this time, instead of overwhelming Louis in ruin, elevated him to the highest pinnacle of rank and power.

To understand this new event, we must, for a moment, turn back the page of history. When Louis XVI. was be-

headed, during the French Revolution, his only son was taken by the Revolutionists, and put to service to a shoemaker, where he soon died, at ten years of age, of inhuman treatment. This young and suffering prince, while toiling at the shoemaker's bench, was still regarded by the Loyalists of Europe as the legitimate King of France, under the title of Louis XVII. The two brothers of Louis XVI. escaped to England, where they remained in exile during Napoleon's triumphant career. Upon the death of the unfortunate child, Louis XVII., the Loyalists proclaimed the eldest of the two exiled brothers as King of France, with the title of Louis XVIII. When the allied armies marched into Paris, they took with them Louis XVIII., and placed him upon the throne of his ancestors. The great majority of the nation felt indignant and disgraced in having a king imposed upon them by foreign powers. But the arm of Napoleon was broken. They had no chieftain around whom to rally. The armies of combined Europe were quartered in their capital. Nothing remained for them but submission. Yet the loud murmurs of discontent were continually ascending around the throne of the hated Bourbon. Louis XVIII. remained upon the throne but a few years, when he died, childless, and, consequently, the crown passed to his surviving brother Charles. In the year 1824, Charles X., with great pomp, but with few and feeble acclamations, was enthroned King of France. But his subjects could not forget that he was a Bourbon—that the nation had twice driven his family from the throne. French pride was tortured by the consciousness that, after all their brilliant victories, after all their national boasting and glory, hostile armies had conquered them, marched triumphantly into

their capital, robbed them of Napoleon, the monarch of their choice, and by their artillery and their bayonets had compelled them to submit to the sway of a hated race.

France, with about twice as many inhabitants as the United States then had, had but one popular assembly, consisting of two houses, the Chamber of Deputies and the Chamber of Peers, corresponding in some degree with our general Congress. There are in France no provincial bodies analogous to our State Legislatures; and the active minds of the nation have no means of communicating with the people but through the press. The weekly newspapers of France consequently employed the pens of her ablest writers and her leading statesmen. The peculiar mode of life in Paris greatly favors an extensive acquaintance with the public journals. Thousands daily frequent the coffee-houses, where the journals are spread before them. In all parts of the city, in all the places of refreshment, in the public walks and gardens, little pavilions are tenanted, where the citizen or the stranger can, by the payment of a penny, read any of the journals or pamphlets of the day. These resorts are greatly multiplied in times of political excitement, and attract, in immense crowds, the roving and unsettled populace of Paris.

Charles X. was a gentlemanly and good-natured old man, but obstinate and in his dotage. There is not a little truth in the antithesis that, during his exile, he remembered every thing he ought to have forgotten, and forgot every thing he ought to have remembered. Seeing and fearing the headway which liberal opinions were making in France, he had the folly to appoint a ministry, each individual of which was a known opponent of liberal principles, and especially

obnoxious to the French people. The public press immediately opened upon this ministry the most harassing and merciless warfare. Charles, annoyed and irritated by the loud and continued demonstrations of the public hatred, with a degree of insanity of which we can hardly find a parallel even in the folly of princes, determined to abolish the freedom of the press, and silence these voices of the nation.

One Monday morning in July, 1830, the Moniteur, the government paper, appeared with an ordinance declaring, among other obnoxious articles, that at all times the periodical press has been, and it is in its nature to be, only an instrument of disorder and sedition. It therefore declared that the freedom of the press was no longer to be permitted, but that it was placed under the censorship of the government. Upon the appearance of this execrable ordinance, excitement and indignation flamed like a conflagration through every lane and alley of the city. Thousands began to assemble around the reading-shops. The great thoroughfares leading to the public squares of the city, to the garden of the Tuilleries, and the Palais Royal, were thronged with the roused masses, crowding to these foci of intelligence. Readers, mounted upon barrels and chairs, loudly read the government ordinance to the gathering multitude.

As the police endeavored to arrest a man who was reading the new laws to the excited crowd, he indignantly replied, "I am only blowing the trumpet: if you dislike the notes, go settle the matter with those who composed the music." During the day, the appearance of serious popular commotion became more and more threatening. As the shades of night darkened the streets of the inflamed city,

cries of "Live the Constitution!" "Down with the Bourbons!" "Death to the ministry!" resounded through the gloom. As the mounted troops of the king were driving the gathering people from one of the streets, the populace seized upon a passing omnibus, overturned it, and, throwing around it such articles of heavy furniture as could be gathered from the adjoining dwellings, formed a barricade which effectually arrested the progress of the troops. Behind this barricade they valiantly defended themselves with paving stones and every missile within their reach. Instantaneously every mind saw the efficacy of this measure. The lamps lighting the city were dashed, and the populace toiled the livelong night in the mystery of darkness, making arrangements for the conflict of the morrow. Crowds of students from the military schools thronged the streets, filling the midnight air with the Marseilles Hymn, those spirit-stirring words, which in the old revolution so often roused the multitude to frenzy. We insert here a vigorous translation of the four verses most frequently sung.

MARSEILLES HYMN.

1.

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise;
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary.
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While Peace and Liberty lie bleeding?
(Chorus)—To arms! to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath!
March on! march on all hearts resolved
On liberty or death!

2.

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze
And shall we barely view the ruin,
While lawless Force, with guilty stride
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crime and blood his hands imbruing?
(Chorus)—To arms! to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath!
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On liberty or death!

3.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile, insatiate despots dare—
Their thirst of gold and power unbounded—
To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like tyrants bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Nor shall they longer lash and goad us.
(Chorus)—To arms! to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath!
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On liberty or death!

4.

O Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy gen'rous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, and bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
What Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But Freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
(Chorus)—To arms! to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheath!
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On liberty or death!

The reader may be interested in here perusing the following account, given by Lamartine, of the origin of this famous song. "The Marseillaise preserves notes of the song of glory and the shriek of death: glorious as the one, funereal like the other, it assures the country, while it makes the citizen turn pale. This is its history:

"There was then a young officer of artillery in the garrison at Strasburg, named Rouget de Lisle. He was born at Lons-le-Saunier, in the *Jura*, that country of revery and energy, as mountainous countries always are. This young man loved war like a soldier—the Revolution like a thinker. He charmed with his verses and music the slow, dull garrison life. Much in request from his twofold talent as musician and poet, he visited the house of Dietrick, an Alsatian patriot (*maire of Strasburg*), on intimate terms. Dietrick's wife and young daughters shared in his patriotic feelings, for the Revolution was advancing toward the frontiers, just as the affections of the body always commence at the extremities. They were very partial to the young officer, and inspired his heart, his poetry, and his music. They executed the first of his ideas hardly developed, confidantes of the earliest flights of his genius.

"It was in the winter of 1792, and there was a scarcity in Strasburg. The house of Dietrick was poor, and the table humble; but there was always a welcome for Rouget de Lisle. This young officer was there from morning to night, like a son or brother of the family. One day, when there was only some coarse bread and slices of ham on the table, Dietrick, looking with calm sadness at De Lisle, said to him, 'Plenty is not seen at our feasts; but what matter, if enthusiasm is not wanting at our civic fêtes, and courage

in our soldier's hearts. I have still a bottle of wine left in my cellar.' 'Bring it,' he added, addressing one of his daughters, 'and we will drink to Liberty and our country. Strasburg is shortly to have a patriotic ceremony, and De Lisle must be inspired by these last drops to produce one of those hymns which convey to the soul of the people the enthusiasm which suggested it.' The young girls applauded, fetched the wine, filled the glasses of their old father and the young officer until the wine was exhausted. It was midnight, and very cold. De Lisle was a dreamer; his heart was moved, his head heated. The cold seized on him, and he went staggering to his lonely chamber, endeavoring, by degrees, to find inspiration in the palpitations of his citizen heart; and on his small clavichord, now composing the air before the words, and now the words before the air, combined them so intimately in his mind, that he could never tell which was first produced, the air or the words, so impossible did he find it to separate the poetry from the music, and the feeling from the impression. He sung every thing—wrote nothing.

"Overcome by this divine inspiration, his head fell sleeping on his instrument, and he did not awake until daylight. The song of the over-night returned to his memory with difficulty, like the recollections of a dream. He wrote it down, and then ran to Dietrick. He found him in his garden. His wife and daughters had not yet risen. Dietrick aroused them, called together some friends as fond as himself of music, and capable of executing De Lisle's composition. Dietrick's eldest daughter accompanied them, Rouget sang. At the first verse all countenances turned pale, at the second tears flowed, at the last enthusiasm burst forth.

The hymn of the country was found. Alas! it was also destined to be the hymn of terror. The unfortunate Dietrick went a few months afterward to the scaffold, to the sound of the notes produced at his own fireside, from the heart of his friend, and the voices of his daughters.

"The new song, executed some days afterward at Strasburg, flew from city to city, in every public orchestra. Marseilles adopted it to be sung at the opening and at the close of the sittings of its clubs. The Marseillais spread it all over France, by singing it every where on their way, whence the name of *Marseillaise*. De Lisle's old mother, a Royalist, and religious, alarmed at the effect of her son's voice, wrote to him: "What is this Revolutionary hymn, sung by bands of brigands who are traversing France, and with which our name is mingled?' De Lisle himself, proscribed as a Royalist, heard it, and shuddered as it sounded on his ears, while escaping by some of the wild passes of the Alps. 'What do they call that hymn?' he inquired of his guide. '*The Marseillaise*,' replied the peasant. It was thus he learned the name of his own work. The arm turned against the hand that forged it. The Revolution, insane, no longer recognized its own voice!"

As this hymn has acquired a world-wide celebrity, we will insert it here in the original French.

MARSEILLAISE HYMN.

I.

Allons, enfans de la patrie;
Le jour de gloire est arrivé;
Contre nous de la tyrannie
L'étendard sanglant est levé.

Entendez-vous dans les campagnes
Mugir ces féroces soldats?
Ils viennent jùsques dans vos bras
Egorger vos fils, vos compagnes.
Aux armes, citoyens! formez vos bataillons!
Marchez! qu'un sang impur abreuve vos sillons!
(Chœur)—Aux armes, citoyens! formons nos bataillons!
Marchons! qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!

II.

Que veut cette horde d'esclaves,
De traîtres de rois conjurés?
Pour qui ces ignoble entraves,
Ces fers dès long-tems préparés?
Français, pour nous, ah! quel outrage
Quels transports il doit exciter!
C'est nous qu'on ose menacer
De rendre à l'antique esclavage;
Aux armes, citoyens! formez vos bataillons!
Marchez! qu'un sang impur abreuve vos sillons!
(Chœur)—Aux armes, citoyens! formons nos bataillons!
Marchons! qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!

III.

Quoi! des cohortes étrangères
Feraient la loi dans nos foyers!
Quoi! ces phalanges mercenaires
Terrasseraient nos fiers guerriers!
Grand Dieu! par des mains enchaînées
Nos fronts sous le joug se plieraient!
De vils despotes deviendraient
Les maîtres de nos destinées!
Aux armes, citoyens! formez vos bataillons!
Marchez! qu'un sang impur abreuve vos sillons!
(Chœur)—Aux armes, citoyens! formons nos bataillons!
Marchons! qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!

IV.

Tremblez, tyrans! et vous, perfides!
L'opprobre de tous les partis;
Tremblez,....vos projets parricides
Vont enfin recevoir leur prix.

Tout est soldat pour vous combattre;
S'ils tombent, nos jeunes héros,
La France en produit de nouveaux,
Contre vous tous prêts à se battre.
Aux armes, citoyens! formez vos bataillons!
Marchez! qu'un sang impur abreuve vos sillons!
(Chœur)—Aux armes, citoyens! formons nos bataillons!
Marchons! qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!

V.

Français, en guerriers magnanimes,
Portez ou retenez vous coup;
Epargnez les tristes victimes
A regret s'armant contre vous;
Mais ces despotes sanguinaires,
Mais les complices de Bouillé....
Tous ces tigres qui, sans pitié,
Déchirent le sien de leur mère.
Aux armes, citoyens! formez vos bataillons!
Marchez! qu'un sang impur abreuve vos sillons!
(Chœur)—Aux armes, citoyens! formons nos bataillons!
Marchons! qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!

VI.

Amour sacré de la patrie,
Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs;
Liberté, Liberté chérie,
Combats avec tes défenseurs.
Sous nos drapeaux, que la victoire
Accoure à tes mâles accens;
Que tes ennemis expirans,
Voient ta triomphe et notre gloire.
Aux armes, citoyens! formez vos bataillons!
Marchez! qu'un sang impur abreuve vos sillons!
(Chœur)—Aux armes, citoyens! formons nos bataillons!
Marchons! qu'un sang impur abreuve vos sillons!

But to return to our story:

When the light of Wednesday dawned upon Paris, the principal streets were seen filled with these effective block-

ades. Instead of the unarmed mobs which had fled before the dragoons the preceding day, there now appeared throngs of well-armed citizens, here and there marshalled in military array under active leaders, either veteran generals of the old revolutionary armies, or enthusiastic students from the military school. The sound of war against oppression had roused La Fayette from his retreat, and his locks were seen floating in the breeze as he headed and guided the struggling people. From the venerable towers of Nôtre Dame the tri-colored flag of the Revolution was seen floating in the breeze. The tri-colored cockade, the pledge of resistance unto death, was upon every hat. The melancholy peal of the alarm-bells and the martial drum collected the populace in innumerable rendezvous for war. Anxiety and stern defiance sat on every countenance. Paris was a camp—a battle-field. The king had in Paris and its immediate vicinity eighteen thousand troops, veterans in war. To meet these in deadly conflict was no child's play. As soon as the morning light was spread over the city, the sound of the trumpet and martial drum was heard, as the regiments of the king, in solid phalanx, marched from their head-quarters at the Tuilleries, with infantry, and artillery, and cavalry, to sweep the streets of the insurgent city. Then ensued scenes of murderous strife, such as have seldom been exceeded in any conflict. The demon of war rioted in every street of the city. Heavy cannon mowed down the opposing multitude with ball and grape-shot. Bomb-shells demolished the houses which afforded a covert to the assailing people. Well-mounted troops, armed to the teeth, drove their bullets into every eye that peeped from a window, and into every hand that appeared from a turret.

It is not easy to imagine the havoc that must be produced by the balls from heavy artillery bounding over the pavements of a crowded city, and tearing their destructive way through parlors and chambers, where affrighted mothers and babes were clustered together. One lady had retired in terror to her chamber and her bed, when a cannon-ball pierced the house, passed through the bed and through her body, and, scattering her mangled remains over the room, continued unimpeded on its way of destruction and carnage.

A female, as she observed the awful slaughter which one of the king's cannon produced as it mowed down the crowds in the streets, rushed to the cannon, pressed her bosom to its mouth, and, clasping it with her arms, entreated the officer in command to desist. The soldiers endeavored to pull her away. But with frantic strength she clung to the gun, declaring that, if they would continue their slaughter, they should fire through her body. The officer commanded the torch to be applied. The gunner shrank from the horrible deed. "Fire!" shouted the officer, "or I will thrust my sword through your body." The torch was applied, and instantly the remains of this heroic woman were scattered in fragments through the air. It is painful to narrate such incidents, but we can not otherwise convey an adequate idea of the enthusiasm and terror of the scene.

A party of eight gentlemen were sitting at a table partaking of refreshment. A cannon-ball pierced the dwelling, passed over the table, just sweeping it clean of all its contents, and buried itself in the side of the house, injuring no one. That ball is now gilded, and suspended in front of the dwelling, with this inscription: "An Orange from Charles X., the last token of his paternal love."

As the king's troops encountered the barricades with which the streets were every where impeded, the citizens, from the yards, and chambers, and roofs of the houses, and from every protecting point, poured in upon them the most destructive fire. While these veteran soldiers, inured to all the horrors of war, fought their bloody way along the narrow streets in compact masses, they were crushed by logs of wood, and heavy articles of furniture, and paving stones thrown by a thousand unseen hands from the windows of the houses, and rained down from the roofs like hail upon their heads. For three days this terrific and sanguinary conflict continued unabated. The streets of Paris literally flowed with blood. The quick, rattling fire of regiments of infantry, the thundering explosions of cannon and of mortars, the shouts of the combatants, and the cries of the dying, resounded by night and by day through the ill-fated metropolis. Boys amused themselves in shooting, from the windows, the commanders leading the king's troops. An officer of high rank and of majestic form, who had passed unscathed through the wars of Napoleon, was shot dead by a lad eight or ten years of age, who sprang from behind a corner and ran away laughing. The carnage on both sides was dreadful. New troops were incessantly poured into the city by the king, to take the place of the wounded and the dead, more than one thousand of the royal guard having been killed the first of the three days. But through every avenue countless multitudes of enraged countrymen were continually gathering to swell the masses of the king's enemies swarming in the streets. During the conflict about eight thousand persons were killed and wounded

PALACE OF ST. CLOUD.

The king soon became thoroughly alarmed. His defeated troops, driven in from all points to their head-quarters at the garden of the Tuilleries and the Palais Royal, from the assailants became the assailed. Charles, astonished and terrified at the resistlessness of the fury he had excited, recalled the execrable ordinance and dismissed the obnoxious ministers. But it was too late for compromise. The victorious people rushed like an inundation into the Louvre and the Tuilleries, and the exhausted troops were swept before them like rubbish on the flood.

It is said that Charles, accompanied by his son, stood upon the towers of his palace at St. Cloud, about six miles from Paris, with his spy-glass in his hand, anxiously watching the national flag, the emblem of Bourbon power, as it floated from the battlements of the Tuileries. Suddenly he saw it fall, and the tri-colored flag rose and was unfurled triumphantly in its stead. It told him that all was lost—that his honor and his crown had fallen forever. Both were instantly stupefied with amazement and despair. The next moment they saw the dust raised by the royal troops retreating from the city. Charles and his family fled in a state of indescribable terror to his hunting seat at Rambouillet, about thirty miles from Paris.

And now the cry resounds through the streets of Paris, "To Rambouillet! to Rambouillet!" Scarcely had Charles arrived at his hunting seat ere the alarm couriers, from their panting, foaming steeds, rushed into the presence of the royal family, to tell them, with pale lips, that all Paris was on the march to attack them. Men, women, and children, on horseback, in hacks and omnibuses, in carts and on foot, a motley throng of uncounted thousands, were on

the way to pay their fallen monarch a most unwelcome visit. Charles had not forgotten the awful scene in which his brother Louis was torn from his throne and his palace, and dragged, in a cart, to the most ignominious death. It was, indeed, a night of terror and of tears, when Charles and the royal family, in midnight gloom, precipitately entered their carriages, surrounded by a few faithful adherents, and fled from their foes. As the infuriated shouts of the approaching multitude swelled upon the night air, mingled with the crackling fire of musketry and the distant thunders of heavy artillery, the Bourbons commenced their melancholy journey from regal magnificence to ignominy and exile.

When the next morning sun rose above the hills of France, this funeral procession of departed power was seen winding its mournful way through the distant provinces of the empire, to find, in foreign lands, a refuge and a grave. The alarm-bells of the nation tolled the knell of departed royalty, while now and then came pealing through the air the deep and distant thunders of the insurrection gun. The tri-colored flag of successful revolution, floating from every castle and streaming from every turret, proclaimed that the Bourbons had gone down into a grave from whence there was no resurrection. Charles, and his son, and his grandson, three generations of kings, with the sobbing females of the royal family, witnessed these sights and heard these sounds with emotions which no language can describe. They darkened the windows of their carriages, that they might conceal from the popular gaze their countenances, wan and wasted with sleeplessness, and terror, and despair. Apprehensive every hour of arrest and consign-

ment to the dungeon or the guillotine, they hardly ventured to alight for refreshment or repose in their funereal flight from the splendors and the honors of the Tuilleries, Versailles, and St. Cloud, to the tomb of ignominy and of exile. A few hundred of the defeated body-guard of the king followed in the train of the royal carriages, silent and dejected, the pall-bearers of the Bourbon hearse.

Deeply as we must condemn the conduct of this fallen monarch, who can refrain from shedding a tear of sympathy over the ruined fortunes of himself and his race. We forget his political crime in the magnitude of the ruin with which it overwhelmed him. Even the generous people whom he had so deeply injured, when they witnessed his utter and hopeless discomfiture, manifested no disposition, by arrest, or insult, or reproaches, to add to the bitterness of his anguish. They allowed him to depart unmolested. When this melancholy train of regal fugitives arrived at the ocean shore, they were received into two American ships and conveyed to England, where they lingered for a few years in dejection and despair. The surviving fragments of the royal family were gradually dispersed over the Continent in hopeless obscurity and exile.

While these scenes were transpiring in Paris, the Duke of Orleans was at his residence at Neuilly. La Fayette, and the other leaders of the Revolution, immediately directed their eyes to him as the most suitable candidate to take the place of the fallen monarch. He was a branch of the royal family, and that would conciliate the Royalist. He was the richest man in France, and knew how to use his riches, and that gave him great power, for, the world over, wealth is influence. His private property is estimated at

one hundred millions of dollars. Whether this be an accurate estimate or not, it is universally admitted that his wealth is so enormous, that a few millions more or less are of no account. He was a known and long-tried advocate of liberal political opinions, and that would reconcile the Republicans.

The ministers of Charles also foresaw that, for these very reasons, he was the individual from whom they had the most to fear. As the retreating troops of Charles passed the gate of the park of Louis Philippe, they discharged a few volleys of artillery into his country seat, as the emphatic expression of their regard. On the same day, and almost at the same hour, two detachments arrived at his residence at Neuilly, one from the triumphant people of Paris, and the other a detachment of the royal guard, sent by the retreating Charles to take him a prisoner. But Louis, long schooled in the wisdom of troubled times, was no where to be found. The royal guard soon consulted their own safety in precipitate flight. It was ten o'clock at night when Louis ventured from his retreat to meet the deputation from Paris. He received them at the gate of his park. By the pale and flickering torch-light, he read the commission inviting him to the metropolis, to take the office of Lieutenant-general of France, which meant, in reality, to ascend the throne of the Bourbons. It is reported that Louis was exceedingly reluctant to leave the peaceful scenes of domestic enjoyment, and again launch forth upon the turbulent ocean of political life, where he had already encountered so many storms. By such a change he hazarded every thing, and could gain nothing. He said that during all his days he had been the victim of the tempests of state, in persecu-

tion, in poverty, in exile, and he thought that he ought to be permitted to pass the evening of his days in the retirement and peace of his tranquil home. He had seen enough of life's ambition, and suffered enough from political reverses. His wife wept in the anguish of her spirit in view of the dangers and the sorrows of regal state. She was familiar with the melancholy history of kings and courts, of popularity turned into hatred, of applause succeeded by execrations, monarchs and queens hurled from the throne, pelted by the people, driven into exile, or bleeding headless under the executioner's axe.

She had heard the story of Maria Antoinette, driven from the very chambers of the palace into which her husband was now urged to enter, fleeing in her *night-dress*, even from the sanctity of her bed, before the infuriated rabble from the dens and the brothels of Paris. She had not forgotten that from those regal mansions, into which the people would now introduce her, the idolized daughter of Austria, the once-adored Queen of France, had been plunged into a deep and damp dungeon, till her fairy form was withered, and her angelic countenance became ghastly and hideous through the intensity of her sufferings. Amelia could not forget that the streets of Paris once resounded with the acclamations of Maria, as she entered them a youthful bride, charioted in splendor, and that but a few years elapsed before she was dragged through the same streets on the executioner's hurdle, blinded, deformed, revolting in aspect through her miseries, exposed to the jeers and the execrations of the mob, till the slide of the guillotine terminated her woes.

She knew that the queenly diadem could be only one of

thorns; that, as one revolution placed them upon the throne, another might remove them to bleed upon the scaffold. Thus, when the people took Louis Philippe by violence, and would make him their king, Amelia, in her retired chambers, wept bitterly over the anticipated wreck of her domestic peace.

But Louis was told that he must either ascend the throne or leave France. The only chance before him was the crown or exile. The leaders of the people saw that probably he alone could stay the effusion of blood, conciliating in his regal lineage and democratic principles both Monarchists and Republicans.

The provisional government which sprang up in this emergency was headed by Lafitte, La Fayette, and Thiers. M. Thiers was one of the committee appointed to call upon the duke, and to urge his acceptance of the office of king. The danger of anarchy, with which the nation was menaced, was represented to him in the strongest light, and he was assured that those dangers could only be averted by his prompt decision to place himself at the head of the new constitutional monarchy. M. Thiers urged upon the Duke of Orleans "that nothing was left to him but a choice of dangers, and that, in the existing state of things, to recoil from the possible perils of royalty was to run full upon a republic and its inevitable violences."

At 12 o'clock the next day, Louis, clambering over the barricades of the streets of Paris, on foot, entered the Hotel de Ville. The excited millions of Paris and its environs thronged all its avenues. They, however, received him in silence. Louis was remotely a Bourbon. The blood of that family, so hateful to the people, was in his veins.

They feared that, after all, they might be betrayed. The scale of popular enthusiasm was in that state of perfect equilibrium in which it was uncertain whether the next moment the air would resound with execrations or applauses.

At this critical moment, when a breath was to decide the destinies of France, the venerable form of the people's idol, La Fayette, appeared upon the balcony of the Hotel de Ville, waving in one hand the tri-colored flag of the old republic, and with the other presenting Louis Philippe as the candidate for the new monarchy. The endorsement of La Fayette was at once accepted. Instantaneously every mind responded to the appeal. One loud, long, hearty, heaven-rending shout rose from the multitude, and Louis Philippe was the elected monarch of France.

"You know," said La Fayette, at this time, to Louis Philippe, while holding his hand, standing upon the balcony, "that I am a Republican, and that I regard the Constitution of the United States as the most perfect that has ever existed."

"I think as you do," replied Louis Philippe. "It is impossible to have passed two years in the United States, as I have done, and not be of that opinion; but," he continued, "do you think that, in the present state of France, a Republican government can be adopted?"

"No," said La Fayette; "that which is necessary for France now is a throne, surrounded by Republican institutions; all must be Republican."

"That is precisely my opinion," replied the newly-elected monarch.

When we consider who were the speakers, and what was the occasion, we must regard this as the highest compli-

ment that could well be paid to the Constitution of the United States.

On the 9th of August, 1830, Louis Philippe was enthroned King of the French. In the Palais Bourbon a magnificent throne was erected, overshadowed with tricolored flags, and surmounted with a gorgeous canopy of crimson velvet. Before the throne there were three settees, for Louis Philippe and his two eldest sons. A table, covered with velvet, was placed before the settee upon which the elected king was to sit, and upon the table lay pen and paper, to be employed in signing the contract with the nation. Louis Philippe entered, ushered by the roar of artillery, the acclamations of the populace, and the Marseilles Hymn. The Chambers of Deputies and Peers were before him. The Duke of Orleans took his seat and put on his hat, and desired both chambers to be seated. The declaration that the throne was vacant, and inviting his royal highness, the Duke of Orleans, to ascend the throne, was then read. Louis Philippe then gave his acceptance in these terms:

"I have read with great attention the declaration of the Chamber of Deputies and the act of adhesion of the Chamber of Peers. I have weighed and meditated every expression therein. I accept, without restriction or reservation, the clauses and engagements contained in that declaration, and the title of the King of the French which it confers on me, and I am ready to make oath to observe the same." He then rose, took off his glove, uncovered his head, and pronounced the following oath: "In the presence of God, I swear faithfully to observe the constitutional charter, with the modifications set forth in the declaration; to govern

only by the laws; to cause good and exact justice to be administered to every one according to his right; and to act in every thing with the sole view to the interest, the welfare, and the glory of the French people." He now left the settee, and ascended the throne as Louis Philippe I., King of the French.

Louis Philippe has retained his throne for eighteen years, and friends and foes must admit that, considering the difficulties of his position, he has done it with the most consummate ability, decision, and address. He is doing what he can, by a strong government at home, and by friendly alliance with the other courts of Europe, to confirm and consolidate his power. By co-operating with England in her all-engrossing desire to resist the encroachments of Russia, he has secured the friendship of the court and cabinet of St. James. He has married his eldest daughter, Louisa Maria, to Leopold, the widower of the lamented Charlotte of England, now the illustrious King of Belgium, and by this alliance he has placed one of the wisest and most efficient monarchs in Europe to guard with filial watchfulness his northern frontier. His eldest son married a princess of Germany. Another son he has married to a sister of Isabella, the Queen of Spain. The article upon Isabella will show how strong the probabilities are that this son may yet inherit the Spanish throne.

Louis Philippe, in all the habits of his life, is remarkably regular and frugal. He has ever been an early riser, and is seldom to be found in his bed after six o'clock in summer or eight o'clock in winter. For Paris, these are very early hours. His ordinary course of life is as follows: Soon after rising, he is presented with a small cup of cof-

fee, and then spends an hour or two in reading the French and English journals, and in attending to any urgent business. At nine o'clock he enters his *cabinet de toilette*, where he amuses himself for a time with his grand-children, and then finishes his toilette, always shaving with his own hand. Though fond of an old coat for his working dress, his majesty is scrupulously neat in his person and attire. At ten o'clock the king breakfasts. At eleven he usually visits the buildings of the Tuileries and the Palais Royal, where, almost invariably, alterations and repairs are in progress. The king is much interested in such matters, is well acquainted with architecture, and converses familiarly with the workmen upon their operations. At one o'clock the king returns to the Tuilleries to preside over a council of his ministers. He takes his place at their head, says but little, yet listens attentively to all that is uttered. He occasionally asks a question or presents an objection. Generally, during the whole time the cabinet council is in session, he mechanically employs himself in drawing grotesque and fanciful figures upon the paper before him. The table is often pretty well covered with these specimens of royal etchings. At the breaking up of the cabinet, these caricatures are eagerly seized by the ministers as souvenirs for their friends. Probably they would bring a higher price in the market than many elaborate paintings. At the close of the deliberations the king sums up the arguments, and the final resolve is adopted. His majesty has traveled so extensively, is familiar with so many forms of government, and is acquainted with so many languages, that he has great advantage over all his ministers, and, like Napoleon, he rules them, and not they him.

After the council the king again proceeds to the Tuilleries and the Louvre, visiting the studios of celebrated painters, and conversing with distinguished artists. The royal family gather around the dinner-table, with invited guests, about five o'clock, though the king is seldom present until near the close of the meal, and eats very sparingly. Conversation, reading journals, &c., ensues after coffee, until ten o'clock, when the king again enters his *cabinet de travail*, assumes his old coat or a *robe de chambre*, and devotes his mind to the cares of his majestic empire till late into the night. He has no bed of down for his weary limbs, but sleeps upon a hard camp-bed. He may be justly called a hard-working man.

The long years he has spent in adversity and exile; his intimate personal acquaintance with all the governments of Europe and America; his familiar knowledge of mankind in the various ranks of society, from the extreme of regal splendor to the lowliest stations of penury, render him one of the most efficient monarchs upon a European throne. The possession of power is always dangerous, almost always corrupting. It is very evident that *King* Louis is becoming much less Republican in his tendencies than was *Citizen* Louis; and he appears to be much more anxious to establish his family upon the thrones of Europe, than to diffuse the principles of liberty throughout his empire.

And yet we must be slow in censuring the acts of a man's government who is morally *compelled* to ascend the throne, and must either retain his seat or lose his earthly all. If Louis Philippe abdicates the throne, France will probably be deluged in blood. If he is driven from it by the advocates of legitimacy on the one hand, or republican-

ism on the other, the horrors of civil war may sweep over the empire, and Louis be driven before it either to enter the dungeons where the ministers of Charles have perished, or to be dragged on the hurdles with Amelia to the guillotine, where Louis XVI. and Maria Antoinette suffered for the crime of royalty, or to follow Charles X. and the exiled Bourbons into hopeless banishment.

Thus situated, it is hardly possible that Louis should know any repose. His countenance, it is said, is deeply furrowed with the traces of anxiety and care. France is filled with diverse parties. There is no unity of opinion in the nation. Conspiracies thicken throughout his realms. Assassins dog his path. He is shot at in the streets, and the surges of popular clamor are dashing around his throne. It has long been necessary for him, when he goes out, to ride in a musket-proof carriage, surrounded with guards, and to drive with the utmost speed. It is said that, whenever he leaves the palace, the queen is in a paroxysm of terror lest he should be brought home a corpse. He is shot at so often that he has received the expressive soubriquet of the *target king*.

France is a volcano, ever living, breathing, heaving. The rumbling of its smothered internal fires never cease. Louis Philippe can not recline his head upon his pillow at night with the assurance that its lava-flood will not overwhelm him before morning. But, with his strong mind well disciplined in the school of adversity, and knowing that the repose of France and his earthly all depend upon the stability of his precarious and tottering throne, he may probably retain his position during the short remnant of his earthly career.

The eldest son of Louis Philippe, a young man of great promise, and very popular, who married a German princess, was heir-apparent to the throne. But the young Duke of Orleans, a few years ago, was thrown from his carriage and instantly killed. He left a son, now a lad of some twelve or fourteen years of age, upon whose brow the crown will legally fall at the death of Louis.

The claimant of the throne who heretofore has caused Louis Philippe so much apprehension, is Charles Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. When Napoleon married the widow Josephine, she had a daughter, Hortense. This daughter Napoleon soon married to his brother Louis. Their son, Charles Louis, thus both nephew and grandchild of the great emperor, is now the heir of whatever rights Napoleon could transmit to his posterity. Charles Louis is now about forty years of age. He has many partisans among the people and in the army, and has long been ready to embrace the first opportunity to head the veteran armies of revolutionary France, and march with bloody strides to the throne from which foreign foes expelled his ancestor. In the year 1836, Charles Louis made a very vigorous effort to rally the army around him at Strasburg, but by the vigilance of Louis Philippe he was baffled. A few years later he made another desperate and disastrous attempt to gain the throne. He was taken prisoner, tried, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment. As he entered the fortress assigned as his home and his grave, it is reported that he looked at the gloomy battlements, and, smiling, said, * the word perpetual has long since lost its meaning in the French language. The prince was correct, or, rather, he should have said, the word perpetual, in French, means,

* Vide Page 359

until the next revolution. A few months ago he effected his escape in female's clothes, and is now probably anticipating with impatience the political convulsions which will probably ensue upon the death of the king.*

But Louis Philippe is now far advanced in life. He has already passed his threescore years and ten. Soon he must die. Who will succeed him? Will France be a republic, under an elected president, like the United States, according to the prevailing wishes of the populace? Or will the exiled Bourbon family regain the throne, in the person of the son of the Duchess du Berri, the legitimate monarch, supported as he will be by nearly all the nobility of France, and by most of the crowned heads of Europe? Or will Louis Napoleon, upon whom would fall, by hereditary descent, the crown of the great Bonaparte, unfurl with meteor glare the idol banner of his imperial grandsire, and thus rally the enthusiasm of that discontented army, which can never forget its leader at Marengo, Austerlitz, and Lodi? Or will the young Duke of Orleans, the grandson of Louis Philippe, receive by *inheritance* the crown which his grandfather received by election, sustained by the powerful friends, domestic and foreign, of the present king? Or will France, rent by the conflicts of these diverse parties, become the blood-deluged theater of civil war, till anarchy and the Reign of Terror again give place to the military energy of another Napoleon?

In view of all these probabilities, there is a cloud of terrible menace suspended over the future destiny of this nation. France is now enjoying, for a season, comparative repose; but the death of Louis will probably be the signal for the pealing thunder to break, and the elemental tempest to rage.

* Vide Page 361.

Since writing the last sentence, Revolution has again sounded the tocsin throughout the streets of Paris. The mob has again penetrated the Tuilleries and the Palais Royal, and the rich furniture of those princely saloons has been thrown into the streets and consumed in bonfires, around which triumphant and intoxicated thousands have danced. The throne of the king has been borne by the populace through the streets, dashed to pieces, and carried away in fragments as the trophies of victory. Louis Philippe, after a reign of eighteen years, has abdicated the throne, and is again in exile, and, in all probability, will be compelled to find in England or the United States an asylum for his declining days. France is again a volcano in action. All Europe is trembling under the influence of its convulsive throes.

It is too early to write the history of the new revolution, which has appeared very unexpected, for few anticipated any serious outbreak until after the death of Louis Philippe. The facts in the case, so far as at present known, appear to be as follows: For some months the inhabitants of France had been in the habit of holding public dinners, at the close of which political speeches were made, assailing the ministry and advocating reform. These gatherings were called reform banquets. They were producing a very powerful and ever-increasing impression, and, apprehensive of the consequences, the government began to tremble. Arrangements had been made for a mammoth reform banquet, to be held on Tuesday, the 22d of February, at Paris, in the Elysian Fields. The ministry forbade the meeting,

and assembled the troops to disperse the gathering by force, if necessary. It was soon perceived, in the midst of the excitement with which Paris was filled, that the soldiers sympathized with the people, and it was in vain to call upon them for aid. The king and his ministry, in an hour, as it were, found themselves utterly helpless. The ministry resigned. Louis Philippe abdicated his throne in favor of the young Count de Paris, and, entering his carriage, drove out of the city, leaving the Tuilleries and the Palais Royal to be sacked by the mob. The Duchess of Orleans accompanied her son, in whose favor Louis Philippe had abdicated, to the Chamber of Deputies. The Chamber refused to receive him, and called for a republic. The king fled in terror and disguise to the sea-shore. After wandering about for some days, he, with the queen, entered a little fishing-boat, to endeavor to cross the Channel. He was picked up by a British steamer and carried to England, clothed in a pea-jacket, borrowed of a sailor, and with a five franc piece in his pocket. Victoria has received him with the utmost hospitality. France is a republic. Every man in France over twenty-one years of age is a voter. During the month of April, nine hundred representatives thus chosen meet to frame laws for the new republic. No one can foresee the result. Every lover of liberty and of the elevation of mankind must hope that wise and moderate councils may prevail. But every throne in Europe is rocking, and it is greatly to be feared that sanguinary scenes may again ensue

The following very able article from "The London Times" expresses the views of the governmental party in

England, of the results of this new French revolution. "The Times" is the organ of the dominant party in England, and these are the views which are cherished by most intelligent men who are so near the scene of action. Though political bias would unquestionably lead "The Times" to regard the movements with apprehension, no one can have watched the progress of events in Paris thus far, without fear that all that is here anticipated may be realized.

"The state of France can be made very clear to the English capacity. It is simply the most desperate case of runaway that can be imagined. Let the drag-chain of an overloaded stage-coach snap just as the ponderous vehicle has committed itself to a precipitous descent. There is a mile to be run before you come to the less dangerous level. It is a mile of sharp turnings, of banks, of parapets, of ruggedness, of collisions. Soon all is whirlwind and dust. Your team is mad. You seem to fly through the air, you bound, you swing, you are carried to this side and to that. Twenty desperate passes are before you. Is it possible you can be saved? Will momentum carry you through? Will timely check intervene? What can reins avail? There is nothing for it but resignation. To attempt escape is certain death. There is no assistance the spectators can render that will not precipitate your ruin. We will not extinguish hope by describing the catastrophe. There you have France, just a month after a glorious revolution. People ask of us what we think of the prospect. We think this: that the nervous and humane had better close their eyes, and shut the book on this story. We have wished the best, and hoped against hope. If genius, if

courage, if a few heroic efforts of resistance to the suicidal madness of the people, if a certain degree of tact and dexterity could prevent the consummation, there are men at the Hotel de Ville who might yet rescue France. There are fortunate accidents that no one can anticipate; and the power of Heaven, who shall venture to deny? But if we are to judge by the common rule of human affairs, there is nothing now for France but ruin the most hideous, total, and universal.

"To all the intents and purposes of this terrible crisis, France is a mere name. The French nation are but the shades on the banks of the Styx. The departments are colonies. In the geography of the Boulevards, Normandy is more distant than Algeria. The army is not a political existence; it knows and cares for nothing but conquest The proprietors, the electors, the bourgeoisie, are mere lists of names and modes of classification. There is only one real and political unity in France, and that is the populace of Paris. It is the true King of the French. In that mighty animal there is but one mind. The clubs are its organs. A frenzied eloquence stimulates its frame. Its conscience consists of three ideas—Liberty to do whatever is agreeable; Equality in the spoils exacted from industry, economy, and skill; and the Fraternity of all who will join in this work. The populace of Paris is the nation, the government, the magistracy, the courts of justice, the army, the navy, the bourse, the alpha and omega of France. It surrounds the Hotel de Ville, as it will surround the Chamber of the Constituent Assembly. It assembles at the midnight summons, and defiles next morning on the streets and quays. It paralyzes all whom it confronts.

There is no power in France that can stand its gaze. That it has its final goal is no more than it owes to the universal law of its mortal existence. The day will come when those two hundred thousand men will be worn out with unspeakable destitution and misery, or will quail before a master. That, however, seems a distant day, and is far beyond the horizon of our present anticipations.

"The strength of the confederacy that has usurped the name of France is in its perfect organization, its moral and intellectual unity, and its position in the citadel. It is resolved to make good use of its power. Come what will to the rest, it means to take care of itself. Dalgetty assured his friends, as he went forth on his embassy to Argyle when there seemed a chance of scarcity, that both his host and his escort should want before he or his horse Gustavus went without a meal. With some splendid, because, doubtless, very hard-fought exceptions, the hundred and one decrees of these twenty-eight days constitute a grand system for supporting all the population of Paris at the expense of every body else in the nation. The two hundred thousand have decreed themselves to be an imperious necessity, a fundamental law of the realm. Mark the links in this chain of inevitable causation. Every man, and indeed every lad, who presents himself at the Marie, receives 30 sous a day; quite an income compared with the wages many of them have been accustomed to earn. Public works and *ateliers* give even better, and, in many cases, additional pay to those who prefer a little easy employment. The day's work is shortened. Wages are universally raised at the demand of the people, and at the expense of the miserable, much-abused bourgeoisie. Foreign

laborers and artisans are banished, English, Germans, and even provincials are hunted out of Paris. The Provisional Government legalizes popular jealousy and outrage by ordering the forcible eviction of troublesome or burdensome strangers. The tradesmen, compelled to pay ruinous wages, demand their own indulgences. The payment of bills and of other debts is postponed to the Greek calends.

"To feed this hungry and many-headed monster, every thing else is sacrificed. Bankers, house landlords, fundholders, depositors of savings, the owners of bank notes, employers, creditors, cab proprietors, intermediaries of every kind, are denounced and plundered. Capital, as a whole, is pronounced to be a conspiracy against labor, and mulcted for its crimes. Industry is proscribed under the title of a cowardly and base competition. Wherever money is, or is suspected to be, it is demanded. The taxes of the current quarter being paid in anticipation, it is intimated, with unmistakable import, that another quarter in advance would not be taken amiss. Bankers, merchants, and traders, in the very jaws of bankruptcy, are compelled to contribute to a national discount bank, that is, to popular loans, to be granted, doubtless, on the only popular principle of non-repayment. While capital is thus marked out for confiscation, while trade is annihilated and credit departed, a sum of eight millions of our money is raised by making all direct taxes half as much again as their present sufficiently burdensome amount. The unfortunate bourgeoisie are not even suffered to escape. The clubs watch them as a cat watches the mouse that has once felt its claws. It is loudly demanded that they shall not be allowed to quit Paris, lest they carry off the remnant of their resources, and form a

hostile emigration. After having been put in the front of the fight on the 24th of February, they now discover that they were the chief enemy on that day. The aristocracy was vanquished in the first revolution, legitimacy in the second, and the bourgeoisie in the third. The Provisional Government, at its formal appearance before the delegates of trade at the Luxembourg the other day, announced that, having been elected on the 24th ultimo, it had been re-elected on the 17th instant, when the people, by a bloodless demonstration, drove all the respectables of the National Guard out of the streets. The Provisional Government, therefore, is little else than the blind organ of a universal operative combination against its employers.

"We have great faith in the power of Paris, aided by a few great cities, to live by forced contributions from the provinces. As for the Constituent Assembly, we dismiss that cobweb entirely from the question. Nine hundred men are too many for an embassage, too few for an army. Their only claim to consideration will be as hostages for the good behavior of the departments. They will help out the figment of a national representation. Otherwise the chamber of the assembly will be a prison guarded by two hundred thousand men. Should violence or terror be thought inconvenient and odious weapons, softer means will be at hand. In one year the Provisional Government, that is, the people of Paris, will have more offices to fill up than Louis Philippe had in five. The only effective antagonism in the Chamber will be that which arises from a competition for the good graces of Paris. We only plead the infirmity of human nature when we confess that we do not see our way through all this. Heaven may, indeed, send

a special deliverance, but we know not whence it can arise. There are heroes in the government; men who can appease a raging multitude, and abash a still more furious colleague. But they have done their best, and what is the result? The most enormous and intolerable of tyrannies—that of a populace."

FERDINAND II.

TYROL.

Ferdinand II.

A STRANGER in Vienna, a few years ago, might have had his attention arrested by seeing all eyes directed toward a plain, old-fashioned green calêche, drawn through the streets by a pair of very unostentatious horses. He would be much perplexed to understand the cause of the commotion among the crowd. In the calêche he would see a mild, inoffensive-looking gentleman, dressed in a brown, shabby overcoat, and with a hat looking much the worse for wear. The old gentleman nods with friendly carelessness to individuals or groups on the right hand and the left, and the conviction is impressed upon the mind that it must be some retired merchant, who has long accustomed himself to habits of rigid economy, but who, from some unknown cause, attracts particular attention in the city. By his side sits a spruce-looking young man, with well-trimmed whiskers and mustache, who can apparently dispose of any fortune his father may leave for his use. That old gentleman is Francis II., emperor of Austria. The young man by his side is Ferdinand, his eldest son, the crown-prince. Notwithstanding, however, these amusing eccentricities, these bland smiles, and this easy exterior, Francis is none the less a monarch—a despot. His will is law. He has no Constitution to trammel him; no Parliament to grant or withhold supplies. He speaks, and it is done. His people are his slaves—his willing slaves; and they love

their master. He says that they are his *children*, and that they revere and obey their *father*.

Francis was a humane, kind-hearted man, without commanding intellectual powers, but very self-willed. Napoleon said, very irreverently, of his father-in-law, "Francis is an old granny." Some amiable friend repeated the remark to Maria Louisa. "Monsieur Talleyrand," inquires the empress, "what does that mean—an old granny?" "It means, madam," seriously replies the polite diplomatist, "it means a *venerable sage*." Francis was, in the ordinary sense of the words, a benevolent and just man. Principles of integrity in reference to individual rights prevailed in his government. His simplicity, his amiability, his affectionate interest in the concerns even of the humblest of his people, won the love of his subjects, and they regarded him with almost filial veneration. In character, he was very much like Maria Louisa, being good-natured without any of those nobler traits which command the homage of the world. Many well-authenticated anecdotes are told, illustrative of the virtues which were clustered around the royal family.

Francis was one day walking through the streets of Schoenbrun, attended by a single aid. The cholera was raging at the time. A coffin, of some poor and friendless man, was borne through the streets, unattended by a single mourner. "Why is this coffin thus abandoned?" inquired the emperor. "It is, doubtless," the aid replied, "the corpse of some poor person who has no relations." "Well, then," said the emperor, "if you please, we will follow it ourselves as mourners." Taking the arm of his aid, and reverently uncovering his head, he followed the re-

mains of the unknown pauper through the streets to the grave. There he cast the first spadeful of earth upon the remains, and retired. Admitting the uncharitable construction that this was done merely for effect, it was undeniably, in an absolute monarch, a graceful act. It was a touching recognition of the true equality of man, and of the parental relation existing between the emperor and his subjects.

Such traits of character have greatly endeared the royal family to the Austrians. At one time the dangerous illness of Francis threw the whole empire into dismay. When convalescent, the emperor rode out for the first time in a close carriage. He was immediately surrounded by thousands of the populace, shouting their congratulations. He let down the glass of the coach to thank them. "No! no!" was the universal cry; "he will take cold! he will take cold!" and those who were nearest the carriage instantly laid violent hands upon the window, and forced it up.

Francis was reproached with being too familiar with his subjects, and for associating with those of less elevated rank than himself. "If I am to live only with my equals," said he, "I must descend into the tomb of my ancestors, and dwell there forever."

Francis wished to see his people well fed and well clothed. In his judgment, kings were made to reign, subjects to obey. The king is the spiritual soul of the empire; the subjects, the fleshy muscles which obey the will. The people must ask no questions. They have no right to think. As a good father would exclude infidel and demoralizing books from his family, so should the king, as the father of his people, exclude every thing from the popular mind which may stim-

ulate thought. Thinking leads to discontent. Such is the beautiful *simplicity* of the theory of government, as it exists in the minds of the kings of Austria. They think that there should be but two classes in society, masters and slaves. Masters should command, slaves obey. Masters should read and think; slaves, eat, work, and sleep. Newspapers are for the masters, ploughs and hoe-handles for the slaves. For ages, such has been the state of society in Austria. All are accustomed to it. The people dream of nothing different. They love their master, and delight to burnish their chains. As they know not the value of freedom, they have no desire to be free. It is the noble and the enlightened mind alone which feels the restraints of servitude, and struggles in irrepressible agony to escape from bondage. Ages of oppression paralyze all these energies which ennoble man, and degrade him to a brutal standard. Blot out the mind, and man is willing to rank with the fawning dog, which licks the hand that smites him, and with the senseless flock, which lovingly follows its master to the shambles. When it is said that slaves desire not their freedom, one does but give utterance to the very deepest curse which despotism can brand upon its victims. This assertion, ever presented by the oppressor as the palliative of his crime, only indicates the depth into which the iron of despotism has penetrated the soul.

The first glimpse we catch in history of the Archduke Ferdinand is a view of him flying in dismay over the mountains of Bohemia, to escape from Napoleon. His whole army of forty thousand men have been seized by one fell swoop of the emperor's eagles. The archduke, in the utmost consternation, abandoning every thing, has taken to

flight. With a few hundred followers, on fleet horses, he is rushing like the wind, over hill and dale, through forest and marsh, to escape from his terrible foe. The cavalry of Murat, in hot pursuit, are clattering at his heels. The royal fugitives hardly dared stop to breathe till he had escaped beyond the frontiers of Bohemia. This is not a very dignified introduction of the noble duke. There are, however, but few of the kings of Europe who have not, in their turn, presented a similar *tableau vivant.*

The next view the muse of history affords us of Ferdinand is equally impressive. Napoleon, heading his legions, flushed with victory, is thundering down the valley of the Danube, driving before him the two hundred and seventy thousand Austrian troops, and marking his path with blood and flame. Horrid war, in all its horrid annals, can exhibit no scene more awfully sublime. Humanity sickens at the recital of the conflict, where proud self-confidence on the one hand, and desperation on the other, inspired the battle.

The royal family in Vienna are in the utmost consternation. The flashing of the French sabers can be seen upon the distant hills which surround the capital. The thunders of their approaching artillery fall booming upon the ear. The Austrian squadrons, mangled, bleeding, and enveloped in dust, come rushing into the city to seek refuge behind its ramparts. The royal family is in peril. There is not an hour for delay. The sick princess is abandoned in her chamber to the mercy of the conqueror. The emperor, with the queen, and the younger members of the imperial household, enters his carriage, and hurries for refuge, with the utmost speed, into the wilds of Hungary. Ferdinand,

with his brothers of maturer age, are scattered in every direction to escape the impending peril. Napoleon rains down for a few hours upon the metropolis his terrific bomb-shells, then marches triumphantly into the conquered city, and holds his court in the palaces of the Austrian kings.

This was the second time Napoleon had prostrated the Austrian monarchy in supplication before him. Influenced by the relentless principles of war, he determined not to restore the capital to Francis until he had destroyed those fortifications from behind which Maria Theresa had repelled the tide of Turkish invasion, and which, for ages, had constituted the ornament and the strength of Vienna. These ramparts were the glory of the city. Shaded by majestic trees, the growth of centuries, they formed delightful public promenades, the favorite resort of the young and the old on every bright evening and every gala day. Napoleon, before leaving the city, ordered their entire demolition.

Immense mines were constructed under these ramparts, and filled with barrels of gunpowder. The successive explosion of one after another, darkening the heavens with clouds of smoke, and fragments of earth, and rock, and trees, formed one of the most sublime and awful spectacles which human eyes ever witnessed. The bastions majestically rose from their foundations, swelled, and, bursting with volcanic fury, filled the air with flame and smoke, and scattered showers of stones and fragments of masonry on every side. The subterranean fires ran along the mines with a smothered roar, which appalled every heart. The inhabitants of Vienna gazed upon the work of destruction with terror and despair. One after another, all these magnificent works of art, rendered venerable by the lapse of centuries, were up-

BOMBARDMENT OF VIENNA.

heaved from their foundations and demolished. The beautiful city was on all sides surrounded by a scene of frightful desolation and ruin. No one can imagine the consternation of the citizens, young and old, of this pleasure-loving metropolis, as they witnessed the destruction of the pride and the strength of the empire.

Such were the scenes in the midst of which Ferdinand was cradled, and through which he moved during all the periods of his early youth. Europe was but one vast arena for the rush and the shock of struggling armies. Austria was ever in the midst of the scene of conflict. The cry and the uproar of battle were incessantly resounding around the Austrian throne; and the crown-prince, Ferdinand, ever called to a prominent post in his father's armies, was early inured to the mortification of defeat, and to the agony of seeing his discomfited troops cut to pieces, and trampled under the squadrons of the resistless warrior. He had seen the majestic empire of his father dismembered by Napoleon. Again and again he himself had been compelled to fly, vanquished, before the conqueror; and he must, consequently, have often experienced emotions of wounded pride and of wretchedness which no pen can describe.

Ferdinand, now emperor, is about fifty-five years of age. He was born in 1793, and ascended the throne in the year 1830. Of his character but little is known. So far as can be ascertained, he is what is called a good sort of a man, without any distinguishing qualities of intellect or of energy. Indeed, but very little is generally known of the empire of Austria itself. Though it constitutes one of the most powerful and influential nations of Europe; though it is surrounded with historical associations of the richest and

most exciting interest; though in its aggregated realms it exhibits mankind in all its phases, from almost the lowest barbarism to the highest elevation of courtly grandeur; though it is, and long has been, the stronghold of despotism, the most powerful barrier against the rights of man on the continent of Europe, yet but very little is known respecting Austria, even by the most intelligent men, on either side of the Atlantic. Human nature, over those vast plains, is in a lethargic sleep; and few travelers are induced to penetrate realms where stagnant mind seems to have impressed even upon the face of Nature its somber image of dreariness and vacuity. The palace is the abode of unintellectual splendor; the hut is the dwelling of those who toil for a mere animal existence, and who are but little elevated above the beasts of burden they drive.

That vast empire sleeps in solitary grandeur in the center of Europe, the China of the Christian world. It is the settled policy of the government to seclude the nation, as far as possible, from all community of interest, and from all freedom of intercourse with neighboring states. Ferdinand is in constant dread that his territories may be invaded by those liberal opinions which are circulating so freely in other portions of Europe. The government, whose despotic principles are embodied in that most crafty of statesmen, Metternich, is laboring systematically to roll back the tide of civilization. Austria is at the head of that misnamed Holy Alliance which constitutes the most formidable conspiracy ever entered into against the liberties of mankind. This powerful monarchy, with a territory superior, and a population equal to that of France, is compos

ed of four distinct nations, each speaking different languages, and governed by widely-varying customs and laws.

There is Hungary, a world by itself, gloomy in its untamed, uncivilized wildness, where the rocky castles of proud barons still frown upon the cliffs, as stable, as impregnable, as somber in their semi-barbarian strength as in the darkest morning of the Dark Ages. And courtly men and high-born dames tread haughtily those feudal halls. The menial serfs, retaining the dress, the manners, and the mind of generations long since buried in oblivion, hover for protection, in their miserable hovels, around their lord, proud of *his* grandeur and of *their* servitude, desiring no change, and never dreaming that they were born for a nobler destiny. The flood of six centuries has swept by Hungary, leaving it unchanged. It reposes in silence, and monotony, and darkness, unillumined by those floods of light which irradiate other portions of Europe. It is the twelfth century dwelling in the nineteenth. It is a picture of the Middle Ages framed in central Europe. The romance, however, of baronial castles and feudal lords, exists in the description of the novelist only, and not in the reality. A more unromantic, monotonous, dismal life can scarcely be found than among the boors of Hungary, and in those stately, yet gloomy abodes of stone and iron, where ancestral pride dwells in unsocial solitude.

There is Bohemia, with its obsequious peasantry, its haughty nobility. It possesses its mockery of a Legislature, unendowed even with the shadow of power. Its members, the dishonored tools of absolutism, can only deliberate upon the means of executing the king's commands, with no lib-

erty to suggest any thing, or even to petition for favor of redress.

There is Tyrol, the land of romance and of song, with her beetling cliffs, her gushing fountains, her roaring torrents, and her delicious mountain rills. Here is the abode of primitive simplicity. The traveler, passing through these Alpine ravines, often sees, through the latticed windows of the peasant, the gathered family, kneeling around the fireside in their evening prayers, or hears in the distance their vesper hymns, stealing through the silence and solitude of the forest. There is no scenery in Europe in which the beautiful and the sublime are more impressively blended. Mountain streams, and forests of matchless beauty, and peaks silvered with snow, shooting up, in a thousand fantastic forms, six or seven thousand feet into the clouds, form a combination of sublime and romantic scenery which lures the lovers of the picturesque from all parts of the world. The remains of the immense castles of the old barons constitute one of the most striking features in the scenery of these realms of romance.

The most romantic valleys, green, and luxuriant, and blooming with beauty, wind through these wild regions, while precipices bare with the eternal granite, and wooded heights gloomy with the somber spruce and fir, by the contrast add immeasurably to the fascinations of the scene. Perched on crags apparently inaccessible, and overhanging floods which come rushing from unknown heights in the mountains, are to be seen the immense castles of the departed lords of the soil. He must have, indeed, a dull imagination who does not feel the imposing effect of these venerable and moldering ruins, rearing their time-worn bat-

tlements above the forest, and throwing an air of intellectual interest over the wildest domain of nature's scenery. These crumbling memorials of past ages of blood, of crime, of pride, of power, allied with all that is grand and gloomy in dark ravines, and dismal forests, and storm-shattered crags, render the scenery of the Tyrol as enchanting to the imagination, as emotion-exciting, as any which can be found on the continent of Europe. All these dilapidated relics of old baronial power have connected with them the wildest legends of love and crime. From them marched out the steel-clad warriors for the Holy Land, to expiate the agony of a tortured conscience by bleeding and dying before the walls of the Holy City. The weapons and the armor of these iron-nerved heroes are still preserved; and the traveler, startled by the sound of his own footfalls, in these deserted chambers swept by the storms of many centuries, feels himself transported, as it were, by magic, into the age of Godfrey of Bouillon or Richard of England, and there rise before his mind all the pride and pomp of chivalry. It is not surprising that those who inhabit these wild dells should be the children of imagination and of romance. The present is crowded with apparitions of the past. Ghosts hover over the pinnacles, and linger upon the moldering towers. Now a fair maiden is seen flitting through these solitary halls in white drapery, weeping over faithless vows uttered in her ear centuries ago; and now avenging demons drive, on the wings of the gale and the drenching storm, her perjured lover, extorting from him remorseful shrieks, which almost freeze the blood in the veins of the trembling peasants as they cluster around the fireside. The superstition of the people has animated all these moldering ruins

with the phantoms of the dead. At midnight, lights gleam from towers where silence and solitude have reigned for ages. Groans are heard from dungeons where, in periods of time long ago passed away, the victims of feudal tyranny lingered and died. Bloody figures are seen rushing from room to room in the faint moonlight, the pursuing and the pursued; and now shouts of revelry burst from the banqueting-hall, and again wailings of woe are borne upon the blast to the ear of the benighted traveler. In the darkening gloom of a stormy night, the cruel baron, who formerly persecuted his people, is seen flying in dismay, with screams and howls from the bloodhounds he had trained to hunt his victims. The sons and daughters of superstition have in the Tyrol a congenial home.

There is Austria proper, the nucleus of this vast kingdom, the kernel of the nut. It is divided by the Danube, Europe's great artery. It is embellished by the voluptuous capital Vienna, where worldly pleasure, in unrestrained indulgence, ever holds its high carnival; where noble ladies, frivolous and unlettered, are merely those "pretty nothings" which help to adorn a ball-room, scarcely conscious that they have either reason or souls; where high-born men, exulting in their illustrious ancestry, have no nobler object in life than flirtation, waltzing, and the gaming-table; and where the peasantry, impoverished and imbecile, hug the chains which bind them, and never desire, or dream even of, a more enviable lot.

The German, the Italian, the Hungarian, the Bohemian, the Illyrian, and the Wallachian, are among the conglomerated provinces and empires of this heterogeneous realm. And they are reposing together in one vast sleepy

hollow, in entire unconsciousness of the progress of the nineteenth century. Such is the realm over which Ferdinand reigns with absolute sway. And when he unfurls his banners to gather his armies for war, the music of the Austrian bands summons the submissive peasantry of all these provinces to fight with any foe and for any cause.

The stream of thoughtless and unrestrained pleasure flows in an uninterrupted current through the Austrian capital. Amusement is the object of universal pursuit. The theaters, dancing-saloons, and gaming-tables are temples ever thronged with ardent votaries. No man is permitted to take up his residence in Vienna till he can prove that he is able to live there. In the busy throng which crowd the pavements of this voluptuous metropolis, or roll in their chariots under the groves of the Prater, the most beautiful park in Europe, may be seen the haughty Hungarian, with his gallant bearing, his gorgeous attire, his magnificent retinue, and his baronial pride; the mindless, smiling Austrian, without either a thought for the future or a reminiscence of the past; the Bohemian noble, with his strongly-marked countenance, and frame erect with imagined superiority; the wily Illyrian; the Italian, polished and courtly, smiling blandly upon the monarch whom he in heart relentlessly hates as the conqueror of his country, and in whose breast he would gladly bury his poniard; and the Pole, with a shade of melancholy and self-humiliation mingling with his noble features, as he abandons himself to the current of the pleasure-seeking crowd. Vienna is the most dissolute capital of Europe. Sensual pleasure is apparently its object, and its only god. The consequence of this excessive dissipation is, that while in London but

one in forty-five die annually, in Vienna the deaths are one for every fifteen.

The great object of the Austrian government, that to which its energies are constantly directed, is to crush the spirit of liberty, to paralyze the activity of the mind, to prevent, if possible, the thought from occurring that the people have any thing to do but to submit to their rulers. During the Congress of Laybach, the Emperor of Austria said to the teachers of a public seminary, "I want no learned men in my dominions. I want only men who will do what I bid them." These wishes of the emperor are abundantly gratified. The Austrians do not trouble themselves with thinking. There is hardly a single name of celebrity in the intellectual world which Austria can claim as her own.

Much has been said recently respecting the elementary schools established in Austria. These schools are established in but a limited portion of the empire, while the millions who people the vast realms of Hungary, Transylvania, Croatia, Buconia, &c., are sunk in the deepest ignorance. And these schools, where established, are intended as the most potent instruments of despotism. The pupils are not taught to think, but to be servilely submissive to despotic authority. The system of Austrian education, both secular and religious, can hardly find a parallel in the history of mankind. The one simple doctrine taught is, "Servants, obey your masters." The government monopolizes the whole business of education; and no one is permitted to teach who has not, by a careful examination before government officers, proved that his efforts will all be directed to sustain the Austrian despotism. Every book is

examined by a public functionary, and almost every word which is uttered by a teacher is a subject of inquiry for the council of state.

It was becoming, a short time ago, quite fashionable for the nobles, and other persons of wealth, to send their sons to foreign seminaries for education. These young men returned from the universities of London and Paris with enlarged minds, and with new views of civil liberty. The emperor, considering these views of freedom and of human rights as of perilous import to his throne, issued a decree prohibiting the youth of Austria from leaving the empire to pursue their studies. They are now compelled to remain at home, and receive that education, and only that, which the emperor is willing to have conferred.

This prohibition induced opulent parents, anxious for the intellectual culture of their sons, to employ foreign tutors, of distinguished attainments, to reside in their families. The emperor caught the alarm. These strangers from more liberal governments might inculcate sentiments subversive of the stability of Austrian despotism. Hastily another decree was issued, forbidding the employment of foreign teachers in any family.

The Bible is a book which all tyrants fear and all profligates hate. It is the charter of civil and religious liberty. A decree was issued by the emperor in 1822, prohibiting the distribution of the Bible in the Austrian dominions. Political despotism and the free circulation of the Bible can not exist together.

The censorship of the press is another effectual barrier to the ingress of knowledge. It surrounds the empire with a gloomy wall, which can neither be undermined nor over-

leaped. There is not a printer in the Austrian realms who would dare to issue the sheet we now write. There is not a bookseller in the dominions of Ferdinand who would dare to expose this book upon his shelves. There is not a subject in the realm who would be permitted, returning from foreign travel, to take this book with him across the frontier. Twelve public censors are established at Vienna, to some of whom every book published within the empire, whether original or reprinted, must be referred. And if there be any allusion even to reform either in the religion or the politics of the country, the book is summarily condemned. The same rigid censorship extends to all foreign journals. No man can take any periodical published in other lands, without permission of the censors; and no magazine or newspaper which does not advocate despotic principles can be taken at all. The Austrian Observer, which is published in Vienna, is the organ of the government. It contains only those items of foreign intelligence which the emperor is willing that his subjects should know. Its voice is obsequiously echoed by the few journals which, also under vigilant censorship, are established in the provinces. All correct knowledge of the institutions of the United States is studiously excluded. The only information an Austrian can gain of America is from exaggerated statements of the occasional acts of lawless violence which have disgraced our land, and from engravings, ostentatiously exhibited at the shop-windows, representing a Republican slaveholder flogging a slave! This, says Ferdinand, is Republicanism! And the American gentleman, as he looks upon the picture, is silent, and hangs his head with shame.

A few years ago, the Poles inhabiting that portion of Poland which, in the banditti division of the empire, was annexed to Russia, made a most heroic attempt to escape from the thraldom of the czar, and to recover their independence. Nicholas, with his countless legions, overran the province, and smothered the bold attempt in flames and blood. Some of the Austrians, in the vicinity of these scenes of woe, allowed their sympathy to get the better of their prudence, and sent to their suffering neighbors assistance in provisions and money. The Emperor of Austria, alarmed at this symptom, immediately marched an army of fifty thousand troops into their villages, and quartered them upon the inhabitants. Men of all classes, from the most illustrious houses to the humblest peasants, were dragged before a secret tribunal at Lemberg. Multitudes, upon the mere suspicion of cherishing friendly feelings toward the Poles, were imprisoned, and even put to the rack to extort a confession from them. The prisons of Bohemia were crowded with the victims of despotic cruelty, where many languished in misery till death released them.

For the success of these heroic Poles, the clergy of our land offered their most fervent prayers, and the purest patriots sent them tokens of sympathy. For this same sympathy, the Emperor of Austria consigned many of the noblest spirits of his empire to perish in loathsome dungeons.

Wherever, in any portion of the realm, there are indications of discontent, or any manifestation of the love of liberty, the government arrests and imprisons at its pleasure. There is no Habeas Corpus Act. There is no trial by jury. Suspicion and guilt are the same. Many of the most pure and noble spirits, for the very nobility of their souls, are now dying in the felon's cell.

In 1820, the Neapolitans obtained from their king a Constitution, securing to them certain privileges. The fears of the Emperor of Austria were instantaneously aroused lest his people should also demand a constitution. He immediately assured the Neapolitans that he could not permit such an innovation in their government; that the example might be injurious to his own subjects; and that the Constitution must immediately be relinquished. The Neapolitans, conscious of their inability to resist the powerful armies of Francis, sent Prince Cimitele to Vienna, to endeavor to avert the impending outrage. His supplications, however, were entirely unavailing. Metternich, the incarnation of benevolent despotism, received him with haughtiness and severity. "This revolution," said he, sternly, "is sowing the seeds of discontent in other lands. It must be crushed. Implore your king again to assume the reins of untrammeled sovereignty. Punish the individuals who have promoted this movement. Then will Austria look benignantly again upon you. If there is any hesitancy manifested in doing this, Austria will immediately send one hundred thousand troops into your territories to remove that hesitation." Before the innumerable hosts of Austria, the feeble forces of the Neapolitans could not stand for an hour. They were therefore compelled unconditionally to submit. Such are the measures which Austria adopts to quell the struggling spirit of liberty in Europe, and to perpetuate, not only in her own borders, but in the weaker nations which surround her, the principles of unlimited despotism.

When Napoleon was on the throne of France, Prussia declared war against him. "Gentlemen," said Napoleon

to some of the Prussian officers who were surrendering to him their swords, "your master wages against me an unjust war. I say it candidly, I know not for what I am fighting. I know not what he desires of me. He has wished to remind me that I was once a soldier. I trust that he will find that I have not forgot my original avocation." Never did tornado descend with more sudden and desolating fury than the armies of Napoleon swept over Prussia. In fifteen days he finished the Prussian campaign, and annihilated the army of one hundred thousand men, having taken sixty thousand of them prisoners. After exacting enormous tribute, and dismembering the empire, he left the King of Prussia powerless, humbled to the very dust, a king but in name. The queen plead with Napoleon in the most pathetic terms to spare the Prussian monarchy, but in vain. "A fine woman, and gallantry," said Napoleon, "are not to be weighed against affairs of state." The Prussian queen, a proud, ambitious beauty, soon died of mortification and a broken heart.

When, a few years after, Napoleon, with the fragments of his ruined army, was fleeing from the disastrous campaign to Moscow, the Prussian king saw that there was a chance, in the final defeat of Napoleon, of his regaining his former territory and power. He issued a proclamation to his subjects, in which he informed them that he had no army, and no money to pay for troops. He promised them, however, that if they would volunteer their services, and vanquish their conqueror, he would, as a reward, confer upon them a constitution securing to them many civil rights. Universal enthusiasm pervaded the nation. Volunteers by tens of thousands flocked to the Prussian standard. At the

battle of Waterloo, Blucher, with his fresh legions animated by the promise of their sovereign, rushed upon Napoleon's exhausted troops and effected the rout. The Prussian army marched with the allies to Paris. Napoleon was dethroned. Prussia was restored to its pristine grandeur. The army returned to Berlin in triumph, having accomplished its object.

And now the people demanded of Frederic the Constitution he had promised them. But immediately Metternich, in the name of the Emperor of Austria, interposes. "I can not allow," he says, "free institutions to be established so near my throne. It will excite disaffection among my subjects. I will therefore consider the granting of a constitution as a declaration of war against me, and shall immediately call into requisition my whole military force." Nicholas, it is said, was also ready to co-operate with Ferdinand in this policy. The present King of Prussia, Frederic William IV., is one of the noblest of men, probably a man of sincere piety. But he can not fully redeem his pledge without involving his kingdom in a desolating war. The odds against him would be so fearful that his defeat could hardly be doubted, and, in these days, when annexation is so fashionable, he might find his dominions blotted from the map of Europe, and annexed to Austria and Russia. One of the participators in the division of Poland would find this, however, a just retribution.

But, in consequence of the crushing nature of this despotism, mind is so stagnant in Austria, the peasantry are so servile and ignorant, and the nobles so utterly abandoned to voluptuousness, that, as a general thing, there has been no discontent with the government. A dull and stagnant

tranquillity has settled down over the whole land. All that an Austrian desires is the permission to live to-day as he lived yesterday. The inhabitants of the United States, in their boundless freedom, both feel and manifest vastly more dissatisfaction with the measures of their government than the Austrians have expressed against the resistless despotism under which they so long have reposed. All travelers unite in representing them as, on the whole, a gay, thoughtless, and contented people, never dreaming of any government better than their own, and desiring no change. If, among the thirty millions who people this vast empire, here and there an active mind begins to exert its energies, and develops symptoms of discontent, the dangerous innovator is immediately arrested, and consigned to dungeons from whence he is never heard of more. It is said that there are now hundreds of the noblest spirits buried in the prisons of Austria for daring to think—those gloomy cells which have been hallowed by the sufferings of the great apostle of liberty, La Fayette. Man, however, singularly adapts himself to his situation. Even from the plantation, where the Southern slave toils, crushed by a despotism far more intolerable than that of Austria, the elastic mind, defrauded and degraded as it is, will find sources of enjoyment; and shouts of revelry are more frequently heard from the cabins of the negro than the lamentations of despair. There are thousands of slaves full of mirth and glee, and who think not of a more honorable lot. It is said that there is no country in Europe where there is so little physical suffering as in Austria—none where lazy ease and stupid contentment so universally prevail in the dwellings of the poor.

Metternich was not long ago conversing with an English

gentleman upon that form of government under which the people are most likely to enjoy the most happiness. In support of a government with which the people have no concern, he appealed very triumphantly to the easy condition, the tranquillity, the absence of poverty, and the generally comfortable state of the Austrian population. "Our policy," said he, "is to extend all possible *material* happiness to the whole population, to administer the laws patriarchally, to prevent their tranquillity from being disturbed. Is it not delightful to see those people looking so contented," continued he, turning round to the next window, and pointing to the groups walking on the terrace of the Volksgarten, immediately before his palace; "so much in the possession of what makes them comfortable, so well fed, so well clad, so quiet, and so religiously observant of order? If they are injured in their persons or their property, they have immediate and unexpensive redress before our tribunals, and in that respect neither I nor any nobleman in the land has the smallest advantage over a peasant."

It is interesting in this connection to contemplate the view which Alison takes of the influence of free institutions upon human happiness. "A European, accustomed to the stillness of social life on the Continent, is almost stunned, when he lands at New York, by the din with which he is surrounded; and even an Englishman, accustomed to the corresponding turmoil in which the commercial cities of his own country are involved, sees enough to convince him that an additional impulse has been communicated to his already active race by the Democratic institutions and vast capabilities of the New World. At first sight it would be supposed that a country such as this,

possessing unbounded natural advantages, with unlimited power of elevation and means of advancement open to all, even the humblest of the community, and with no hereditary rank or arbitrary privileges to keep back, or prefer any in the common race, must be not only one of the most rising, but one of the happiest in the world. Nevertheless, it is just the reverse; and this is the people of all others where at once general progress is the greatest, and private discontent the most universal. All classes and ranks are dissatisfied with their condition, and plod on in sullen discontent, which is so strong as to be apparent in their habits, their manners, even the expression of their countenances.

"The scholars are dissatisfied. They allege that their rank is lower than in Europe; that they are overshadowed by commercial wealth, and find no compensation in the esteem or respect in which their avocations are held, or the society, often imperfectly educated and ill mannered, of which it is composed.

"The merchants are dissatisfied. They declare that they are worn to death by excessive toil, and are surrounded by such a multitude of competitors and slippery undertakings, that it is seldom that they can preserve their fortunes during their lives, and still more rarely that they can bequeath them in safety to their children.

"Even the mechanics and cultivators are dissatisfied. Outwardly blessed beyond any other class that society has ever contained, they are ground down by the pressure of competition, and incessant thirst for riches and advancement—a thirst which not even the boundless capabilities of the Mississippi have been able to slake. In all this

there is nothing surprising. Individual dissatisfaction, and the desire to remove it by rising in the world, is at once the main-spring of the general progress, and the certain cause of private discontent in free communities. *In despotic states, all are contented because none can get on. In democratic states, none are contented because all can get on.* And thus it is that Nature, in mercy to her offspring, equalizes in all respects, save from inequality in virtue, the sum of human happiness." Such is the philosophy of despotism. Slavery is the great mother of contentment, and the panacea for all earthly ills.

We have alluded to Hungary, one of the most important of the provinces of this great empire. The feudal system still exists there, in all its ancient barbaric splendor. Prince Esterhazy, a Hungarian baron, is probably the richest man, who is not seated on a throne, in the world. He lives in the highest style of earthly grandeur. One of his four magnificent palaces contains three hundred and sixty rooms for guests, and a theater. His estates embrace one hundred and thirty villages, forty towns, and thirty-four castles. By the old feudal law, still undisturbed, he possesses unlimited power over his vassals, and can imprison, scourge, and slay at pleasure. Not long ago he visited England, and was a guest of the Lord of Holkham, one of the most wealthy proprietors of that island. While looking upon a very beautiful flock of two thousand sheep, the Lord of Holkham inquired if Esterhazy could show as fine a flock upon his estates. The wealthy baron smilingly replied, "My *shepherds* are more numerous than your *sheep*." This was literally true, for Esterhazy has two thousand five hundred shepherds. He has quite a little band of

troops in his pay, and moves with military pomp and gorgeous retinue from palace to palace. Such is the grandeur of one of the magnates of Hungary.

Sir Walter Scott thus describes the appearance of Prince Esterhazy at the coronation of George IV. "The box assigned to the foreign embassadors presented a most brilliant effect, and was perfectly in a blaze of diamonds. When the sunshine lighted on Prince Esterhazy in particular, he glimmered like a galaxy. I can not learn positively if he had on that renowned coat which has visited all the courts of Europe save ours, and is said to be worth £100,000 ($484,000), or some such trifle, and which costs the prince £100 or £200 every time he puts it on, as he is sure to lose pearls to that amount. This was a Hussar dress, but splendid in the last degree; perhaps too fine for good taste—at least it would have appeared so any where else. Beside the prince sat a good-humored lass, who seemed all eyes and ears, his daughter-in-law, I believe, who wore as many diamonds as if they had been Bristol stones."

From this picture let us turn to the contemplation of the condition of the peasantry in that land. Their cabins are built of twigs, often not defended even by the addition of mud on the inside from wind and rain. Crowds of children appear at the doors literally naked, in company with pigs and goats, dogs, hens, and ducks, as if all were of the same order of existence. Many of the wretched hovels are half under ground, presenting a far less comfortable aspect than the wigwams of American Indians. It must be very difficult to convince an inhabitant of the United States that the condition of these miserable peasants is preferable to that of an American farmer.

It was from the musical band of Esterhazy that the immortal composer Haydn emerged. A piece of music he composed to celebrate the birthday of the prince first drew him from obscurity. The prince, struck with the beauty of the piece, interrupted the band and demanded the author. Young Haydn, diminutive in stature and miserably clad, was dragged trembling before him. "What, that blackamoor!" said Esterhazy; "well, blackey, from henceforth you shall be in my service. Go and get some clothes suitable to your rank. Don't let me see you any more in such a guise. You look miserably, sir. Get some new clothes, a fine wig with flowing curls, a lace collar, and red heels to your shoes. But mind, let your heels be high, that the elevation of your person may harmonize with that of your music. Go, and my attendants will supply you with all you want."

The next day Haydn appeared before his old associates in the garb of a gentleman. But so awkward and grotesque did he appear in his new attire, that he was greeted wherever he went with shouts of laughter. Soon, however, Europe resounded with the celebrity of this wonderful composer, and the name of Haydn will be remembered when the house of Esterhazy shall have perished forever; so much more enduring are the creations of genius than those of wealth and rank.

Metternich is, in private life, distinguished for the amiability of his character and the suavity of his manners. He lives in a mansion of great splendor, and gives many and very rich entertainments. The banquets of the Prince de Metternich are renowned through Europe for the intellectual and physical luxuries which he always contrives to

furnish. He has followed two wives to the grave. His present wife is extremely beautiful and fascinating, and is but thirty-six years of age, while her husband is seventy-two. He is very much attached to domestic joys, and is the idol of his numerous children. He has been in public life, and almost at the head of Austrian affairs, for more than half a century. Fifty more eventful years Europe has never known. Three emperors of Austria have died since he arrived at manhood. Through the whole of Napoleon's career he was the presiding genius in Austria. He has seen three kings of England, and two emperors of Russia, go down to the grave. Nearly all the thrones of Europe have changed their occupants two or three times within his day, and nearly all the great diplomatists of Europe with whom he has struggled in the division of empire, are now moldering in the dust. Ferdinand wears the crown, Metternich has swayed the scepter. Ferdinand reigns, Metternich has ruled. This prince might indeed have said, "I and my king!"

The policy of Metternich will find few, if any, defenders in America; it finds thousands and tens of thousands in Europe. Says Blackwood's Magazine: "How much wiser has that great statesman been than all the bustling innovators of his day, and how much more substantial is that policy by which he has kept the Austrian empire in happy and grateful tranquillity, while the Continent has been convulsed around him. No man knows better than Prince Metternich the shallowness and even shabbiness of the partisans of overthrow; their utter incapacity of rational freedom, the utter perfidy of their intentions, and the selfish villainy of their objects. Therefore he puts them down,

he stifles their declamations by the scourge, he curbs their theories by the dungeon, he cools their political fever by banishing them from the land; and thus governing Austria for the last forty years, he has kept it free from popular violence, from republican precocity, from revolutionary bloodshed, and from the infinite wretchedness, poverty, and shame which smite a people exposed to the swindling of political impostors.

"Thus Austria is peaceful and powerful while Spain is shattered by conspiracy; while Portugal lies protected from herself only under the guns of the British fleet; while Italy is committing its feeble mischiefs, and frightening its opera-hunting potentates out of their senses; while every petty province of Germany has its beer-drinking conspirators, and the French king guards himself by bastions and batteries, and can not take an evening drive without fear of the blunderbuss, or lay his head on his pillow without the chance of being awakened by the roar of insurrection. These are the 'fruits of the tree;' but it is only to be lamented that the same sagacity and vigor, the same determination of character, and the same perseverance in principle, are not to be found in every cabinet of Europe. We should then hear no more of revolutions."

Such are the arguments of despotism. If the people are to be enslaved, it is, indeed, wise to lay upon them heavy chains, and to surround them with deep darkness. But how much more happy are the *free states* of North America, where revolutions and conspiracies are unthought of, and every man feels that it is for his personal interest to sustain the government, of which he is himself a part?

Count Auersperg, one of Austria's nobles, familiarly ac-

quainted with Metternich, has given the following poetic account of this celebrated minister:

THE SALOON SCENE.

"'Tis evening; flame the chandeliers in the ornamented hall:
From the crystal of tall mirrors, thousand fold their splendors fall.
In the sea of radiance moving, almost floating round, are seen
Lovely ladies young and joyous, ancient dames of solemn mien.

"And among them, steadily pacing with their orders graced, elate,
Here the rougher sons of war, there peaceful servants of the state;
But observed by all observers, wandering 'mid them, one I view,
Whom none to approach dare venture save th' elect, illustrious few.

"It is he who holds the rudder of proud Austria's ship of state,
Who, 'mid crowned heads in congress, acting for her, sits sedate.
But now see him! O how modest, how polite to one and all,
Gracious, courtly, smiling round him, on the great and on the small.

"The stars upon his bosom glitter faintly in the circle's blaze,
But a smile so mild and friendly ever on his features plays,
Both when from a lovely bosom now he takes a budding rose,
And now realms, like flowers wither'd, plucks and scatters as he goes.

"Equally bewitching sounds it when fair locks his praise attends,
Or when he, from heads anointed, kingly crowns so calmly rends.
Ay, the happy mortal seemeth in celestial joys to swim,
Whom his word to Elba doometh, or to Munkat's dungeons grim."

The recent convulsion in France has also shaken the despotism of Austria. Metternich has been constrained to resign his post. The walls of that vigorous despotism have been cracked, and light is gleaming in through the crevices upon both monarch and people. The advance of human liberty is onward; and though her march may for a time be retarded, no earthly power can effectually stay her progress. An armed multitude surrounded the palace of the emperor. Intimidated by their threats, and warned by the fate of

Louis Philippe, he sent a messenger to the door to announce to the mob that he freely granted every demand they made: "full liberty of the press, a more extensive representative Constitution, publicity of all proceedings in the courts of law, trial by jury, and, finally, the dismissal of the whole Metternich cabinet." Metternich himself was literally stoned out of his palace, and escaped in disguise. Austria is no longer an absolute monarchy. The people have risen in their might. Frenzied with untried liberty, it is greatly to be feared that the immediate results will be dreadful; that the *final issue* can not fail to be for the promotion of the interests of mankind, no one can doubt. There are few persons whose situation is less to be envied than that of those who now occupy the thrones of Europe. The political foresight of Napoleon Bonaparte was wonderful in the extreme. It was one of his striking remarks when upon the island of St. Helena, that within half a century Europe would be overrun either by Russian despotism or republicanism. It was considered a wild and extravagant statement. And yet the prediction is apparently soon to be fulfilled. While Europe has been trembling for many years in view of the progress of Russia, suddenly, to the astonishment of all the world, the scene changes, every throne trembles, and the spirit of republicanism appears to pervade the Continent. It would not be strange if there should be yet a literal fulfillment of this remarkable prediction.

NICHOLAS.

PETERSHOFF.

Nicholas.

THE Emperor Paul of Russia, during the later years of his reign, developed a character of extraordinary eccentricity. By many it was supposed that he had become actually insane. At one time he published an invitation, in the Court Gazette, to all the sovereigns of Europe, to come to St. Petersburg, and settle their disputes by a personal combat, in an inclosed field, with their prime ministers for esquires. There was, indeed, some method in this madness. If enraged kings would but settle their quarrels by shedding their own blood, instead of compelling the unoffending peasant to cut down his equally unoffending brother, the interests of humanity would be greatly subserved. Paul had issued a decree, commanding the noblesse, of whatever rank or sex, to alight from their carriages whenever they met any member of the imperial family, and to stand in reverential homage till the person in whose veins the royal blood circulated had passed by. In a thousand ways his administration had become tyrannical and capricious in the extreme. He began to look with an angry eye upon his wife and his children, and dropped ominous hints of his intention to send Alexander into Siberian exile, to immure Constantine in the dungeons of a prison, and to consign the empress-mother to the cells of a cloister.

Alarmed at this threatening state of affairs, many of the leading nobles entered into a conspiracy to compel Paul to

abdicate. Alexander and Constantine, trembling in view of the doom impending over them, consented to it with the express provision that their father's person should be uninjured. At two o'clock in the morning of the 11th of March, 1801, a small band of armed men, in disguise, were seen approaching the palace of Paul. The night was dark, and, late as was the hour, lights were glimmering from many of the apartments. The suspicious-looking band boldly approached the massive gateway, and entered without difficulty. A sentinel at the door of the emperor's chamber opposed their entrance; one blow with a saber laid him lifeless upon the floor. The conspirators rushed into the apartment of the king. Paul, alarmed by the tumult, had sprung from his bed, and hid himself in a clothes-press. The warm bed-clothes indicated that the emperor was not far off. He was soon discovered, and dragged from his retreat. With the utmost deliberation, the conspirators wound around his neck his own sash, and drew it in a tight knot. For a few moments the emperor struggled in the agony of strangulation, and then fell upon the floor motionless in death.

Alexander and Constantine were in the room below, awaiting the result of what they supposed was to be merely a forced abdication. Nicholas was then but a child. The conspirators, consisting of the highest nobility of the realm, placed the body of the king upon his bed, and descended into the apartment where the two grand dukes, with intense solicitude, had been listening to the fearful struggle in the room above them. As they entered, Alexander eagerly inquired if they had spared his father's life. Silence proclaimed the melancholy truth. The two sons

were overwhelmed with consternation, and gave utterance to the most passionate expressions of remorse and despair. The conspirators calmly represented that the state of the empire indispensably demanded a change of policy, and that now there was no alternative but for Alexander to assume the reins of government. The next day a notice appeared in the Court Gazette announcing that Paul had suddenly died of apoplexy, and that Alexander was Emperor of Russia.

The young monarch ascended the throne, compelled, by the force of circumstances, to place the principal offices of emolument and honor in those hands which were red with his father's blood. Both the father and the grandfather of Alexander had fallen victims to assassination. As Alexander placed this dangerous crown upon his brow, a French lady of rank and wit wrote to a friend in Paris, "The young emperor walked to his coronation preceded by the assassins of his grandfather, followed by those of his father, and surrounded by his own." "Behold," said Fouché, "a woman who speaks Tacitus."

One of the most romantic incidents in the life of Alexander was his celebrated visit, with Frederic William III. of Prussia, to the tomb of Frederic the Great. Louisa, the ambitious and unhappy Queen of Prussia, planned, with shrewd knowledge of the human heart, the imposing adventure. Europe had banded itself against freedom in France. Napoleon, throwing himself at the head of the armies of the Revolution, and gathering all power into his own hands, was battering down every semblance of opposition, and riding rough-shod over palaces and thrones. Louisa, to unite Alexander in alliance with her husband by in-

dissoluble ties, devised the plan of binding them together in a solemn oath at the tomb and by the side of the lifeless remains of the renowned Frederic. The two monarchs repaired to Potsdam, the mausoleum of the Prussian kings At midnight, by the dim light of a torch, they proceeded, unaccompanied, to the tomb. Descending alone into those gloomy vaults, where the remains of departed monarchs were moldering to the dust, they approached the spot where the body of Frederic had been deposited. It was midnight. Not a sound disturbed the silence of the sepulcher. The feeble rays of their lamp but made the surrounding gloom more impressive. The two monarchs each took one of the skeleton hands which had been so vigorous in human slaughter, and by the most solemn oaths bound themselves to stand side by side, with all their forces, till Napoleon should be overthrown. Few souls could be insensible to such scenes. Vows thus ratified, one would think, could never be violated.

Emerging from the sepulcher, they separated, Frederic secretly to gather his armies, and Alexander to head his legions, who were already marching, in alliance with Austria, to encounter the armies of France. In less than one month from that time the battle of Austerlitz was fought, the hosts of Alexander were cut to pieces, and the proud monarch of all the Russias was compelled to sue for peace. Frederic, with most ignoble dissimulation, sent an ambassador to congratulate the French emperor over the signal victory he had obtained. Napoleon contemptuously replied, "You have come to present your master's compliments on a victory, but Fortune has changed the address of the letter." A month or two more passed away, and every fortress in

Prussia was in Napoleon's power. Frederic was a fugitive from his kingdom. The Queen of Prussia, with clasped hands and weeping eyes, was imploring the clemency of the conqueror, and Napoleon, descending into the tomb at Potsdam, bore away the sword of the great Frederic to grace his triumph in Paris.

For twenty-four years, Alexander, with great energy, governed the vast realms of Russia. He inherited from Paul an empire consisting of three hundred thousand square leagues. During his reign, he added to it, by foreign conquests, thirty-six thousand square leagues more—a territory nearly equal to the whole superficies of France. Many a dark day overshadowed the reign of Alexander, and he was often the victim of the deepest disquietude and melancholy. During the latter years of his life, a wide-spread conspiracy pervaded the Russian empire, embracing many of the most influential officers in the army. Alexander had sad forebodings of the storm which was gathering, and yet knew not how to avert the danger.

When Alexander was sixteen years of age, he was married to a princess of Baden, who was but fifteen years of age. The days of this emperor were darkened by many disappointments and sorrows, and were finally terminated in the deepest gloom. Alexander, surrendering himself to the dominion of passion, was soon alienated from his wife, and a state of hostility existed between them for many years, which greatly embittered the happiness of both. It was not until near the close of his life that there was any reconciliation. In the year 1829, Alexander, in consequence of the feeble health of his wife, accompanied her to Tanganroy, a small town upon the Sea of Azof, fifteen

hundred miles from St. Petersburg. It was a long journey, and Alexander commenced it oppressed with the deepest dejection. He had for some time thought much of his appearance before the bar of God in final judgment. Sin was the burden which weighed heavily upon his spirit. With prayers and tears he had in vain sought relief. In his despondency, he had many forebodings that he should never return.

The morning before he left St. Petersburg, he assembled, at four o'clock, a numerous company of ecclesiastics for a religious service. In the chill and the gloom of that early hour, he drove alone in his calêche, unattended even by a single servant, to the Monastery of St. Alexander Newski, which is surrounded by the chief cemetery of St. Petersburg. Here his two only children, and many members of the royal family, were buried. The emperor, wrapped in his cloak, and surrendered to the dominion of the most profound melancholy, bowed his head, with sighs and tears, as he listened to the mournful "chant for the dead," and then silently and sadly departed on his sorrowful journey. The diadem upon his brow pressed an aching head. The cloak of ermine which enveloped his form was folded over a heart throbbing with anguish. Days of melancholy passed slowly away, as in painful musings he sat silent in his carriage. Murmurs of conspiracies against his throne and his life had reached his ear, and in each wild ravine and at every solitary inn he apprehended the assassin's dagger. The health of the queen was much benefited by the journey, and at length they arrived upon the shore of the Sea of Azof. But these gloomy forebodings so preyed upon the mind of the emperor that he was seized by a fever, which baffled all the skill

of his physician. The disease was very rapid in its progress; so much so, that it is still a question whether he did not fall a victim to poison. As he lay speechless upon his dying bed, surrounded by his weeping wife and sorrowing attendants, his countenance expressed the deep and settled dejection which oppressed his soul. A more melancholy dying scene has rarely been witnessed. The Emperor of all the Russias was struggling unavailingly in the grasp of the king of terrors. It was the 1st of December, 1829. Dark clouds, boding a terrible tempest, were lowering over the empire, and consternation was impressed upon the countenances of all who surrounded the imperial sufferer. The dying emperor, unable to articulate, motioned the queen to draw near. Taking her hand, he pressed it tenderly, as if to bid her an eternal adieu, and in a few moments breathed his last.

The cry immediately resounded through Europe that Alexander had fallen by poison. The departed monarch, having previously buried his two only children, left three brothers: Constantine, born 1779; Nicholas, born 1796; Michael, born 1798. Alexander, disliking the character of Constantine, was very unwilling to leave him as successor to his throne; and Constantine had but little desire to encounter the toils and dangers of royalty. When a mere boy, he was married to a German princess but fifteen years of age. They endured each other through four weary years of strife, and then finally separated. Constantine soon became enamored of the daughter of a Polish count, and sought a divorce. The emperor gave his consent to this unprincipled arrangement upon the condition that Constantine would resign all right to the throne. The

terms were gladly accepted by the weak-minded prince, and he married the Polish beauty. As soon as the intelligence of the death of Alexander was received at St. Petersburg, the Senate assembled to take the oath of allegiance to his successor, and, opening a packet which had been placed in their hands by Alexander, they found the following act of renunciation, signed by Constantine:

"Conscious that I do not possess the genius, the talents, or the strength necessary to fit me for the dignity of a sovereign, to which my birth would give me a right, I entreat your imperial majesty to transfer that right to him to whom it belongs after me, and thus assure forever the stability of the empire. As to myself, I shall add by this renunciation a new guarantee and a new force to the engagements which I spontaneously and solemnly contracted on the occasion of my divorce from my first wife. All the circumstances in which I find myself strengthen my determination to adhere to this resolution, which will prove to the empire and to the whole world the sincerity of my sentiments."

Another document appointed Nicholas as the heir to the throne, and the Senate now declared him to be emperor. He, however, refused to receive the crown until he should receive from Constantine himself an acknowledgment of his resignation. As Constantine was absent, at some distance from St. Petersburg, three weeks elapsed before his formal renunciation was received. Nicholas consequently ascended the throne, and dated his accession from the day of the death of Alexander, December 1st, 1825. Nicholas was then twenty-nine years of age.

The conspiracy to which we have alluded had extended

its secret influences all over the empire. The object of the conspirators was to overthrow the unlimited despotism of the Russian government, and to establish a constitutional monarchy in its stead. Many of the most prominent nobles in the realm, and leading officers in the army, were engaged in the plot.

Nicholas was then twenty-nine years of age, and was ready with alacrity to assume any responsibilities and to face any dangers. The insurgents, who had conspired to murder all the members of the royal family, and to cement the new government in their blood, thronged the streets of St. Petersburg, and with trumpets and banners were gathering the well-armed multitude for the conflict. Divisions of the army, headed by veteran generals, were arrayed against the new monarch. Nicholas came down upon them with the energy of Napoleon. A short but very bloody conflict ensued. The shot from both parties produced dreadful ravages; but the emperor, heading his own troops, fearlessly exposed himself to all the peril. As soon as Nicholas found that he must fire upon his insurgent subjects, he sent a message to the queen, his wife, to inform her of the sad necessity. She was in the palace, surrounded by the most distinguished ladies of the empire, tremblingly awaiting the issue of the conflict. When she heard the thunders of the artillery in the streets, and the clamor of the strife in which her husband and his subjects were engaged, she threw herself upon her knees, bathed in tears, and remained in fervent prayer till they came to inform her that the revolt was crushed. The number slain is not known, as the bodies were collected and plunged into holes cut through the thick ice of the Neva. Thus veiled from

mortal eyes, they floated darkly down to their ocean sepulcher. Such were the stormy scenes in the midst of which Nicholas ascended the throne.

During the night succeeding that awful day, one of the leading conspirators was brought into the presence of the young monarch. The conspirator, one of the highest nobles of the realm, stood petrified before the proud eye of his sovereign as he received the stern rebuke, "Your father was a faithful servant, but he has left behind him degenerate sons."

"For such an enterprise as yours," said Nicholas, "large resources were requisite. On what did you rely?"

"Sire," replied the conspirator, "things of this kind can not be spoken of before witnesses."

Regardless of the danger, Nicholas led the conspirator into a private apartment, where they conversed a long time together entirely alone. Here Nicholas listened to truths which in no other way could have come to his ear. He was informed, in the plainest language, of the injustice and oppression with which the empire was filled, of the impotence of the laws, the venality of the judges, the corruption which pervaded all departments of the government, the atrocious injustice committed without any possibility of redress, the punishments arbitrarily inflicted—all were revealed to him in the language of honest indignation. Nicholas saw at once that hidden fires were rolling with volcanic energy beneath his throne.

Many of these conspirators were executed. Fifteen officers of high rank were placed upon the scaffold together. As the drop fell, the rope of one broke, and he was precipitated to the ground. As he rose struggling upon his knees,

sorely bruised by the action of the rope and the fall, he exclaimed, "*Truly nothing ever succeeds with me, not even death.*" There is, indeed, melancholy sublimity in this remark, giving one a glimpse of a life of utter disappointment and joylessness. Another rope was procured, adjusted around his neck; the drop again fell, and the unhappy man was launched into that mysterious world of spirits, for which all the joys and sorrows of time are but preparatory.

The palace of Peterhoff, a few miles from St. Petersburg, is perhaps the principal abode of imperial wealth and luxury. It would not, however, be an easy task to enumerate the various palaces of the czar. Peterhoff is a pile of buildings compounded of every conceivable style of architecture. The saloons of that princely abode are filled with every contrivance which wealth and art can administer for human gratification. It is the throne of luxury. The pleasure-grounds attached to the palace are ornamented to the extreme of what human ingenuity can effect. Artificial cascades and fountains, erected at an incalculable expense, astonish and bewilder the spectator.

During the annual fêtes in July, this whole wide-spread scene is illuminated with the utmost brilliance. Tower and dome, grove and lake, fountain and cascade, suddenly emerge from the darkness of midnight into a scene of the most dazzling splendor. Millions of torches twinkle in every direction. Every twig, every leaf, and every drop of spray, sparkle with colored lights. Rockets and fireworks of every conceivable variety give a magic splendor to palace and bower, such as the visions of romance can hardly realize. Here it is that the famous artificial tree is

reared, which has been so often described. It is so ingeniously constructed with root, and trunk, and branch, and leaf, and bud, as to deceive the most practiced eye. Its shade and its beauty lure the loiterer through the grounds to approach. A seat, apparently of the natural velvet sod, invites him to sit down and view the enchanting scene around. The pressure of the seat touches a spring, which turns the luxuriant tree into a shower-bath, and from every twig jets of water are pressed down upon the astonished stranger.

This is one of the homes of Nicholas, if a care-worn monarch can be said to have any home. The poor probably look to him with envy. And yet often, harassed with anxiety, he must almost covet the condition of the humblest peasant in his realms. The human heart is essentially the same every where; and in all abodes, life comes freighted with the burden of the primeval curse. The crowned families of Europe have seen as many days of darkness and gloom as any members of the human race.

The Winter Palace, in St. Petersburg, is also an abode of very unusual splendor. There are usually residing beneath the imperial roof, as members of the royal household, more than one thousand persons. The most magnificent and extensive suite of rooms in the world are to be found in connection with this palace. These apartments of grandeur are appropriated to the ceremonies of the court; ceremonies more imposing, and, perhaps, of more rigid etiquette, than are to be witnessed in any other palace in Europe. Passing through the massive gateway, you are ushered into a hall of magnificent dimensions, so embellished with plants and shrubs of rare beauty and perfume, that you al-

most fancy that you are sauntering through the walks of a flower-garden. Ascending a marble stair-case, you are introduced to an apartment of princely grandeur, called the Hall of the Marshals. Passing through this, you enter another, and then another, and then another, all of great magnificence, until you arrive at the grand audience chamber, of still more majestic dimensions. This is the place of presentation to the emperor.

When the hour of presentation arrives, some massive doors from the inperial chapel are thrown open, and a crowd of military officers, often a thousand in number, in the most brilliant uniform, enter the apartment, the van-guard, as it were, of the escort of the czar. These, passing through the audience chamber, disappear in the unknown regions of the palace beyond. But still an apparently interminable throng, glittering in gala dresses, pours through the chamber. At last the grand master of ceremonies makes his appearance, in a coat of gold, waving his insignia of office, followed by the royal pair. And thus the emperor and empress are ushered. They bow gracefully to the representatives of other courts, who are honored by a presentation to their august majesties. A numerous group of younger members of the imperial family, ministers of state, pages, &c., follow in the train of royalty. No one is permitted to speak to the emperor or empress but in reply to questions which they may ask. Nicholas, stately and reserved, says but little. His spouse, more affable, slips from her hand her glove, and presents it condescendingly to the person honored by a presentation. The guest receives it, and presses it with fervor to his lips. Such is the scene of presentation in the court of Nicholas. There is always

a very splendid ball given in the palace on the 1st of January, and usually more than twenty thousand guests are present. This famous Winter Palace is almost a city of itself.

Notwithstanding, however, all this splendor, the lot of Nicholas is any thing but an enviable one. The cares of his unwieldy empire weigh heavily upon him, and he is ever in danger of assassination. In the autumn of 1843, Nicholas visited Berlin. In returning, he left his carriage at a particular point, to proceed by the common route, while he, with a portion of his suite on horseback, turned aside to visit a veteran officer who resided at some distance from the main road. The carriage of the emperor proceeded with its customary escort. As the shades of evening came, there suddenly emerged from the road-side a party of armed horsemen in black masks, who surrounded the carriage, and discharged into it a volley of musketry. The leader then rode to the window of the carriage, and, looking in, to his surprise, saw that it was empty. Uttering a few words to his companions, they dashed away at full speed.

Nicholas, consequently, never dares to announce when or where he intends to take a journey. All his movements are conducted with the greatest secrecy. He almost invariably commences his journeys at midnight. He consecrates his most sleepless vigilance to suppress all freedom of thought, and every tendency to civil liberty in his realms. He prohibits his nobles from residing abroad, lest they should inhale the atmosphere of political freedom; and if any noble ventures to disobey his commands, the confiscation of his estates effectually prevents his return, or exile to Siberia quenches the dangerous flame of independence in the snows of eternal winter.

Nicholas was born in the year 1796, and is, consequently, now fifty-two years of age. He is, in all respects, one of the most extraordinary men now living. It is said that he is, in form and feature, the handsomest man on the continent of Europe. Lord Londonderry, after a visit to his court, declared, that if all the millions who compose his subjects were assembled, Nicholas, from his commanding figure, his symmetrical and intellectual features, and his princely bearing, would be selected from them all, as designed by the God of Nature for their chieftain. His mind is of the highest order, of sleepless activity, and indomitable energy; uniting, in that wonderful combination which made Napoleon the master-spirit of his age, the comprehensiveness of the man of genius with the practical man's minutest acquaintance with details. He is alike at home every where—in the army, in the navy, in the cabinet. His untiring energies are ever active in controlling the heterogeneous interests of his boundless empire.

His diplomatic corps is, by universal admission, the ablest in Europe. In England, as in America, a man is appointed to an important station, not because he is the most suitable man, but because there are certain interests to be conciliated, or votes to be gained, or friends to be rewarded. But Nicholas feels none of these trammels. He reigns in unlimited despotism. Dukes and barons are nothing to him. He cares not who was a man's father, or in what country he was born. Looking simply at the qualifications of the individuals selected as the instruments of his government, he has gathered around him, from all the nations of Europe and from America, the most brilliant and the most comprehensive talent. No cabinet in the

Eastern hemisphere is probably equal to the associated diplomatists of Nicholas.

In the year 1840, Nicholas determined to construct a rail-road from St. Petersburg to Moscow. Capitalists from England, France, Belgium, and, indeed, from almost every country in Europe, sent in their proposals. Among the rest, the young mechanics from the United States, Messrs. Harrison, Eastwick, and Winants, presented their terms. Nicholas had ascertained, through his agents, that these young men were intelligent, enterprising, practical mechanics, who were to be found early and late in their workshops; and though others, with ample means, contracted to construct the work at a much lower rate than they, he selected the young Americans. Others had friends in court to advocate their cause, and money to bribe subalterns; but Nicholas, with that business talent which characterizes all his actions, regardless of all such considerations, selected for his agents those who would most effectually accomplish his plans. Workmen from the United States are now at the head of this grand enterprise. The emperor, on a recent visit to this road, was so much gratified with the skill and energy manifested by the contractors, that he presented each of them with a diamond ring. The road will be completed in 1849.

This powerful ruler, Mr. Nicholas Romanow, reigns with unlimited sway over about seventy millions of the human family, a population somewhat exceeding that of Great Britain, France, and the United States combined. The emperor, possessed of despotic power, can summon resources such as no other monarch in Christendom can command. He has a militia consisting of eighteen millions of

well-armed and respectably-disciplined men. His standing army of thoroughly-drilled troops, many of them veterans in the hardships and horrors of war, numbers one million of men: two hundred thousand of these are cavalry, unsurpassed, perhaps, by any other equal body of mounted troops in the world. His navy consists of about fifty ships of the line, with frigates, sloops, floating batteries, and gun-boats almost without number, and is now manned by about sixty thousand men, daily exercised in all the arts of war; and the shores of the Euxine and the Baltic incessantly resound with the blows of the ship-carpenter, as month after month new ships are launched upon their waters. The annual revenue of the emperor is about fifty millions of dollars. The territory over which this monarch extends his scepter comprises one seventh of the habitable globe, extending from the Baltic Sea across the whole breadth of Europe and of Asia to Behring's Straits, and from the eternal ices of the northern pole to the sunny clime of the pomegranate and the fig. Such is the gigantic power which Nicholas wields, and with which, with more than Roman ambition, he is apparently aiming at the sovereignty of the world.

To thwart the designs of Nicholas has been for many years one of the great objects of French and English diplomacy; and there is, at the present time, a political contest going on between these two powers and Nicholas, which, though it has excited but little interest on this side of the Atlantic, is an all-engrossing subject of interest in every cabinet of Europe.

The favorite plan of Nicholas, and one which has never for one moment been lost sight of since first projected by

the dissolute and ambitious Catharine, is to found universal dominion by the monopoly of the commerce between Europe and Asia. To do this, he must so extend and strengthen his central power as to have nothing to fear from the other nations of Europe. He must so enlarge and perfece his navy as to wrest from Great Britain the scepter of the ocean; and he must subjugate Turkey, and make Constantinople his third capital, and fortify his Gibraltar's rock at the Dardanelles.

Toward the accomplishment of these projects he is advancing in a career triumphant, rapid, and apparently resistless. By diplomatic intrigue and perfidy, and the power of her armies, Russia had succeeded in annexing a large portion of the empire of Poland to her territory. The Poles, after several years of national bondage, manifested some restiveness under the yoke, and made an heroic attempt to regain their independence. Almost every bosom in the civilized world throbbed in sympathy with their struggle; prayers ascended in their behalf from nearly all our churches; banners, and arms, and money were forwarded to them from our cities; but the imperial autocrat poured in upon the ill-fated territory his resistless armies. They swept over Poland with hurricane fury. One wild shriek vibrated upon the ear of Europe, so deep and piercing that it even passed the Atlantic wave, and rolled along our shores, and Poland was no more. Her armies were massacred. Her nobles were driven into Siberian exile. Her cities and villages became the property of Russia. Her population of about twenty millions of inhabitants were transformed into the subjects of the grasping conqueror, to swell his armies and to fight his battles; and her

annual revenue of twenty millions of dollars were emptied into his overflowing treasury.

The following painful anecdotes, related by a recent traveler in Russia, give one a faint idea of Siberian exile, and of what it is to live under a despotic government. We quote from "The Czar," by J. S. Maxwell:

"A number of prisoners passed by while we remained in the little hamlet. Ninety-six men and women, chained in couples, clothed in coarse gray coats, some with and some without shoes, and with heavy weights fastened to their limbs, marched painfully and slowly along, guarded by a few soldiers. Three carts, containing several women and children and a dying man, followed after; the whole procession closed with a troop of noisy Cossacks, with their long pikes resting on the right stirrup, guns slung upon the back, and heavy whips hanging from the left wrist. The peasantry threw the prisoners pieces of copper coin. The common people evince their commiseration for the exile or the subject of the *knout* by giving them the means of purchasing gentle treatment. There were several among the prisoners in whose appearance we discovered something that assured us of their decided superiority to the wretches with whom they were associated. One of these, a tall and commanding figure, and a noble but emaciated countenance, gazed earnestly, as if he would have said, 'Oh! that I might tell you the secret of my being here.' Another, who looked at us imploringly, and said in French, 'Do you go to Moscow?' was struck in the face by a soldier, and ordered to be quiet. Alas! was there no rescue, no help, no hope at hand? Excited almost beyond control for those exiles in whose expression innocence was written, we

watched the miserable band upon its dreary journey until the rattling of their irons no longer grated upon the heart.

"The exiles, upon their arrival in Siberia, practice the trade they understand. The nobles, and those who have learned no trade, are obliged to work in the mines. There are many people now in Siberia who have never ascertained for what cause they have been sent there. M. Michelovsky, an advocate of Warsaw, was involved in the Polish insurrection, and an order was given for his arrest and exile. The police, however, seized by mistake another Michelovsky, a notary of Wilna, who was expedited to Siberia, and, notwithstanding his protestations, was obliged to remain there until the error was rectified, a process of two years. The Emperor Paul commanded an offender to be taken and punished; but his minister, not being able to find the individual, seized in his stead a poor German who had recently arrived, tore out his nostrils, sent him to Siberia, and reported to Paul that his orders had been obeyed. The German remained in exile until the accession of Alexander, who brought him back to St. Petersburg, and gave him the sole right of importing lemons."

The kingdom of Sweden lines the western shore of the Baltic Sea. It would be convenient for Nicholas to have possession of the whole coast. It is said that Russian gold has already bought up the influence of her leading nobles and statesmen; and there is now in Sweden a powerful party, with the king himself at their head, who openly advocate the annexation of their territory to the powerful empire upon whose border they lie. They say that it will be far more advantageous for Sweden to become assimilated with this majestic nation, to share its glory and its power,

than to be a nominally independent but powerless empire, which may, at any moment, be inundated with Russian troops. Thus Sweden virtually belongs to Russia. Her king is but the viceroy of Nicholas, to do his bidding in the furtherance of all his plans.

And Norway, a narrow strip of land, washed by the German Ocean, is left unmolested, simply because she is not worth possessing. Her cold and cheerless wastes, inhabited by a population of but about a million, without a navy, and with hardly the shadow of an army, only add, as a barrier, to the interior strength of that powerful monarch, who can fill her whole territory with Russian troops whenever it shall be his will. Thus the stormy waves of the German Ocean are the only real limits to the power of Nicholas in the West.

Let us now turn to the East, and note the acquisitions of this gigantic empire in that direction. There is a large promontory jutting out into the Black Sea from the north, called the Crimea. The possession of this promontory is of vital importance to any power that could control the commerce of the Euxine. Turkey owned it. Nicholas wanted it. Asking no embarrassing questions, he coolly took it. Mahmoud shook his shaggy beard, grasped his cimiter, and remonstrated. As there was no room for argument, Nicholas prudently forbore a waste of words, but, impressively pointing to his guns and his troops, advised his good friend the sultan to keep still. Mahmoud took the hint, and exercised discretion, that "better part of valor."

Sevastopol, on the southern shore of the Crimea, is now the naval depôt of the Euxine fleet. Here an immense fleet, manned by thirty thousand seamen, rides proudly, armed

and provisioned, ready to unmoor at a moment's warning for any expedition of aggrandizement. For many years Nicholas has had twelve thousand men constantly employed in throwing up fortifications around this important position. No assailment now can probably harm it.

Said Captain Crawford, of the British navy, as not long ago he visited the Russian fleet at Sevastopol, "It was a strange feeling which came over me as an Englishman, and an officer in the British navy, on finding myself at sea with six-and-twenty Russian line of battle ships, manned with nearly thirty thousand men, and four months provision on board, knowing, as I did, that for the protection of the coasts of my own country, of our ports, of our mercantile shipping in the Baltic, the North Sea, and the Channel, we had but seven line of battle ships in a state of preparation, and those not fully manned. I confess that, confident as I felt in the superior skill and activity of my countrymen, I almost trembled for their preservation of the ancient sovereignty of the seas."

On the eastern shores of the Black Sea, between her waves and the Caspian, lies Circassia, a wild and mountainous region, filled with gloomy ravines and inaccessible crags, where small bands of resolute men might bid defiance to a host. Among these defiles, the cradle of the Caucasian or European race, for many ages there has lived a brave and warlike people, famed for martial prowess and personal beauty, and for the spirit of indomitable independence.

Russia, having obtained undisputed possession of the western and northern side of the Euxine, cast her eyes across to the eastern shore, and resolved to subdue the warlike race which for ages had ranged those wilds in uncon-

quered freedom. The Euxine fleet was all ready to transport the armies of the emperor to the shores of Circassia. The plan was, however, found more difficult of achievement than was at first supposed. These hardy men, with their wives and daughters by their side, fought fiercely for their liberties. From the year 1828 to 1832, these distant solitudes resounded with the din of the most determined and murderous war. The explosion of the Russian artillery rivaled the thunders of heaven as they reverberated around the summits of the Caucasian Mountains. Army after army was cut up in these Thermopylæ fastnesses; but still new thousands were poured into the doomed country, till at last numbers and discipline triumphed, and the brave Circassians were vanquished. Their country became, by the right of might, a province of rapacious Russia; and now the Russian flag floats from almost every promontory of the Black Sea, and her fortresses frown in the strongest holds of these bleak and barren mountains. The importance which Nicholas attaches to this conquest may be inferred from the fact that he has now an army of more than one hundred thousand men stationed throughout his fortresses in these dismal solitudes. The most violent insurrections are continually breaking out among these indomitable mountaineers, but Nicholas relentlessly extinguishes them in blood. Not long ago he forcibly removed five thousand Polish families to people these semi-barbarian realms. The whole population of a province was thus swept away from their homes, and their dwellings assigned to Russian subjects. The removal of the inhabitants of Podolia to the steppes of Caucasus was perhaps, viewed in all its aspects, as atrocious an act of despotism as the world has ever wit-

nessed. This measure was not directed against a rude and distressed population of obtuse sensibilities, but against families of refinement, gentlemen and scholars, under the plea of their being "ambitious in all their plans." The men were sentenced to be immediately transported; their wives and children were to be sent after them. The scenes of violence and heart-rending separation which ensued, no tongue can tell. They were incorporated into the Cossack colonies settled upon the uncultivated steppes of Caucasia.

And why is Russia thus lavish of her blood and treasure to conquer these warlike bands, and to take possession of their uncultivated territory? It is because through Circassia lies the road to Persia. Circassia subjugated, the passes of the Caucasian Mountains are opened for her troops. Her fleet can float undisturbed upon the Caspian. Persia lies at her mercy; and the door is wide open through which to push her troops to the Hither and the Further Indies. With Roman ambition she seeks the conquest of new worlds, and England already trembles lest Calcutta should eventually become but one of the outposts of her conquering rival.

Apparently the great object which Nicholas at present has in view, and that for the accomplishment of which his main energies are now directed, is to obtain possession of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus. The strait which connects the Mediterranean with the Sea of Marmora was originally called the Hellespont, that is, Helles-sea, *pont* being the abridged Latin word for *sea*. It received this name from the fabulous legend of a young lady, escaping from a cruel mother-in-law, and falling into this strait, which hence received the name of Helles-pont. At the

mouth of the Hellespont there are four strong forts commanding the entrance. These forts, armed with heavy artillery, are called the Dardanelles; and hence the strait itself frequently takes the name of the Dardanelles. This strait is about thirty-three miles long, and from half a mile to a mile and a half in width. You must sail through this strait to go up to Constantinople and the Black Sea. Having passed through this serpentine stream, with the shores of Europe upon the one side and the headlands of Asia upon the other, you enter the Sea of Marmora, a vast body of water one hundred and eighty miles in length and sixty miles in breadth. Crossing this sea to the northern shore, you find the opening of the Bosphorus, with the glittering domes and minarets of Constantinople on the western bank, near its mouth. This strait is fifteen miles long and about one fourth of a mile in width. Its general aspect is said very much to resemble the Hudson in the vicinity of West Point, only the landscape is far more highly cultivated, the shores being lined with palaces through the whole length of the strait.

The scenery of the Bosphorus, in its highly-cultivated shores; in the gorgeous and fairy-like beauty of its Oriental architecture; in the transparent depth of its cloudless atmosphere; in the rich and picturesque attire of robes, and turbans, and veils which adorn the congregated multitudes from all the nations of the East; in the motley and grotesque assemblage of travelers from every country in Europe and every province in Asia; in the air of mystery with which every thing is enveloped; in the infinite variety of water-craft which crowd the strait, from the mammoth ship-of-war, gloomy and threatening, to the fragile and gayly-

decked caique, so light, so buoyant, that, like a bubble, it skims the wave—in all these combinations of the beautiful, the picturesque, the romantic, the Bosphorus stands pre-eminent and unrivaled. Paris is the metropolis of France, London is the capital of the British empire, but Constantinople is the center of the world.

On the eastern or Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus lies the suburb of Scutari, in itself a vast city, embowered in the luxuriant foliage of the cypress. The northern streets of Constantinople are washed by a lovely bay, called the Golden Horn, which constitutes the harbor of the city of the sultan. On the opposite shore of this bay lies Pera, glittering with the palaces of the European embassadors, all of whom reside there, and which, on that account, the Turk, in his politeness, has embellished with the name of the "Swine's Quarter."

The Bosphorus conducts you to the Euxine or Black Sea, a vast inland ocean, receiving into its immense reservoir the floods of the Danube, the Dneister, the Dneiper, the Don, and the Cuban, and opening through these rivers boundless regions for commercial enterprise. The magnitude and importance of the commerce of the Black Sea, even at the present time, may be inferred from the fact stated by Commodore Porter, that, during his residence at Buyukdere, a beautiful village on the European side of the Bosphorus, a few miles above Constantinople, from fifteen to twenty ships and brigs, on the average, in addition to numberless smaller craft, passed his door every hour going up the strait into the Black Sea.

From this sketch it will at once be perceived that the power in possession of the Dardanelles, at the mouth of the

MUNICH
VIENNA
AUSTRIA
Odessa
Sevastopol
BLACK SEA
Marseilles
Toulon
Nice
Genoa
Venice
Trieste
Fiume
Zara
Spalato
Ragusa
Bosna Serai
Herzegovina
Widdin
Varna
R. Danube
Bucharest
ROUMELIA
Constantinople
Scutari
Trayampol
Orphano
Salonichi
Ajaccio
Corsica
Civita Vechia
ROME
MINORCA
SARDINIA
Naples
ADRIATIC SEA
MACEDONIA
THRACIA
ASIA MINOR
(ASIA)
Smyrna
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
SICILY
Tunis
SITE OF CARTHAGE
ISLANDS OF LAMA
RHODES
CYPRUS
CANDIA
Tripoli
Acre
Ro. to Egypt
Route from Egypt
Alexandria
Lt. Arish
Suez
CAIRO
SCALE OF MILES
0 50 100 200

Hellespont, can at any moment close all the commerce of Constantinople and the Black Sea. Said the Emperor Alexander, "The Dardanelles are the key of my house. Let me get possession of them, and my power is irresistible." Let Nicholas obtain possession of the Dardanelles, and he is henceforth not merely invincible, but invulnerable. No power can approach his majestic empire. It frowns down upon Europe from its inaccessible position, ever prepared to pour down its countless hordes upon any province doomed to destruction. The Black Sea becomes the harbor of Russia, into which no foe can possibly penetrate; its shores her navy-yard, inapproachable by foreign fleet or army; and this vast foreign power can then press its resistless way down upon the sunny plains of Southern India, till her trading factories shall supply those vast territories, and till English goods, and finally English men, are driven out of Asia.

This was the plan which Napoleon had in view in the invasion of Egypt. He wished to attack England, which most unrighteously was warring against the French Republic, in her only vulnerable point, the Indies. He knew that the English were hated by the people whose country they had invaded; and he hoped, by rousing the subjugated nations to resistance, and leading them by European skill, to drive the invaders from the country, and thus to open new channels of communication and trade with the East through the Mediterranean and the Red Sea.

So far as England was concerned, upon all the recognized principles of the laws of nations, the invasion of Egypt was perfectly just, and the plan conceived by Napoleon was brilliant in the extreme. Egypt was probably

never so well governed as during the time it was occupied by the French army. The people, oppressed by the merciless rapine and cruelty of the Mamelukes, were amazed at even any semblance of justice between man and man. To Dessaix, who had the command in Upper Egypt, they gave the title of "Sultan the Just." Napoleon established a Divan or Parliament, through which the people might make known their wants. He insisted upon incorruptible justice on the part of the rulers. The borders of the desert had been for centuries infested with robbers, who often made incursions upon the defenseless villages with entire impunity. The strong arm of Napoleon almost immediately repressed all these disorders. One day, when Napoleon was surrounded by the sheiks, who looked down with perfect contempt upon the common people, information was brought to him that some of these marauders of the desert had slain a peasant and carried off his flocks. Napoleon immediately ordered an officer to take three hundred horsemen and two hundred camels, and pursue the robbers, if necessary, to the ends of the earth, till they should take them. "Was the poor wretch your *cousin*," said a sheik, contemptuously laughing, "that you are in such a rage at his death?" "He was more," replied Napoleon; "he was one whose safety Providence had intrusted to my care." "Wonderful!" replied the sheik; "you speak like one inspired by the Almighty."

Steam navigation is now opening a new era upon India. From England to Bombay, by the way of the Mediterranean Sea and the Euphrates, is but seven thousand miles, with but one hundred and twenty miles land carriage, which can easily be passed over the rail-road. From Na-

poleon's capacious harbors on the Mediterranean, the distance is some two thousand five hundred miles less than from London. The plan of Napoleon, in its *grandeur*, was worthy of the mind which conceived it. The distance from England to India, by the Cape of Good Hope, is fourteen thousand miles.

Napoleon had more particularly in view the route through Egypt and the Red Sea. By this line of communication, Bombay is but four thousand five hundred miles from Marseilles. From Cairo on the Nile to Suez on the Red Sea, the distance is but seventy miles. The remains of an ancient canal connecting these waters can now be distinctly traced. The French engineers under Napoleon estimated the expense of opening this canal for ship navigation to be but three millions of dollars. Had Napoleon succeeded in his plans, he would have opened an unobstructed highway from France to India, of less than one third the distance now traversed from England. Even now, by the Mediterranean route, travelers pass from London to Bombay in about thirty days, while the passage by the way of the Cape of Good Hope consumes from four to six months.

The importance of these Indian possessions to England may be inferred from the fact that the territory she has wrested from the native princes is so enormous as to bring a population of over one hundred millions of subjects under her sway. India now consumes English products to the amount of twenty-five millions of dollars annually, and the sum is so rapidly increasing that it is confidently expected that it will soon reach five hundred millions. The revenue drawn from that country is estimated by English statesmen as high as from fifty millions to one hundred millions

of dollars annually. Such is the prize which Napoleon endeavored to wrest from the hands of his foes. Such is the prize toward which Nicholas is looking with a wistful eye, and toward the attainment of which he is every year making resistless progress. The armies of Russia are now steadily crowding down, to encounter, upon the plains of Central Asia, in fearful conflict, the veteran troops of Victoria. In truth, Russia and England have met in Asia as two highway robbers, fighting for the plunder of the helpless; and now and then a shriek is extorted from their victims so piercing, of such fearful horror, that it makes the ear of Christendom to tingle. England recently rained down a tempest of grape-shot upon the Afghans, and robbed them of their country. The cool apology she made for the crime was, that if she had not robbed them of their country, Nicholas would have done so. This is perfectly in keeping with that piratical expedition to Copenhagen, from the infamy of which the British government never can escape. Would that our own hands were clean in respect to national aggression. Our own house is of glass, and it is dangerous for us to throw stones.

The deep solicitude felt by the cabinet of St. James, in reference to the encroachment of Russia, may be inferred from the following extract from the Quarterly Review: "The possession of the Dardanelles would give to Russia the means of creating and organizing an almost unlimited marine. It would enable her to prepare, in the Black Sea, an armament of any extent, without its being possible for any power in Europe to interrupt her proceedings, or even to watch or discover her designs. Our naval officers of the highest authority have declared that an effective blockade

of the Dardanelles can not be maintained throughout the year. Even supposing, therefore, that we could maintain permanently in those seas a fleet capable of encountering that of Russia, it is obvious that, in the event of a war, it would be in the power of Russia to throw the whole weight of her disposable forces on any point in the Mediterranean, without any probability of our being able to prevent it; and that the power of thus issuing forth, with an overwhelming force, at any moment, would enable her to command the Mediterranean Sea for a limited time whenever it might please her so to do. Her whole southern empire would be defended by a single impregnable fortress. The road to India would then be open to her, with all Asia at her back. The finest materials in the world for an army destined to serve in the East would be at her disposal. Our power to overawe her in Europe would be gone; and by even a demonstration against India, she could augment our national expenditure by many millions annually, and render the government of that country difficult beyond all calculation."

Such is the view which England takes of the portentous aspect of the subject we are now contemplating. The plan which Russia has adopted for the accomplishment of this project is, by all the acts of diplomatic intrigue to promote the gradual dismemberment of the Turkish empire. It is said that the revolt of Mohammed Ali, by which Egypt and Syria, with millions of men and revenue, were, at a blow, cut off from the dominions of the sultan, was incited by the intrigue and the gold of the great northern autocrat; and the insurrection by which Greece was torn from the grasp of the Ottoman was fomented by the insidious wiles of Russia. Alexander Ypsilanti, who first raised the stand-

ard of revolt in Greece, was an officer in the Russian army. When he unfurled the banner of Grecian freedom, and raised the war-cry of death to the Turk, he promised the Greeks the support of his master the czar.

That dreadful war which for many years bathed the hills and valleys of the Morea with blood, was every hour working out the accomplishment of Russia's ambitious designs. A more sanguinary warfare was perhaps never waged upon the surface of this globe. All the elements of the most deadly hatred were combined in magnifying its horrors. I can not refrain, in this connection, from briefly alluding to the destruction of Scio by the Turks during the progress of this war. Scio was one of the largest, richest, and most beautiful of the islands of the Grecian Archipelago. It contained a population of about one hundred and twenty thousand inhabitants. Extensive commerce had brought to the island the treasures of the East and the West, and her opulent families, refined in manners by European travel, and with minds highly cultivated, afforded the most intelligent and fascinating society of the East. Schools flourished upon the island, and richly-endowed colleges were crowded with Grecian youth. The traveler, lured by the moonlight of that gorgeous clime to an evening stroll through the streets of Scio, heard, from the dwellings of the wealthy Greeks, the tones of the piano, and the guitar touched by fingers skilled in all polite accomplishments. Many of those families were living in the enjoyment of highly-cultivated minds, and polished manners rendered doubly attractive by all the embellishments of wealth.

The Grecian revolt extended to this island, and Sultan Mahmoud resolved upon signal vengeance He proclaimed

to all the desperadoes of the Bosphorus that the inhabitants of Scio, male and female, with all their possessions, were to be entirely surrendered to the adventurers who would embark in the expedition for its destruction. Every ruffian of Constantinople crowded to the Turkish fleet. The ferocious, semi-savage boatmen of the Bosphorus; the scowling, Christian-hating wretches who in poverty and crime thronged the lanes and the alleys of the Moslem city, rushed eagerly to the squadron. Every scoundrel renegado upon the frontiers of Europe and of Asia, who could come with knife, or pistol, or club, was received with a welcome. In this way, a re-enforcement of about ten thousand assassins, the very refuse of creation, were collected; other thousands followed on, in schooners, and sloops, and fishing smacks, swelling the number to fifteen thousand men, to join in the sack and the carnage. The fleet dropped down the Bosphorus amid the acclamations of Constantinople, Pera, and Scutari, and the reverberations of the parting salute rolled along the shores of Europe and of Asia.

It was a lovely afternoon in the month of April, 1822, when this fleet was seen on the bosom of the Ægean, approaching Scio. It anchored in the bay, and immediately vomited forth upon those ill-fated shores the murderous hordes collected for their destruction. No pen can describe the horrors of the night which ensued. This brutal mob, frenzied with licentiousness and rage, were let loose with unrestrained liberty to glut their vengeance. The city was fired in every direction. Indiscriminate massacre ensued. Men, women, and children were shot down without mercy. Every house was entered, every apartment was ransacked. The cimiter and the pistol of the Turk were every

where busy. The very heavens seemed rent with the frantic cries of the perishing. Mothers and daughters, in their despair, plunged into the flames of their burning dwellings; and thus, for six dreadful days and nights, did the work of extermination continue, till the city and the island of Scio were a heap of ruins.

Several thousand of the youth, of both sexes, were saved to be sold as slaves. The young men, taken from the literary seclusion and intellectual refinement of the college of Scio, were sold to the degrading servitude of hopeless bondage. The young ladies, taken from the parlors of their opulent parents, from the accomplishments of highly-cultivated life, and who had visited in the refined circles of London and of Paris—who had been brought up as delicately, says an English writer, "as luxuriously, almost as intellectually, as those of the same classes among ourselves, became the property of the most ferocious and licentious outcasts of the human race." It is said that forty-one thousand were thus carried into slavery. For weeks and months they were sold through all the marts of the Ottoman empire. English travelers often met in the slave shambles ladies to whom they had been introduced in the hospitable mansions of their opulent parents. They had to endure the agony of seeing them *sold* to the brutal Turk. They could not redeem them, for the haughty followers of Mohammed would allow no "Christian dog" to rescue a captive. It is not improbable that, at the present hour, there are some of the unfortunate survivors of these woes still living in various parts of the Mohammedan territory, in the lowest state of degradation and suffering.

As the fleet returned to Constantinople from its satanic

mission, the whole city was on the alert to witness the triumphant entrance. When the leading ship rounded the point of land which brought it into the view of the whole city, many captured Greeks were seen standing on the deck, with ropes around their necks, and, as a gun thundered forth its salute, suddenly they were strung up to the bowsprit and every yard-arm, struggling in the agonies of death; and thus, as ship after ship turned the point, the struggling forms of dying men swung in the breeze. These were the horrid ornaments and trophies of barbarian triumph. In view of them, the very shores of the Bosphorus seemed to be shaken by the explosion of artillery, and by the exulting shouts of the million of inhabitants who thronged the streets of Constantinople, Pera, and Scutari.

These outrages, however, terminated the sway of the Turk over the Greek. They roused through all Europe a universal cry of horror and detestation. The sympathy of the *people* was so intense, that the *governments* of England and France could no longer refuse to interfere. Their fleets were allied with that of Russia. The Turkish navy was annihilated at Navarino, and Greece was free.

The result of this conflict was just what Russia wished it to be. As the Emperor Nicholas looked down from his palaces in Moscow over the field of battle; as he saw army after army of the Turks cut up, the Ottoman fleet annihilated, its revenues exhausted, and, finally, Greece itself severed forever from the Turkish sway, he felt, and all Europe felt, that Russia had taken a long stride toward the possession of the Dardanelles; and when, by the skillful policy of Nicholas, Count Capo d'Istria, the secretary of state of the Russian monarch and his most intimate bosom friend,

was made President of Greece, that nation, though nominally independent, became, in reality, but a remote province of the Russian empire, more efficient by far in the promotion of his plans of ambition than if nominally annexed to the territory of the autocrat.

The mouth of the Danube, as it opens into the Black Sea, has been for many years the boundary between Russia and Turkey. This river is the largest, the longest, and the most important in Europe. It is the Mississippi of the Old World. Its flood, gathered from innumerable tributaries, flows through the most fertile regions of the European continent, a distance of sixteen hundred miles, before its accumulated waters are emptied into the Euxine. The dominion of steam, which has extended to the Euphrates, the Indus, and the Ganges, has opened to Europe, through the navigation of this majestic stream, new worlds of commercial enterprise. And as the eyes of every European power are suddenly opened to the newly-developed political and commercial resources presented by the navigation of this stream, to their surprise, and not a little to their consternation, they behold that the Emperor Nicholas has anticipated them all, and is quietly seated at the entrance of the Danube, in the secure possession of all its mouths. It appears that Nicholas, with that sagacity which has filled Europe with his renown, has entered into a secret treaty with Turkey, by which Sultan Mahmoud cedes to him a strip of land six miles in breadth on the southern shore of the mouth of the Danube. Nicholas was already in possession of the northern shore. Here, in the gloom of the black forests of the Euxine, far away from observation, and where the blows of his hammer could not disturb the ears

of the regal revelers of Europe, Nicholas has reared his frowning batteries; and now, not a boat can ascend or descend this majestic stream without permission from the Emperor of all the Russias. Even Queen Victoria must make a suppliant courtesy, and Louis Philippe, cap in hand, must say, "With your leave, sir," before they can pass the bristling castles of the autocrat. In political foresight and sleepless mental activity, Nicholas is another Napoleon, only without that peculiar vein of romance which has given such an indescribable fascination to the character of the Great Emperor.

It is but a few years ago that the armies of the emperor were in full march for Constantinople. They rushed like an inundation through the passes of the Balkan. The crescent waned at the approaches of the cross. Fortress after fortress was battered down by their artillery; army after army was cut up by the resistless invaders; city after city was taken by sack and siege. The troops of Nicholas had arrived at Adrianople, and the city was in their possession. In three days more the shower of bomb-shells and cannon-balls would have been showering down upon the dome of St. Sophia, and tearing their destructive way through the halls of the Seraglio. Old Mahmoud rose from the lap of his wives perfectly bewildered with astonishment and consternation. He ordered every Mussulman between the ages of fifteen and sixty to rush to arms, and rally around the banner of the Prophet.

England was startled, and began to grasp arms and weigh anchors to prop up the falling empire of the Turk. Louis Philippe sped his couriers to St. Petersburg with expostulation and remonstrance. Europe was on the eve of

another series of desolating wars. The imperious conqueror obligingly informed the sultan that, if he would pay him for the trouble and expense he had incurred in burning down the Turkish cities and cutting up the Turkish armies, and that, if he would cede to him certain provinces and grant him certain privileges, he would deny himself the pleasure of visiting Constantinople. Mahmoud, as he listened to the tramp of the approaching squadrons and the rumbling of their artillery wheels, felt that there was no time for hesitation. He acceded to the demand, and handed over the money. Nicholas loaded his baggage-wagons with the treasure, and courteously withdrew with his conquering armies across the Danube.

Notwithstanding all the efforts of England and France to prevent it, Nicholas has succeeded in forming a treaty of defensive alliance with Turkey. By a secret article in this treaty, which has but recently come to light, Turkey agrees, in the event of Nicholas being involved in war with any other nation, not to allow any ship-of-war of that nation to pass the Dardanelles on any pretext whatever. When England and France were made acquainted with this secret and alarming agreement, their consternation was great. Immediately the embassadors of both these powers entered their remonstrances, notifying Nicholas that their governments would act as if the treaty had never taken place; to which notes Nicholas replied, Russia will act as if these notes never had been written. And thus the affair now rests. The Dardanelles are virtually in the hands of Russia; and though the flag of Nicholas does not yet float from their turrets, they stand, in their gloomy strength, scowling defiance upon every Russian foe, sup-

ported by the armies of the sultan, the sworn defenders of Nicholas. The next movement will be to throw into them a few Russian soldiers, and then to cut down the already tottering crescent and unfurl the banner of the czar. When that hour of long-sought triumph shall come, an exulting shout will ascend from all the Muscovite millions, and Nicholas may bid defiance to the world.

Such is the onward progress of this despotic monarchy toward political and commercial ascendency in the Eastern hemisphere. It was one of the striking predictions of Napoleon on the rock of St. Helena, that within half a century Europe would become either republican or Russian.

Now, what are the elements to be combined in arresting the march of this majestic power? How do the other nations of Europe stand affected by the conquests of Nicholas? Prussia has one of the most formidable armies of Europe. The late emperor, Frederic, who died not long ago, was an influential king. Nicholas married his exceedingly beautiful daughter. William, the present king, is brother to the wife of Nicholas, and will probably be slow to unite in any endeavors to sully the renown of a brother-in-law, of whose greatness and glory he is justly proud. Nicholas and William are thus allied by the tenderest ties of relationship; and, in the event of war, the court and camp of St. Petersburg and Berlin will probably be united. Other causes of war may arise which shall be stronger than the weak ties of relationship; but Prussia will be slow in moving her armies to arrest the Asiatic progress of Nicholas.

Austria is greatly perplexed to know whether her interests will be promoted by aiding or retarding the conquests of Nicholas. The throne of the Austrian monarch is found-

ed on utter despotism. The spread of liberal opinions from England and France causes that throne to tremble. Austria, therefore, on that account, strongly desires the expansion through Europe of the despotic principles of the Russian government. But, on the other hand, the possession of the Dardanelles and Constantinople by Russia would be regarded by the court of Vienna as seriously disturbing the balance of power in Europe, and as contributing most appalling strength to a rival monarchy. Thus hesitating, Ferdinand of Austria remains an anxious but inactive observer of the passing drama.

The statesmen of England and France, with intense solicitude, watch the portentous increase of this gigantic power, and know not how to arrest its career. They see Nicholas year after year annexing new nations to his territory—the half of Sweden at one time, nearly the whole of Poland at another. Circassia he has grasped with an iron clutch; and now quietly, and at his leisure, he is transferring province after province of Turkey to his boundless realms. And all that these sovereigns can do is to remonstrate through their embassadors, and wage a wordy warfare in pamphlets and reviews. All agree that the only thing which can arrest the progress of Nicholas is to prevent him from taking permanent possession of the Dardanelles. But how is this to be accomplished? One plan is, to bind together the discordant and crumbling elements of the Ottoman empire—to infuse new life and vigor into the government of the sultan. It is proposed thus to give to Turkey sufficient political and military strength to resist the encroachments of Nicholas. A single glance, however, at the present state of Turkey, must show the hopelessness of this endeavor.

Indeed, nothing is more surprising than the lingering adhesion of its crumbling and perishing materials. The empire of the sultan exhibits in all its parts every symptom of imbecility and decay.

The star of the Moslem has long since passed its zenith, and is now rapidly descending. Greece has effectually and forever broken from the thraldom of the Turk. The Barbary States are no longer in subjection to the sultan. Egypt and Syria, under Mohammed Ali, have revolted, cutting off at a blow millions of men and of revenue; and large and populous provinces on the shores of the Black Sea have passed from the sovereignty of the Turk to the protectorship of Russia. A few years ago, Sultan Mahmoud, aided by the gold of England, made a desperate endeavor to regain the lost provinces of Syria and Egypt. But it was Turkey's last and dying struggle. Mohammed Ali routed his legions, and swept the whole fleet of Mahmoud triumphantly into his own harbors; and though subsequently England compelled the restitution of the fleet, and the return of some revolted provinces, yet it is evident to every eye that Turkey is crumbling to pieces in every direction. Once the terror of Europe, she now exists but by sufferance. The intelligent traveler, in that mysterious land of strange manners and of stranger men, finds the crescent every where on the wane. The time-worn turrets of Ottoman power are tottling from their base. The spirit of destruction is spreading rapidly along the shores of the Levant.

The lazy Turk, lounging in his harem, stupefied with tobacco and opium, knowing no joys but those of a mere animal existence, with a religion whose doctrines deaden

the intellect and paralyze the energies, can never keep pace with the nations of Christendom. "A Turk's fingers," says a quaint writer, "seem all to be thumbs."

Much has recently been said about the reform which is pervading the Ottoman empire; and it is true that the late Sultan Mahmoud, who died a few years ago, leaving his throne to his son, a mere boy, put on a frock-coat, and drank Champagne, and dressed the ladies of his harem in the latest fashions of the Palais Royal and the Tuilleries. But no new motive of action has been called into being; no dormant energies have been awakened. The Turk still dozes upon his divan, sipping his coffee and smoking his pipe; and as fortresses and provinces of his country fall into the hands of the Russians, he exclaims, *Mash Allah! God is Great!* and quietly relights his pipe. The cross will soon supplant the crescent on the dome of St. Sophia.

Another plan strenuously urged by the English journalists is the last resort of desperation. They assert the present moment to be a crisis of awful import to every nation on the globe, and declare that, unless something is done speedily and effectually, Russia must soon become the undisputed mistress of the world. They urge that all the power of the British navy be immediately assembled; that it force its way through the Hellespont and the Bosphorus into the Black Sea, utterly annihilate the Russian fleet, plough up the very foundations of Sevastopol, and burn every dock-yard of the emperor.

But to this it is replied, Will not the civilized world, and, indeed, the English nation, cry out against so wanton an outrage? Will they not ask, What right has England thus to wage war against a nation which studiously avoids every

act of provocation, or even discourtesy toward her? And again it is said, it is not the pleasant amusement of a summer's day even for the British navy to destroy a well-built and well-armed Russian fleet, manned with thirty thousand seamen, having been for many years exercised in nautical discipline and warfare. The result of such a conflict would be, to say the least, extremely doubtful.

And then Sevastopol, around whose fortifications for many years more than twelve thousand men have been constantly employed to render the port impregnable, is not to be battered down by a few broadsides from an English frigate. The hostile navy, be it ever so large, which floats within the range of the guns of that fortress, must have an uncomfortable position. And, in fine, as Russia has already virtual possession of the Dardanelles, probably at the very first demonstration of war the banks of the Hellespont, from the Mediterranean to the Marmora, would be bristling with Russian cannon and thronged with Russian troops, and the whole British navy would be blown out of the water before it had forced its way a dozen miles in the passage of the strait.

The police of Russian despotism is indeed Argus-eyed. No stranger can enter Russia without being thoroughly known, and having all of his movements carefully watched by the officers of government. Mr. Maxwell, in his very interesting account of his travels through the empire of Nicholas, makes the following statements in reference to the surveillance of the police:

"In all probability, there never was a foreigner in the last hundred years who entered Russia in a time of peace, whose name and movements were not perfectly well known

to the police. An American gentleman, traveling for pleasure, visited St. Petersburg in 1820, and in 1843 went there again on business. The day after his arrival for the second time, he went to the Alien Office, and, as usual, was questioned as to his name and occupation, and, upon giving his reply, was surprised to hear the officer remind him that he had been in Russia twenty-three years before as a traveler.

"Such are the events attending the arrival of the stranger in this country; those connected with his departure may as well be mentioned here. Every foreigner, who is not a Russian subject, wishing to leave St. Petersburg, is obliged to publish his intention of so doing in three consecutive numbers of the Gazette of the Academy, a process that occupies a week or ten days, and the avowed object of which is to guard the interests of creditors. This rule is certainly a good one, as far as it protects tradesmen from the frauds of those birds of passage who fly from one land to another, and prey upon the confidence of shop-keepers. After advertising, the person thus intending to leave must address a petition to the governor of the city, which petition, after passing through several departments, reaches the bureau of the chief police, and the required passport is granted to the petitioner. If the person applying for the passport is a Russian subject, several weeks, if not months and years, are occupied in forcing the application through the various departments, and even then, the necessary permission can not be obtained without the aid of large sums of money. Four and five hundred roubles are frequently expended before the all-important document is received.

"By a ukase promulgated in 1842, these difficulties were greatly increased: every nobleman going beyond the bounds

of the empire for purposes not connected with the pursuit of trade, was only allowed to depart for a certain specified time, not exceeding five years, upon presenting a donation of several hundred roubles to the treasury of the Foundling Hospital. The merchant is limited to three years. Those who wished to travel upon the plea of health, were bound to submit themselves to the inspection of physicians and surgeons in the pay of the government, who were to specify the nature of their diseases and complaints, and to certify to the necessity of travel for the bodily welfare of the patient. Officers of the army, going abroad at their own request, were compelled to resign one half their annual pay to the treasury of the regiment to which they belong. Every Russian subject must instantly return at the citation of the police; for the infringement of this rule, his property is confiscated, and his person liable to exile. The luggage of all persons leaving the empire must be submitted to the inspection of the officers of the customs.

"These are some of the formalities attending a departure from the country. Every individual in the empire, whether a noble or a serf, a native or a foreigner, must have a passport, which is regularly registered at certain specified times. Within every district, the name of each inhabitant is recorded by the proper officers in the books kept for this purpose, and any one who neglects to appear at the appointed time, to renew his application for a new registry and a new pass, is sure to be subjected to a heavy fine, and all the annoyances that an ingenious and exacting officer can impose. If the servant has omitted this duty, both servant and master are liable, the latter being considered an accomplice of the former. There is no escape from the payment of these penalties; and instances are known of

fines being levied in trivial cases that had occurred many years before, and been forgotten by all except the magistrate. The fees exacted for the giving and signing of passports and other papers of this description are enormous in amount, and a source of considerable revenue to the officers of the police."

The following is the amusing account of the recent revolution in France, given in the Russian papers, published in Warsaw under the sanction of the censors of the press. Nicholas is not willing that his slaves should know the struggles of other slaves to attain their emancipation.

"At Paris there was a riot, which was promptly put down. His majesty, Louis Philippe, is seriously indisposed, and, by the advice of his physicians, he has resolved to abstain for some time from the affairs of government, and has gone to take the sea-baths at Brighton. On the king's departure there was a slight commotion, which was repressed, and which resulted in the retreat of M. Guizot. During his absence the king has confided the direction of affairs to Count Molé."

In this brief sketch, but feeble justice can be done to a subject so momentous and so extensive in its bearings as the rising power of Nicholas. What has been written, however, may give the reader a general idea of the question which has long agitated Europe; it may guide the mind to future topics of investigation; and, above all, I hope that in every American heart it will excite emotions of gratitude in the reflection of our far remove from the desolations of invading armies, and from the ambition of kings and courts. The character of Nicholas may probably be summed up in one line: *He is as good a man as an energetic despot can afford to be.*

LEOPOLD.

Leopold.

THE last years of the rational life of George III. were greatly embittered by domestic dissensions. His eldest son, the heir-apparent to the throne, subsequently George IV., was an unceasing source of mortification and anguish to his virtuous and venerable father. Care and disappointment, and perhaps an hereditary tendency to insanity, at last deprived the conscientious and worthy old king of the light of reason. Total blindness also accompanied this dreadful calamity. The last ten years of the life of this monarch of the most powerful empire upon which the sun has ever shone, were passed in midnight darkness and bewildering dreams. And yet a kind Providence, in its provision of compensation, made those ten years of blindness and delusion probably the happiest the king had known upon earth. The placid old monarch, unburdened of every care, groped around the walls of his chamber, cheered by the fancy that he was in Heaven. He occasionally spoke of scenes which had transpired upon earth, and of friends he had known and loved when below. After passing the frontier of fourscore years, he awoke from his long dream, we trust, in the mansions of the blessed.

George, the Prince of Wales, was called the handsomest man and the most accomplished gentleman there was in Europe. He was exposed to temptations which few would have the strength to resist, and before which he irretriev-

ably fell. His heart, naturally generous and affectionate, became as depraved as his manners were polished and refined. He headed the opposition to his father's government, and was hardly on speaking terms with many members of the royal family. By the unblushing profligacy of his life, he wounded the virtuous pride of his parents, and alienated the already waning affections of the people, who, incited by republican freedom in America, and by the Revolution in France, were threatening the overthrow of the English throne. His early education had been carefully promoted. He conversed in several languages with fluency, and had cultivated much refinement of taste in the fine arts. Says Croly: "He never appeared before his people disfigured with the German barbarism of a pipe in his mouth, nor with the human face divine metamorphosed into the bear's or the baboon's. He was an English gentleman; and, conscious that the character placed him above the grossness of foreign indulgences, or the theatric fopperies of foreign costumes, he adhered to the manners of his country." By every species of extravagance and dissipation, he had become inextricably involved in debt. Clamorous creditors crowded around him, and from all quarters he was assailed by unintermitted reproaches. The king hoped that a reputable marriage might arrest his excesses; and the nation, anxious to avoid the dangers of a disputed succession to the throne, loudly demanded that the prince should form a suitable alliance. The debt of George, according to the statement laid upon the table of the House of Commons, amounted to the almost incredible sum of about three million two hundred thousand dollars. The nation was called upon by the friends of the prince to pay this debt, as it was not consist-

ent with the dignity of the realm that the heir-apparent to the throne should be rolling about the streets as an insolvent debtor.

Neither the king nor the Parliament were disposed to aid George in his embarrassments, unless he would consent to marry. He, however, considering a wife a very serious encumbrance to him in his pursuit of lawless pleasure, flatly refused, declaring that he would not give up his free, unhoused condition for any woman upon earth. With the princely revelers whom he had gathered around him, he made great sport of "royal matrimony;" George was, however, unfortunately, already married, privately, to Mrs. Fitzherbert, a very worthy lady, but a Roman Catholic. The marriage ceremony with this lady, performed in secret, according to the rites of the Romish Church, George affected to regard as merely a farce, while with Mrs. Fitzherbert they possessed all the sacredness of the most virtuous connection. To soothe the scruples of this injured woman, he ever assumed with her the attitude of an honorable and unquestioned nuptial alliance. But, to her utter astonishment and her deep indignation, he at this time unequivocally denied, through his friends in Parliament, that he was married. By the laws of England, the marriage of the heir-apparent to a Roman Catholic defeated his claim to the throne.

Every day, however, the prince was becoming more and more deeply entangled in meshes from which he could not escape. His creditors became increasingly importunate. It was quite impossible for him either to defray the expenses of the past, or to raise money to meet the claims which were pressing upon him for each passing day. At length, his

situation became so intolerable, that he consented to brave the virtuous indignation of one wife, who was thus repudiated and dishonored, and to ally himself with a consort of royal blood. It was a bitter pill for George to take. He mainly dreaded the restraint which might thus be imposed upon him.

George III. had a sister in Germany to whom he was very much attached, the Duchess of Brunswick. She had a daughter Caroline. This princess was selected as the victim. The prince, sullenly driven into the arrangement, submitted with as much philosophy of indifference as he could command, and cared but little who the person was who was inflicted upon him as his bride. He is said to have declared that he would treat her with the most formal and chilling reserve, and would have only so much connection with her as seemed to be absolutely necessary. He redeemed his promise to the letter.

The following communication from Caroline to a friend, just before she left her home in Germany for her melancholy nuptials, shows the feelings with which she entered upon the union:

"You are aware of my destiny. I am to be married to my cousin, the Prince of Wales. I esteem him for his generosity, and his letters bespeak a cultivated mind. My uncle is a good man, and I love him much; but I feel that I never shall be happy. Estranged from my connections, friends, and all I hold dear, I am about to make a permanent connection. I fear for the consequences. Yet I esteem and respect my future husband, and I hope for great kindness and attention. But alas! I say sometimes I can not now love him with ardor. I am indifferent to my mar-

riage, but not averse to it. But I fear my joy will not be enthusiastic. I am debarred from possessing the man of my choice, and I resign myself to my destiny. I am attentively studying the English language. I am acquainted with it, but I wish to speak it with fluency. I shall try to make my husband happy, and to interest him in my favor, since the fates will have it that I am to be Princess of Wales."

On the 8th of April, 1795, the marriage ceremony took place at the palace of St. James, the princess having spent three months of a very severe winter in her journey to London. Caroline was then twenty-four years of age, and George thirty-three. The nuptials were celebrated with all the splendors of royalty. The bride, glittering with jewels, and with a coronet upon her brow, was attended by four of the daughters of the highest nobility as her bridemaids. The prince, in the most brilliant decorations of his rank, was attended by two unmarried dukes. All the external manifestations of wealth, magnificence, and festivity accompanied this untoward wedding; but in those gorgeous saloons, and beneath those costly robes, cold and heavy hearts were throbbing. The marriage ring was but a fetter of gold, which bound uncongenial and repellant spirits. The jewels for the bridal dress were purchased at an expense of three hundred and twenty thousand dollars. Carlton House was furnished for the reception of the royal pair with the greatest possible magnificence. The furniture for the drawing-room alone of the princess amounted to the sum of one hundred thousand dollars. George presented his bride with a cap of extraordinary costliness and beauty, on which there was a plume in imitation of his highness's crest, studded

with brilliants, which played backward and forward in the same manner as feathers, with very beautiful effect. This cap is still preserved at a banker's in Pall Mall, carefully locked up as a rare curiosity. The nation paid the enormous debts of the profligate prince, granted him an annual income of about six hundred and ninety thousand dollars, and settled upon the princess a jointure of two hundred thousand dollars a year. This was marriage in the palace. A wedding more resplendent with magnificence and more fraught with woe earth has seldom witnessed.

For three months Parliament was engaged in discussing questions relative to the marriage settlement. The character and habits of the prince were descanted upon with great severity; and Caroline, unaccustomed to such freedom of inquiry into the conduct of courts, was agitated by alternating emotions of depression and indignation. She was excessively mortified and annoyed by the undisguised exposure of the defects of her husband, and declared that she would rather live on bread and water in a cottage, than have the character and conduct of the royal family, and especially of her husband, thus severely investigated.

The personal appearance of Caroline at this time is thus described: "The betrothed consort of the Prince of Wales is of a middling stature, and remarkably elegant in her person. Her appearance at court is majestic, but accompanied with a sweetness and affability of manners which rivet the admiration of all who behold her. Her eyes are intelligent, her countenance highly animated, and her teeth white and regular. Her hair, of which she has an amazing quantity, is of a light auburn color, and appears always dressed in a simple but elegant style. Her taste, in every part of dress,

is equally graceful, so that there is no doubt but that she will be the standard of fashionable dress and elegance."

And now the heir-apparent to the throne of England was established with two wives and two families. The union with Mrs. Fitzherbert, though unquestionably a legal marriage, was not publicly recognized, though universally known; and George had the meanness and the perfidy to deny that this deeply-wronged lady was his wife. It is not difficult to imagine that such a state of things must have given rise to intense heart-burnings and bitter strife. Irreconcilable dissensions immediately sprang up between George and his exasperated spouse. Caroline was impetuous in her temper, and exceedingly indignant at the unanticipated indignities she had encountered.

In less than a year after the marriage, on the 7th of January, 1796, the Princess Charlotte was born. Her birth was received with national exultation, for she was to inherit the crown which soon was to fall upon her father's brow. It was to secure this succession that the nation had been so anxious for the marriage of the prince. Immediately after the birth of Charlotte, George, who had previously treated the Princess Caroline with the most cutting and cruel neglect, abandoned her entirely, declaring that he could not conquer the repugnance with which he regarded her. Caroline, with a temper naturally not the most amiable, gave vent to her exasperated feelings in the most severe and sarcastic remarks. She manifested no disposition to conceal her wrongs, but openly and indignantly, on all occasions, gave utterance to her overflowing heart. The bitter quarrel at Carlton House soon became the topic of conversation in every dwelling in the realm. The king,

George III., and the royal family generally, and the nation at large, espoused the cause of Caroline. George, to shield himself from the storm of reproach which was falling upon him, did all in his power to calumniate the character and cast infamy on the mother of his child. The prince soon proposed an entire separation. The princess assented to the proposal with the condition that the separation should be *perpetual*. The following correspondence will show the temper in which they parted.

"*George to Caroline.*

"Madam,—As Lord Cholmondeley informs me that you wish that I should define in writing the terms upon which we are to live, I shall endeavor to explain myself upon that head with as much clearness and with as much propriety as the nature of the subject will admit. Our inclinations are not in our power; nor should either of us be held answerable to the other, because Nature has not made us suitable to each other. Tranquil and comfortable society is, however, in our power. Let our intercourse, therefore, be restricted to that, and I will distinctly subscribe to the condition which you required through Lady Cholmondeley, that, even in the event of any accident happening to my daughter, which I trust Providence in its mercy will avert, I shall not infringe the terms of restriction by proposing a connection of a more particular nature. I shall now finally close this disagreeable correspondence, trusting that, as we have completely explained ourselves to each other, the rest of our lives may be passed in undisturbed tranquillity.

"I am, madam, with great truth, very sincerely yours,

"George R.

"Windsor Castle, April 30th, 1796."

To this communication Caroline returned the following reply:

"SIR,—The avowal of your conversation with Lord Cholmondeley neither surprises nor offends me. It merely confirms what you have tacitly insinuated for this twelvemonth. But, after this, it would be a want of delicacy, or, rather, an unworthy meanness in me, were I to complain of those conditions which you impose upon yourself. I should have returned no answer to your letter if it had not been conceived in terms to make it doubtful whether this arrangement proceeds from you or me. You are aware that the honor of it belongs to you alone. The letter which you announce to me as the last, obliges me to communicate to the king, as to my sovereign and my father, both your avowal and my answer. You will find inclosed a copy of my letter to the king. I apprise you of it, that I may not incur the slightest reproach of duplicity from you. As I have, at this moment, no protector but his majesty, I refer myself solely to him upon this subject, and if my conduct meet his approbation, I shall be, in some degree at least, consoled. I retain every sentiment of gratitude for the situation in which I find myself as Princess of Wales, enabled, by your means, to indulge in the free exercise of a virtue dear to my heart—charity. It will be my duty, likewise, to act upon another motive, that of giving an example of patience and resignation under every trial.

"Do me the justice to believe that I shall never cease to pray for your happiness, and to be your much devoted

"CAROLINE.

"May 6th, 1796."

For ten years Caroline now dwelt in seclusion, entirely

abandoned by her husband, and, though guilty of many improprieties, enjoying the sympathy of the whole nation. She devoted her time to the education of her daughter, who was her constant companion, and who, with increasing years, warmly espoused her mother's cause. George, devoted to his schemes of pleasure and ambition, could not be entirely deaf to the murmurs of reproach which filled the kingdom, or totally regardless of the lovely child to whom he was to transmit the crown of empire. He therefore endeavored to tear Charlotte from the care of her mother, and by the most atrocious accusations to consign the name of Caroline to infamy. The king—for these events occurred before the period of his insanity, and were probably among the exciting causes which led to the overthrow of his reason—with great zeal and firmness, advocated the cause of the injured and insulted princess. A committee was appointed, consisting of Lords Erskine, Grenville, Spencer, and Ellenborough, to investigate the heinous charges brought against Caroline, and the king himself assumed the guardianship of the royal child, leaving her still under the protection of her mother; for, imprudent as Caroline had been, she was, at this time, unquestionably an innocent woman. The committee entered into a minute investigation of all the charges brought against her by him who had given his solemn vows before the altar of God to be her protector and friend. The report of the committee fully exculpated Caroline from crime, though objecting that she had not been sufficiently guarded in avoiding the appearance of evil.

In truth, however, Caroline was becoming exasperated almost to insanity. The indignities she had received were

too heavy for her violent spirit meekly to endure, and, reckless of consequences, she began to give vent to her feelings of rage and scorn in language and actions of unrestrained rancor. Her conduct at times, when revenge and mortified pride were dominant in her bosom, seemed to verify the extravaganza of the poet:

"Hell has no fury like a woman scorn'd."

Apparently stimulated only by the passion of revenge, she sought to *dishonor* the husband who had dishonored her. She might have won to herself, in the meek endurance of wrong, the sympathy and the admiration of the world. She might thus have constrained her very griefs to administer to her solace. But, unhappily, surrendering herself to the dominion of passion, she pursued a course which has left a stain upon her character which can never be effaced. The crushed and bleeding heart, bowing submissively before God's chastening hand, finds welling up within itself fountains of consolation; but, angrily struggling against our lot, we do but sink to more inextricable depths in our calamity.

When the committee investigated the charges brought against Caroline, she was unquestionably innocent of crime. Her vindication was received by the whole community with the greatest enthusiasm. The indignation of the people against the prince regent for his treatment of Caroline was so intense, that, whenever she appeared in public, they surrounded her coach with the most cordial greetings. Shortly after her acquittal she appeared at court, leaning upon the arm of his majesty, George the Third. The sympathy in her favor was so strong, that even in those proud

halls, where imperious fashion checks all manifestation of emotion, there was a spontaneous burst of feeling, and she was received by a universal clapping of hands. She had been so deeply wronged that every heart yearned to love her; and through all coming time her melancholy story will never be read but with regret that the spirit's unrepressed homage can not linger around her memory. The memory of departed excellence, especially when that excellence has been hallowed by suffering, is one of the richest legacies of humanity. Josephine is an ever-living joy.

Charlotte, as the heiress of the throne of Great Britain, was, of course, an object of national interest. Her education was superintended with the utmost care. She studied thoroughly the Constitution and laws of her own country, and became intimately acquainted with the history and statistics of the European states. She conversed fluently in German, French, Italian, and Spanish; sang with much sweetness, and attained no inconsiderable proficiency upon the harp, the piano, and the guitar. She also sketched landscapes from Nature with much taste and skill. The use of the pencil, in this most pleasing and valuable accomplishment, was one of her principal sources of enjoyment. All her early years, however, were embittered by the humiliating discord in the family. She shed many bitter tears in secret, and passed through scenes of suffering which no pen can describe. All her sympathies were entwined around her mother; and one stormy night, with hat and shawl, she fled alone from her father's surveillance, and, calling a common hackney coach, drove in terror and tears through the dark streets of London to the throbbing bosom of her more tender and sympathetic parent. As maturer years embel-

lished her person and her mind, she developed a character of unusual loveliness, and became the idol of all English hearts. It, of course, soon became an object of national interest and solicitude that she should form some suitable matrimonial connection. Few could be indifferent to the question as to who should be the husband of England's future queen. All the courts upon the Continent were interested in that inquiry. And the cabinet of St. James contemplated the momentous question with unceasing solicitude. The Prince of Orange, crown-prince of the kingdom of the Netherlands, who had been aid-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington, and who had greatly signalized himself at the battles of Badajos, Salamanca, and Quatre Bras, was the prominent candidate for this honor. This prince, now the King of Holland, was then about twenty-five years of age, and had secured the esteem of the Duke of Wellington and the general applause of the English people. This proposed connection was consequently very popular, and the princess, though professing no ardent attachment, manifested no special disinclination to a connection which seemed to be almost universally desired.

In the year 1810, the dreadful malady which rendered the king incapable of government returned, and George assumed the scepter of the empire as prince regent.

Let us now leave Charlotte for a time, for the contemplation of another theme intimately connected with her history. In the very heart of Germany, on the River Saal, there is a little Saxon principality called Saxe-Coburg. It is a Lilliputian state, about one seventh as large as Rhode Island, consisting of but two hundred and one square miles, and containing a population of but eighty-three thousand

souls. The city of Coburg, the capital of this dukedom, contains about eight thousand inhabitants. In the Germanic Confederation, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg is bound to furnish a contingent of eight hundred men, his miniature army, to the general force. In the comparatively humble palace of the Duke of Coburg, on the 16th of December, 1790, Leopold, the present King of Belgium, was born. All the thrones of Europe were then tottering over the volcano of revolution. Saxe-Coburg was in the very pathway of the rushing armies of the Continent, and the din of war was the sound with which the ear of Leopold was most familiar. Perhaps these scenes of horror aided to give a grave and meditative turn to the mind of this child. Naturally thoughtful, and of the romantic temperament, he sought his enjoyments in the tranquil scenes of solitude and study. When fifteen years of age, the troops of Napoleon, sweeping over Germany, approached the residence of his father. His older brother, as an officer in the army of Alexander of Russia, was retreating with his defeated troops before the victorious invader. The father of Leopold was sick, and he was compelled to flee with his wife and little son from his defenseless capital, and take refuge in the strong fortress of Saalfield. The French army soon appeared before the castle, and, after a terrible bombardment, took it by storm. The sick duke and his family were exposed to all the horrors of that awful scene. The shock was too severe for the nerves of the invalid. He lingered for a short time in pain and sorrow, affectionately tended by his wife and child, and then, in the midst of struggling armies, breathed his last. The older brother of Leopold, of course, inherited the dukedom.

Leopold now entered the army as aid-de-camp of the Grand-duke Constantine of Russia, brother of the Emperor Alexander, who had married his sister. He signalized himself in many fierce engagements, and accompanied the allied sovereigns in their triumphant march to Paris upon the downfall of Napoleon. Though Leopold had passed nearly all his days from 1806 to 1814, that is, from the time he was sixteen until he was twenty-four years of age, in the midst of the confusion and clang of arms, yet, with an acquired taste for literary and scientific pursuits, he found occasions for mental culture. He possessed a fine figure, an interesting countenance, and much elegance and suavity of address. Napoleon, who had occasionally met him, remarked at St. Helena that he was one of the finest-looking men he had ever seen. His natural disposition was generous and noble, and he possessed that poetic and romantic pensiveness which, when well regulated, gives to character its most resistless fascination. His favorite employments were the study of botany, languages, and the fine arts. The pencil was the favorite companion of his rambles, with which he stored his portfolio with sketches. Thus, even in the turmoil of the camp, he was cultivating all the graces and cherishing all the tastes of domestic life, and preparing himself to diffuse the purest enjoyment around some future home of tranquillity when the hateful clangor of battle should be heard no more.

It seemed as though Providence were preparing Charlotte, in the retirement of Carlton, by the poignant trials with which her spirit was there disciplined, and Leopold, amid the horrors of the sack of Saalfield and the carnage of fields of blood, to be united in the most harmonious union

which earth can know, and to appreciate, as few are capable of appreciating, the bliss of conjugal affections, and of an intellectual and happy home.

Though Leopold was of one of the most ancient families in Europe, and could trace his descent through many generations of noble names, he was far from being wealthy. It was, therefore, necessary for him, in the attempt to maintain even a respectable appearance in the midst of the glittering throng of associated kings and princes, to husband his limited income with the utmost economy. The allied sovereigns were reveling in all imaginable luxury and extravagance in Paris, and that humbled metropolis was glittering with the accumulated splendors of all the courts and capitals of Europe. Gorgeous banners were floating like autumn leaves in the air. Paris and its environs were thronged with almost countless thousands of the most highly-disciplined and most brilliantly-accoutred troops in the world. Martial bands, trained to almost miraculous skill, charmed the ear by day and night with music's most exultant strains. Equipages of the most costly gorgeousness thronged the streets. Wealth, rank, pride, and power combined all their energies to give splendor to the triumph of combined and oft-defeated kings over the world's most mighty conqueror. Leopold, illustrious in rank, opulent in intellectual and moral endowments, but with a light purse, moved thoughtfully and unconspicuous in the midst of these scenes of princely magnificence.

From Paris the allied monarchs of Europe were going to London, there to renew, in the most wealthy city on the globe, their exultations. The luxurious sovereigns of the most powerful empires, the marshals of the Bourbons, the

great generals of the triumphant armies rioting in their plundered wealth, and the highest nobility of Europe were squandering their fortunes in the endeavor to outshine each other in equipage and retinue, and even London was to be dazzled by the unparalleled spectacle. Leopold was one day bitterly lamenting that the state of his finances would not allow him to accompany the allied sovereigns on this visit. An English lord, who filled a high diplomatic situation on the Continent, invited Leopold to accompany his family as a member of the household. The invitation was eagerly accepted, and Leopold crossed the Channel, little imagining the joys and the woes to which this visit was to introduce him.

On the 7th of January, 1814, Charlotte arrived at the age of eighteen, when, according to the Constitution of her country, she was of lawful age to ascend the throne. George III. was still living, unconscious of all the scenes which were passing around him, and George, the father of Charlotte, as prince regent, held the reins of government. In the month of the following June the young princess made her first public appearance in what was then called the great Congress of Europe. This youthful maiden, embellished with the charms of intelligence, moral loveliness, and personal beauty, as the heiress of the most exalted throne on the globe, attracted the attention of all eyes, and moved through those gorgeous halls the most brilliant ornament in the midst of the blaze of royalty and splendor with which she was surrounded. William, the Prince of Orange, now the King of Holland, was at her side as her acknowledged suitor. He handed her to her carriage on that day, and afterward dined with the royal family on

the most intimate footing at Carlton House. All "on-lookers" deemed that the course of true love was running smooth. The royal family generally, and the nation at large, looked with favorable eyes upon the contemplated match.

Just at this time Leopold arrived in London, with a letter of introduction from the Duke of Brunswick to Charlotte his niece. His pleasing manners, his graceful figure, and his intelligent mind, arrested the attention of the princess, and won her esteem. Charlotte ever had regarded the Prince of Orange rather with feelings of indifference, and she soon found that the attractive stranger was enkindling more lively emotions in her bosom. Leopold became a frequent and most welcome guest at her tea-table, and, encouraged by the cordiality of his reception, he made formal proposals for the hand of the princess. Charlotte, though not absolutely affianced to the Prince of Orange, yet, embarrassed by the contemplated connection, so popular with the nation, reluctantly declined. The young soldier, thus disappointed, retired to Vienna, and was seeking solace for his grief in cultivating the affections of a fair Austrian, when Charlotte, mourning the loss of his congenial society, and regretting her decision, sent to him a hint that another application might *possibly* meet with better success. Vienna and all it contained were immediately forgotten, and Leopold, as on the wings of the wind, hastened again to London. His reception was all that he could desire; and he was immediately placed upon the most intimate footing with all the members of the royal family.

"Well, Charlotte," said her uncle, the Duke of York, one day, accosting his niece in his usual blunt and familiar

manner, "So the Orange goes to the wall, and the Coburg goes to the heart." Charlotte replied only with a hearty laugh. Leopold was under the necessity of practicing great economy, and the princess, admiring his conduct in this respect, spoke of it in high tones of commendation. "He is so poor, your royal highness!" objected one of her ladies in waiting on one occasion; "why, all his dominions will be hardly larger than a country parish." "So much the better, my lady," the princess replied; "he will have more time to attend to me."

The rupture of the connection with the wealthy and powerful family of Orange was for a time extremely annoying to the nation, and young Leopold was held up to ridicule by the song writers, and caricaturists, and jesters all over the realm. The manly and honorable bearing of the noble, yet fortuneless prince, soon, however, won the respect, not only of all the members of the royal family, but also gained rapidly upon the prejudices of the community; and the people soon received without opposition the announcement that he was the affianced spouse of Charlotte. Of course, as the destined husband of the heiress to the throne of England, his character became the object of diplomatic solicitude and watchfulness both in England and on the Continent. This scrutiny brought to light the high intellectual and moral qualities with which he was endowed; and, elevated to so conspicuous a position, he not only attracted the eyes, but commanded the respect of all Europe; for virtue will command the respect even of vice. Perhaps there were never two persons of more congenial tastes than Charlotte and Leopold. Both eminently intellectual, and warm-hearted, and of cheerful temperament, they each possessed that pe-

culiar fervor of soul which manifests the luxury of affection and happiness in the silent tear rather than in the noisy laugh. It is rare for mutual affection to exist in state marriages; but this amiable pair were in heart united by the very tenderest ties of virtuous love.

On the 14th of March, 1816, a message was sent by the prince regent to Parliament, announcing the royal assent to the marriage, and suggesting that Parliament should concur in making such provision for the establishment of their royal highnesses as would be suitable to the honor and dignity of the crown. Parliament, with the greatest unanimity, immediately granted three hundred thousand dollars for outfit, and three hundred thousand dollars annual income, including fifty thousand dollars annually for the private purse of the princess. A grant of two hundred and forty thousand dollars annually was also conferred upon the prince, should he survive his consort. The cordiality with which the connection was now contemplated by the people may be inferred from the remarkable fact that the bill making these large grants was read, debated, passed both houses, and received the royal sanction in one evening. Parliament wished also to confer upon him a British dukedom. This, however, he declined, as Charlotte wished him to derive no rank but by his connection with her. He therefore retained simply the title of Prince Leopold.

On the 2d of May, 1816, the marriage festival took place. It was a day of national rejoicing, for the prince had now become an object of popular enthusiasm. Immediately after the ceremony, the wedded couple retired to the country seat of the Duke of York. They soon, however, removed to the retirement of Claremont, and took possession

of that beautiful abode for their permanent home. Avoiding the heartless pageants of fashion and state, and in the purest and most simple enjoyments of domestic life and conjugal love, they found their happiness. In reading, visiting the cottages of the poor, riding, and sketching the beautiful scenery with which the vicinity abounds, time glided away upon the swiftest wings. Their evenings were generally devoted to music. Probably never has a year on earth passed more happily than this year passed with Charlotte and Leopold.

It was in a few months announced that the princess was soon to become a mother. With anxious expectation, the people awaited the birth of one upon whose brow would legitimately descend the crown of England. The hour of anxiety and dread arrived. The frail frame of Charlotte was unequal to the trial. After three days of dreadful suffering, she gave birth to a lifeless child, and soon passed into convulsions and died. This sad event occurred on the 5th of November, 1817, when Charlotte was twenty-one years of age. The physician who attended her was so overwhelmed by the calamity that he immediately shot himself. Not only England, but the whole Christian world, felt the shock. The death was so sudden, so unanticipated the hopes were so brilliant, and the blight so awful, that probably no death that has ever occurred upon the surface of this globe has produced a more widespread and profound grief. Charlotte was universally beloved. The nation, mortified by the shameless profligacy of the prince regent, and feeling degraded by the exposure of the vices and the quarrels of the royal family, which were emblazoned throughout all Europe, looked forward with affectionate hope to the

hour when the crown, now so tarnished, should beam forth with new purity and luster upon the brow of Charlotte. Her death was regarded as a national calamity. "All public places were voluntarily closed; all entertainments laid aside; the churches hung with black by the people, and funeral sermons preached every where at their request; the streets deserted; marriages suspended; journeys put off; the whole system of society stopped, as if it had received an irreparable blow. The English residents abroad all put on mourning; and as the intelligence passed through the world, every spot where an Englishman was to be found witnessed the same evidence of the sincerest national sorrow."

"Was it a dream? so sudden and so dread
That awful fiat o'er our senses came?
So loved, so bless'd, is that young spirit fled,
Whose early grandeur promised years of fame?
Oh! when hath life possess'd, or death destroy'd,
More lovely hopes, more cloudlessly that smiled?
When hath the spoiler left so dark a void?
For all is lost—the mother and her child!
Our morning star hath vanish'd, and the tomb
Throws its deep, lengthen'd shade o'er years to come.

"And she is gone—the royal and the young,
In soul commanding and in heart benign;
Who from a race of kings and heroes sprung,
Glow'd with a spirit lofty as her line.
Now may the voice she loved on earth so well
Breathe forth her name unheeded and in vain;
Nor can those eyes on which her own would dwell
Wake from that breast one sympathy again;
The ardent heart, the towering mind are fled,
Yet shall undying love still linger with the dead.

"But thou—thine hour of agony is o'er,
And thy brief race in brilliance hath been run,
While faith, that bids fond nature grieve no more,
Tells that thy crown—though not on earth—is won.

Thou, of the world so early left, hast known
Naught but the bloom and sunshine; and for thee,
Child of propitious stars! for thee alone,
The course of love ran smooth, and brightly free.
Not long such bliss to mortal could be given:
It is enough for earth to catch one glimpse of Heaven."

Leopold was perfectly prostrated by the blow. With unutterable agony, he watched her convulsions as death crept over her frame. In paroxysms of grief, which were heart-rending to the spectators, he wept and prayed; and when the word "dead" fell upon his heart, he seemed bewildered and stupefied by the magnitude of his woe. He grasped the lifeless hand; he kissed with frenzy the bloodless lips. With a maniacal stare he incessantly demanded of the physicians, "Will she not soon be better?" For three hours succeeding her death, his soul was thus wrecked with the delirium of his mental agony; and when the awful truth forced itself upon his mind, he could not leave the remains, until, almost by violence, he was led away. He gathered around him all those objects which recalled her most vividly to his memory, and sat for hours by the side of her bonnet and cloak, hung by her own hands but three days before upon a screen in the parlor, on her return from their last ramble. He would allow no one to remove or touch an article which she had placed in its position. He insisted upon sitting up, during the night, to watch himself by the side of her precious remains. Once during the night he went to her coffin, trembling with agitation and grief, removed the coronet and cushion, and in speechless agony and with gushing tears gazed upon the features, cold in death, which he had so tenderly loved; and then, as he read the inscription beneath the pall, totally unman-

ned, he threw himself with frantic grief upon the coffin, and his whole frame was convulsed with uncontrollable emotions and violent sobbings.

The hour of the burial of Charlotte was a scene of melancholy sublimity which no pen can describe. It adds vastly to the effect of state funerals that they are conducted by torch-light. The night was dark and gloomy when the funeral procession emerged from the portals of the mansion where a few months of bliss had been terminated by such utter and heart-rending desolation. The heavy tolling of the funeral bells, the muffled drums, the wailing requiems, floating through the darkened air, the somber light of the torches, the measured tread and glittering swords of the soldiery, the hearse, with all the imposing paripherna-lia of woe, the horses in the black drapery of mourning, presented a spectacle which could never be forgotten.

An eye-witness thus describes the scene: "When I first gazed upon the heart-stricken countenance of Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, he was the object of universal sympathy and of national sorrow. There, in the body-carriage of George III., drawn by a full set of the king's horses, each horse attended by a groom in full state livery, sat the chief mourner of his late adored wife, the Princess Charlotte Augusta, the nation's favorite and the country's hope. Accompanying the prince were the Dukes of York and Clarence, and as the bells tolled throughout the land, so all classes wept with no feigned sorrow, and pitied and prayed for the survivor with a fervency and sincerity worthy of a Christian land and of a great national calamity. Ah! well do I remember the prince regent's splendid black horses, fully caparisoned, bearing along slowly and solemnly

that hearse in which were deposited the mortal remains of the fairest and the brightest of her race. The servants and grooms of their departed royal mistress, all on foot and in deep mourning, led the way. They wept like young children. Then followed the servants and grooms of the royal family, of the prince regent and of their majesties, on foot, in full state liveries, with crape hat-bands, four and four, bearing flambeaux. The whole procession, from the lower lodge to St. George's Chapel, was flanked by the soldiery, and every fourth man bore a flambeaux.

"I shall never forget the mein of Prince Leopold on that melancholy occasion. He had the aspect of a withered branch or of a shattered tree, scathed, blasted, perishing. All his hopes and expectations seemed to be consigned to the grave. His big, manly tears fell in profusion, and he turned away with profound and marked reluctance and agony from the spot where his wife and child were forever to remain.

"The moment I first saw the prince was one of Christian but of awful interest. Those who were privileged to enter the chapel were just expecting the arrival of the *cortège.* The effect of the choir was beyond the power of language to depict. On the entrance of the procession, the sacred pile was lighted up with a profusion of wax-lights, and reflected the various flags and banners of the noble order of the Garter. The deep tone of the organ, and the solemn performance of the funeral obsequies, created so deep an impression of profitable and salutary melancholy, that sturdy veterans and manly heroes quailed beneath the effect. Expectation the most solemn seemed fearful of its own whispers, and as the clock struck nine, a slight buzz was heard, as if some

movement was beginning at the bottom of the south aisle. This was succeeded by a complete and awful silence. The procession then commenced, amid a combination of circumstances that rarely meet together. In the stillness of the grave, surrounded by wasting torch-light, while the moon darted her mild rays through the "storied windows" and pointed arches of the richest tracery, the spectator felt himself placed alone amid deep-sounding Gothic aisles, where the tread burst with measured cadence upon the ear, as if the tombs were opened and the dead were risen. Each one, with awful, panting gaze, looked round as if in apprehension upon the still, dark, though lighted chapel, its masses of somber glare throwing the deep obscure to greater distance. In an instant, the breathing silence was broken by a gust of sighs and tears, followed by the varied chanting of the choristers. Then came the canopy, slowly nodding to the deep, rolling chords of the organ—again a pause —silence the most profound—the solitary tones of the officiating priest, the heart-rending yet heart-consoling prayer, the echoed tread of feet as the corpse was raised from the choir and carried to the yawning vault—all—all produced an effect which made stout hearts tremble, and which I would not even attempt to describe.

Ah! there was one sound which had matchless music in it to a Christian's ear, and untold consolation to the believing penitent. As the choristers began to chant the solemn lay, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," a moral or a sacred light seemed to encircle the vault, and all the glorious and immortal blessings of Christianity rushed upon the mind. The canopy followed the choristers, and moved at a very slow pace. It was of great length, and, being borne high

in the air, had a most imposing effect. Under this canopy was the coffin, carried by eight of the yeomen of the guard.

Prince Leopold followed the coffin as chief mourner. His appearance created the deepest interest; his countenance denoted the most profound depth of despondency; and though he made evident effort to preserve calmness and fortitude, yet ever and anon he burst into a flood of tears. The coffin was now placed with the feet toward the altar, and Prince Leopold sat at its head.

When the awful crisis arrived for the coffin to be lowered into the grave, the prince was unable to suppress his emotions, and they burst forth without restraint. The anguish which seized him on hearing the affecting address of the venerable Garter, whose voice had so recently sounded in his ear amid all the brilliancy of a court, and while receiving the highest chivalric honors of the nation, under the eye of a living consort, was evinced by sobs and groans.

Handel's "Dead March in Saul" terminated this solemn and ever-memorable scene, and the prince returned to a widowed mansion, where he also felt, "But now at table thou art wanting; our evening walk is discontinued; our chamber, once my paradise, forlorn; and morning, solitary beyond human fortitude!"

After the affecting ceremony was closed, the prime minister, forgetting his parental grief in the deeper anguish of the bereaved husband, invited Leopold to pass the night with him at Windsor Castle. "I must return," said the prince, "to Claremont to-night, or I shall never return." Here, in the haunts of past happiness, he sought the only remaining solace for his crushed and bleeding heart. For many years he seemed to live only in the remembrance of

his sorrow. Alone and solitary, with a countenance never lighted up by a smile, he moved among his fellow-men, finding a gentle solace in the universal sympathy around him. Studiously avoiding all society, he seemed utterly unable to disengage his mind from the contemplation of his dreadful bereavement. He thus passed through many years of dejection.

A few days after the burial, Leopold, accompanied by a single friend, returned to the royal cemetery, again to weep by the remains of all that he held dear upon earth. The niche in which the coffin was placed was not sufficiently large to admit his own by its side, and he immediately made arrangements to have a portion of the wall removed, that, when his appointed time should come, his body might repose by the side of his wife and child.

After the lapse of many months of mourning, by the urgent solicitation of his friends he visited the Continent, and in a melancholy tour abroad sought repose for his weary spirit. About one year after the death of Charlotte, a sister of Leopold, Victoria Maria Louisa, was married to the Duke of Kent, a younger brother of the prince regent. The nuptials of his sister, however, had no influence to cheer his sorrowing mind. On the 24th of May, 1819, the Duchess of Kent gave birth to Victoria, the present Queen of England. The birth of his sister's child, as the heiress of the British throne, was the first gleam of joy which visited his heart. Eight months after the birth of this illustrious princess, the Duke of Kent was suddenly taken sick and died. The eyes of all Europe were directed to the infant Victoria, upon whose brow was now to descend the crown of the most powerful empire earth has

ever known. Leopold took a melancholy pleasure in aiding his widowed sister to train her child for the high destiny which awaited her. On the 29th of January, 1820, George III., after ten years of insanity, died, in the eighty-second year of his age. The prince regent now ascended the throne as George IV. In the festivities which attended the coronation of the new king, Leopold had no heart to participate, though that king was the father of his lost bride. Caroline, the repudiated wife of George and the mother of Charlotte, was at that time traveling upon the Continent. Lord Hutchinson was immediately dispatched to her, to offer her an annual income of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and all the titles and dignities of Queen of England, upon condition that she would never return again to that island. She resolutely declined what she deemed the insulting offer, and, angrily hastening back to England to assert her claims, was received with the loudest acclamations by the populace, who were indignant at the treatment she had received from her royal spouse.

On the day of the coronation of her husband, Caroline endeavored, as Queen of England, to force her way into Westminster Chapel at the hour when George IV. was to be crowned. She was, however, repelled by the police. A strange scene would doubtless have ensued had this deeply-injured and almost frantic woman obtained access to her vile and faithless consort as the crown, temporal and spiritual, was descending upon his brow. It is rather difficult to repress the mischievous wish that she had succeeded. The world would doubtless have had an edifying exhibition of both the prose and poetry of royalty. The robe and the crown of coronation would but have given additional

effects to the shrill denunciations and expressive gestures of an enraged wife, who had previously proved that she was not at all choice in her selection of emphatic epithets.

George, to frustrate her plans and to expose her to universal contempt, accused her before the Parliament as an adulteress. The most disgraceful trial recorded in history then ensued. The situation of Leopold in this emergency was painful in the extreme. The father of his sainted bride accused her mother of the most ignominious of crimes. George IV. was a worn-out debauchee, and the indignation of the community was aroused that such a shameless profligate should accuse his forsaken spouse of being unfaithful to vows which he had so recklessly, notoriously, and insultingly trampled under his feet. Though there can be but little doubt that Caroline was guilty—that, stung to perfect madness, in the intensity of her rage, and in the spirit of pure revenge, she resolved to pay her faithless husband in his own coin, the popular voice, in tones of thunder, declared that, guilty or not guilty, *George* had no right to utter one word of complaint. He had abandoned her; he had insulted her in every conceivable way; he had stung her to the very heart by the humiliations heaped upon her; he had himself, without disguise, plunged into the most debasing licentiousness, and an instinctive sense of justice in every heart declared that, guilty as she might be in the sight of her Maker, her perjured husband had no right to complain.

Every fresh charge and every new witness but caused a sympathizing public to turn a deaf ear to evidence, and to shout more resolutely in defense of the queen. The populace, each day, in vast and enthusiastic gatherings, sur-

rounded her carriage, and filled the air with acclamations as she was borne to and from the hall of trial. The ministers of the prosecution were assailed in the streets with groans and hisses, and were pelted with mud. After a protracted and most revolting investigation, the excitement of the popular mind was so intense, that the ministers thought it prudent, by delays, to let the matter die. The agitation, however, of Caroline's mind was such, for she was by nature of the most violent and impetuous spirit, that she was suddenly taken sick, and died on the 7th of August, 1821, in the forty-third year of her age. Upon her dying bed, she stated that she had hardly known one hour of happiness during her whole life, and she requested that her remains should be conveyed back to the home of her childhood in Germany, and that there should be inscribed upon her tomb, "Here lies Caroline, England's unhappy and injured queen."

George IV. lived nine years after the death of Caroline. These latter years of his life were clouded with the deepest gloom. Youth had departed. His constitution was broken down by dissipation, and he was tortured with disease and pain. His mind was so utterly prostrated and ingulfed in melancholy—Remorse, with her scorpion lash, following him, and bodings of terrors to come heading his path —that he could endure no society, and consigned himself to the solitude and silence of a sick chamber in the inmost recesses of his palace. So great was his dread of encountering any company, or even of being seen, that when, by the urgency of his physician, he rode in the park of Windsor, outriders were always dispatched to guard against any one meeting him on the way. He had certain avenues prepared, containing winding drives of nearly thirty miles in extent,

from which the public were entirely excluded. Often he would sit in his room, hour after hour, with his elbows upon his knees, and his face buried in his hands, uttering not a word, entirely regardless of the attendants around him, and would there give vent to the unknown anguish which was lacerating his heart by bursting into a flood of tears. Long and dismal indeed must have been those weary months of sickness and pain, in which remorse, in view of the past, and dread of the retributions of the future, concentrated upon each passing moment the intensest woe. Conscience, once aroused, is a direful avenger. But time, even to the wretched, does not stop. Lingering days and nights came and went, and the miserable king was dragged resistlessly on to the last dread catastrophe. At length the hour to die arrived. It was midnight. Racked with pain, and oppressed with the deepest mental gloom, the miserable monarch turned restlessly upon his uneasy pillow. Suddenly, with a convulsive spring, he rose in his bed, exclaiming, "O God! I am dying!" His physician caught him in his arms. A spasmodic shudder passed over the frame of the dying king, and uttering in most mournful tones the words, "This is death," his spirit departed to the tribunal of his final judge.

Leopold still lived a life of seclusion and sorrow. He seemed irrecoverably wrecked by the storm which had swept over him. He spent much of his time in solitary journeyings on the Continent, avoiding all scenes of festivity, and passing his lonely hours in studious retirement. About ten years from the death of Charlotte, Greece, after a long and sanguinary conflict, was emancipated from the thraldom of the Turk. The fleets of England, France, and

Russia had entirely annihilated the Turkish fleet at Navarino. The allied powers, having thus secured the independence of the Greeks, deemed it incumbent upon them, to secure order in the chaotic kingdom, to select some suitable person to place upon the newly-erected throne. The ministers of the three allied powers met in London, and offered to Prince Leopold the crown of Greece. He hesitated for some time in coming to a decision. At length, however, he declined the offer. The Greeks were not cordial in the reception of a king thus imposed upon them, and he would be compelled to sustain his power by force. His private fortune was not sufficiently large for him to sustain the expenses of royalty in a country where the revenue must necessarily be small. George IV. was in a very feeble state of health, and liable at any time to die. His brother William, who would next ascend the throne, was also childless, and it was therefore to be anticipated that Victoria, who was the next heir, would soon be queen, and very probably would need the services of her uncle Leopold as regent. His sister, the Duchess of Kent, the mother of Victoria, was very unwilling, under these circumstances, that he should leave England. The throne of Greece was offered to Leopold on the 3d of February, 1830. On the 20th of February he accepted the offer; but, for reasons above assigned, on the 21st of May he resigned this unenviable crown.

In July of the same year, the three days' revolution in Paris shook all Europe as by an earthquake. The successful result of that popular movement led to similar agitations in Belgium; and that kingdom was dismembered from Holland, and established as an independent monarchy.

The Belgians, in looking around for a king, chose first the Duke de Nemours, the second son of Louis Philippe, who was appointed regent of France in the event of the decease of Louis Philippe prior to the young Count de Paris coming of age. For reasons of state, Louis Philippe was not willing that his son should accept the offer. The Belgians then turned their attention to Prince Leopold, and, with almost perfect unanimity, elected him as their sovereign. A delegation of ten members of the Congress proceeded to London to inform the prince of his election, and to urge upon him the acceptance of the crown. His sister was still extremely unwilling to have him leave England; but Belgium was comparatively near, and he could be ever at hand to advise his sister in any emergence. Louis Philippe, entertaining the highest respect for the character and abilities of the prince, was very desirous that he should occupy the neighboring throne. He also exerted his influence with the other crowned heads of Europe to entreat him to accept the proffered scepter.

On the 21st of July, 1831, Leopold made his triumphant entry into Brussels as the elected King of Belgium, and, surrounded by the acclamations of the people, took the oath to maintain the Constitution and independence of the country. The King of Holland, Leopold's former rival for the hand of Charlotte, was unwilling to surrender so large a portion of his dominions to one who had once before thwarted him in the dearest hopes of his life. He immediately raised an army, and in four weeks appeared on the frontier in battle array. Leopold, in person, headed his troops to repel the invader. Though he manifested consummate skill and bravery on the field of battle—for, from childhood,

he had been accustomed to the din of arms—the Belgians, panic-stricken, fled, leaving the king, overwhelmed with mortification and shame, to retreat to his capital, pursued by the victorious foe.

France and England, who aided in placing him upon the throne, immediately came to his rescue. Louis Philippe dispatched fifty thousand troops to Brussels, and the English fleet weighed anchor, and appeared in all its formidable strength upon the coast of Holland. The Dutch held possession of the almost impregnable citadel of Antwerp. The energies of England and France were combined for its reduction. It was assailed by a terrific and long-protracted bombardment. The sublimities of the scene, when, for many successive days and nights, the air was filled with the fiery meteors of war, attracted thousands of spectators from all parts of Europe. The towers of the churches and all the surrounding heights were crowded, by day and by night, by observers gazing upon the brilliant and sublime pageant, where naught met the eye but the grandeur of war, without any of its accompaniments of blood and misery It was the rare spectacle of war putting forth all its energies in the midst of the peaceful scenes of busy life.

General Chasse defended himself with the most heroic bravery; but at length, when every inch within the fortress had been plowed up with exploding shells, and a practicable breach had been made in the wall, to save the unavailing effusion of blood in the approaching assault, he consented to capitulate, and in May, 1833, a treaty was signed, which left Leopold in the undisputed possession of his kingdom.

When Leopold accepted the offer of the throne of Belgium, he accepted it with all its consequences. As the throne was

hereditary, it was expected by the nation that he should again marry, that he might transmit the crown to his heirs. A few years ago, he was united to the second daughter of Louis Philippe, a lady of great beauty, of distinguished accomplishments of mind and heart, and a worthy successor of the Princess Charlotte. Many long years of mourning, unfeigned and deep, had passed away. Time had, in some degree, healed the wound of his heart. The cares of empire pressed upon him, and the happiness of many millions was subject to his control. The nation applauded his choice. Belgium is now in a state of greater prosperity and happiness than it has ever enjoyed before. Leopold I. is one of the most able, conscientious, and virtuous monarchs who has ever sat upon a throne. His life, checkered in its earlier periods by storms and sorrow, now exhibits the pensive and rich beauty of its autumnal day.

Leopold's popularity, of late, has been rather upon the wane in England, in consequence of his unwillingness to relinquish the pension of two hundred and forty thousand dollars a year, settled upon him by the British Parliament at the time of his marriage with Charlotte, in case he should survive that princess. Much of this sum he has annually expended in embellishing Claremont, which he still retains. His father-in-law, Louis Philippe, has now retired to this beautiful mansion, as his retreat from the cares and perils of royalty. Various members of his numerous family are also gathered around him there. The revolutionary movement which has burst forth with so much violence in France, and is passing all over Europe, has also manifested itself with much energy in Belgium. It is reported that Leopold is quite weary of the kingly office; and these new

troubles may not improbably induce him to follow the example of his father, and abdicate his throne. It will, therefore, not be strange should the lapse of a few months introduce Leopold again to the home of his early love and joy. In the retirement of Claremont he may pass the evening of his days, till, upon the couch where Charlotte expired, he also may sink into the sleep of death.

ISABELLA II.

ESCURIAL.

Isabella II.

In the year 1807 there was seated upon the throne of Spain a debauched and gluttonous old man, Charles IV. He was feeble in mind, impotent in action, and dissolute, to the utmost extreme, in his habits. He was unendowed with a solitary quality to redeem him from the world's contempt. His wife, Louisa Maria, a Neapolitan princess, was perhaps as shameless a profligate as could be found in her whole dominions. Their union was harmonious in degradation, congenial in sensual vice. There was not enough sense of honor left in the bosom of either of these wretched creatures to feel the degradation which each was inflicting upon the other

In the body-guard of the king there was a handsome young soldier, Manuel Godoy. He sang beautifully. The queen heard his warbling voice, and the silvery tones of his lute, as they floated in the moonlight around the angles and the towers of the Escuriel. Luxuriating in that soft clime of love, the queen joyfully surrendered herself to the fascination. The imbecile old king also loves to hear Godoy sing and play, and cares not how high the queen elevates her favorites, so long as she interferes not with those he chooses. The queen receives Godoy into the palace. She lavishes upon him wealth and honors. He receives titles of nobility. He is distinguished, in consequence of a treaty he made, as "The Prince of Peace." Both king

and queen are entirely under his control. The degraded old monarch is happy to be relieved from the cares of state, that he may be undisturbed in his hunting and his amours. Godoy reigns over Spain. "Every day," said Charles to Napoleon, "winter as well as summer, I go out to shoot from the morning till noon. I then dine and return to the chase, which I continue till sunset. Manuel Godoy then gives me a brief account of what is going on, and I go to bed, to recommence the same life on the morrow." Such were the habits of this King of Spain during twenty years of political convulsions, which were upheaving all the thrones of Europe, and which eventually prostrated his own in ruins. The guns of Marengo and Austerlitz were unheeded, the crash of falling empires was unthought of, the clamor of all Europe in arms was disregarded, as this miserable scion of the Bourbon race returned, day after day, from chasing rabbits and foxes, to the foulest debauchery with his wine and his concubines. A silly, maudlin good-nature harmonized with the other despicable traits of this royal dotard. Such was the man who occupied the throne nearest to that which was energized by the sleepless spirit of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Charles had three sons, Ferdinand, Carlos, and Francisco. Ferdinand, the heir-apparent to the throne, was at this time twenty-five years of age. He inherited the mental imbecility of his father, and the moral profligacy of both parents. The king and queen had for many years regarded this son with the most malignant and inveterate hostility. Ferdinand requited these unnatural affections with rancor equally cordial. The heir-apparent was anxious to ascend the throne, and was weary of waiting for his

his father to leave it. It was necessary that the parents should first die, in order thus to accommodate their son. As neither Charles nor Louisa manifested any disposition to confer this favor upon their impatient child, Ferdinand prepared a little poison to expedite their departure. The king, through Godoy, discovered the plot. Ferdinand was arrested and imprisoned. Both father and mother thought that the most judicious course to be pursued with their son would be to place his neck under the guillotine. The nation hated Godoy, the insolent upstart, the paramour of the queen. The popular voice was for Ferdinand. In the choice of evils, the people preferred a young profligate to hoary-headed miscreants, or to the haughty, low-born favorite.

Ferdinand was arrested and imprisoned. The parents were endeavoring, by heaping merited obloquy upon their child, to prepare the public mind for his execution. But the indignation of the court found no response in the popular heart. Madrid loved Ferdinand out of pure hatred to Charles, and Louisa, and Godoy. Louisa showed, at least, some discrimination of character and some power of description in the declaration that Ferdinand had "a mule's head and a tiger's heart." The only fault in this description is the gross injustice done to both the tiger and the mule.

The masses began to swarm in the streets. Low mutterings, mingled with oaths and imprecations, were heard, like the gatherings of a storm. Cudgels rang upon the pavements; knives gleamed in the air. The gilded chariot of the hated minister, a gorgeous equipage, with liveried lackeys, appears in the street. It is the spark falling into

the gunpowder. Discontent swells to frenzy. Groans and hisses are followed by clubs and stones, and Godoy is escorted to his palace by a swelling, rushing, roaring mob His fleet horses alone save him. The imbecile old king was overwhelmed with terror, and knew not what to do. He wrote a pathetic letter to Napoleon:

"SIRE, MY BROTHER,—I have discovered with horror that my eldest son, the heir presumptive to the throne, has not only formed the design to dethrone, but even to attempt the life of myself and his mother. Such an atrocious attempt merits the most exemplary punishment. I pray your majesty to aid me by your light and counsel."

Ferdinand also turns his imploring eye to the great arbiter of kings. He will cheerfully surrender himself and Spain to Napoleon's guiding mind, if the Great Emperor will allow him but nominally to wear the crown. He thinks that it would be good policy to form a matrimonial alliance with some member of the Bonaparte family. Perhaps Napoleon has some sister, or aunt, or cousin, whom he will allow Ferdinand to marry. The haughty Bourbon, in whose veins flows the blood of generations of kings, purple with vice and crime, bows cringingly before the plebeian monarch, soliciting the honor of a nuptial union with any who bear his name. He writes:

"SIRE,—The world more and more daily admires the greatness and goodness of Napoleon. Rest assured the emperor shall ever find in Ferdinand the most faithful and devoted son. Ferdinand implores, therefore, with the utmost confidence, the paternal protection of the emperor, not only to permit him the honor of an alliance with his family, but that he would smooth away all difficulties, and cause all

obstacles to disappear before the accomplishment of so long-cherished a wish."

Napoleon rejected, rather contemptuously, the degrading alliance, and coldly replied to both father and son, "With the domestic dissensions of the royal family of Spain I can have nothing to do." He had, however, previously determined to expel the Bourbons from the throne they disgraced, and to place the crown upon the brow of some member of his own family. He was induced to this resolve by the following provocation:

When Napoleon was fifteen hundred miles from the frontiers of France, in the heart of Prussia, contending against the confederated armies of Prussia, Russia, and England, who had combined to tear the crown from his brow, he stood one night upon a lofty eminence, gazing upon the camp-fires of his foes. A girdle of flame, mounting from innumerable watch-fires, swept the horizon, almost encircling the troops of the emperor. It was the 13th of August, 1806. The cold wind of midnight swept the bleak summit of the Landgrafenberg, where Napoleon, wrapped in his cloak, had thrown himself upon the ground, to share the frigid bivouac of the soldiers. Napoleon was far from home, surrounded by numerous and powerful foes. On the ensuing morning a decisive battle was to be fought, and the issue of the conflict was at least doubtful. Napoleon had made all his arrangements, long before the morning should dawn, to lead his troops to the onset. In that gloomy and momentous hour, when Napoleon felt that his throne was trembling beneath him, intercepted dispatches were placed in his hands convicting the Spanish court of the blackest perfidy. Though in alliance with France, and making

protestations of the most sincere friendship, Godoy had resolved, Charles readily consenting, to take advantage of the emperor's absence and of his perilous position, and, entering into an alliance with England, to cross the Pyrenees and attack him in the rear. This treachery was of the blackest hue. The evidence was incontestable. As Napoleon was not one of the meekest of men, it is not surprising that the perusal of the documents should have roused his indignation. He, however, calmly remarked, "The Bourbons of Spain shall be replaced by princes of my own family." From that hour the doom of the Spanish house of Bourbon was sealed.

At four o'clock the next morning, Napoleon, at the head of his columns, was leading his troops through the darkness to the fields of Jena and Auerstadt. Those brilliant but awful victories scattered the allies like leaves before the tempest. The throne of the emperor was more firmly established than ever before, and Europe was prostrate before him. Impotent Spain, amazed and terrified, hid her sword, and came again to the conqueror a cringing sycophant. But Napoleon was not again to be duped.

And here let me allude to that military eloquence which was one of the elements of Napoleon's power.

It was upon the evening preceding the battle of Austerlitz that Napoleon had issued that most remarkable proclamation, in which he disclosed to the whole army the plan of his campaign, and assured the soldiers that, if they would faithfully do their duty, he would keep himself out of the reach of danger. Nothing can more decisively show the mutual confidence—nay, more, the almost filial and parental love—existing between the emperor and his troops:

"The Russians want to turn my right, and they will

present to me their flank. Soldiers, I will myself direct all your battalions. Depend upon me to keep myself free from the fire, so long as, with your accustomed bravery, you bring disorder and confusion into the enemy's ranks; but if victory were for one moment uncertain, you would see me in the foremost ranks, to expose myself to their attack. There will be the honor of the French infantry—the first infantry in the world. This victory will terminate your campaign, and then the peace we shall make will be worthy of France, of you, and of me."

And what sublimity is there in his address to his troops at the close of this eventful day!

"Soldiers! I am content with you. You have covered your eagles with immortal glory. An army of one hundred thousand men, commanded by the Emperors of Russia and of Austria, have been, in less than four hours, cut to pieces and dispersed; whoever has escaped your sword has been drowned in the lakes. Forty stand of colors—the standards of the imperial guard of Russia—one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon, twenty generals, and more than thirty thousand prisoners, are the results of this day, forever celebrated. That infantry, so much boasted of, and in numbers so superior to you, could not resist your shock, and henceforth you have no longer any rivals to fear.

"Soldiers! when the French people placed upon my head the imperial crown, I intrusted myself to you; I relied upon you to maintain it in the high splendor and glory which alone can give it value in my eyes. Soldiers! I will soon bring you back to France; there you will be the object of my most tender solicitude. It will be sufficient for you to say 'I WAS AT THE BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ,' in order that your countryman may answer, 'VOILÀ UN BRAVE!'"

Wellington's characteristic address to his troops on the field of Waterloo was, "*Up, boys, and at 'em!*" and Blucher led his forty thousand Prussians to the deadly charge, upon that blood-deluged plain, with a woman's bonnet upon his head, and a green veil falling before his face to shelter his inflamed eyes. General Taylor is not the only "rough and ready."

We greatly prefer the eloquence of Bonaparte. As he first beheld the Mamelukes drawn up in order of battle before the Pyramids of Egypt, he inspired his troops with almost supernatural energy, as, riding before their ranks, he exclaimed, "Soldiers! from the summits of yonder pyramids forty centuries are watching your actions." It was this poetic temperament, united with almost superhuman activity and power, which made the soldiers of Napoleon love, with something like delirium, "*le petit corporal.*" The army was ready to follow him to the ends of the earth. His troops made ramparts of their own bodies to shield him from exploding shells.

It was about a year from this time when Charles, Louisa, Ferdinand, and Godoy were all appealing to Napoleon for help. Ferdinand was in prison for attempting to poison his parents; and both father and mother were thirsting for the blood of their son. Napoleon determined to avail himself of these dissensions to accomplish the purpose he had formed.

The populace of Madrid so thoroughly despised the king and queen, and so cordially hated Godoy, that they energetically espoused the cause of Ferdinand. They accused Godoy of plotting the ruin of the young prince by false accusations. The clamor of the gathering mob, incited by

Ferdinand and his partisans, swells as an ocean storm through the streets of the capital. Ten times ten thousand swarm on the *pavé*, and with knives and bludgeons congregate around the palace of the Prince of Peace. The king's troops parade with bayonets and gleaming sabers; but the officers dared not order them to charge the insurgents, for their sympathies were with the people. Godoy was hardly warned of the storm of popular indignation thus ready to burst upon him, when the tumult was thundering at his doors. The terrified favorite fled to the garret for concealment. He buried himself beneath a pile of old mats, thrown into the darkness of projecting chimneys, where spiders had for years woven their webs undisturbed. The miserable man has hardly got into his covert ere the tramp of the mob is heard upon the floor of his garret, and oaths and imprecations fall like Death's doom upon his ear. Each moment he anticipates as his last. Night comes. During the long, dark hours, the streets and the palace are full of the clamor of the intoxicated and maddened crowd. Godoy dares not stir. Day dawns. The tumult of the insurrection swells with the rising sun, and Godoy is afraid even to tremble. Hunger devours him; thirst tortures him. His limbs are cramped into almost unendurable agony; but detection is death. Night again comes. Still the enraged rioters shout through the gloom for Godoy. Thousands of eyes are searching for him, and thousands of knives are gleaming for vengeance. The night of almost insupportable anguish of body and mind lingers slowly away, and another morning dawns. Thus, for thirty-six hours, the wretched Godoy lies in his hiding-place, shivering with terror. But now, at length, thirst has become even more in-

tolerable than the fear of death. Faint and trembling, he creeps stealthily down stairs for water. A watchful eye detects him, and shouts the alarm. The cry resounds from street to street, and the masses, in confluent waves, roll on toward the palace. Godoy is seized and dragged into the streets. A few select mounted troops of the king cut their way through the throng with drawn sabers, as they ride down upon them for the rescue. Two dragoons seize Godoy by the arms, and drag him, suspended from their saddles between them, over the rough pavement, upon the full gallop. The roaring multitude come rushing in pursuit. Half dead with fright and bruises, Godoy is thrown for protection into the nearest prison, and the iron gates close upon him. Thus is he rescued.

The enraged populace, balked of their victim, paraded the streets, and wreaked their vengeance upon the dwellings and the furniture of the friends of the hated favorite. House after house was sacked; and here and there the ominous cry was heard, "*To the palace!*" Portentous threats began to arise against Charles and Louisa. The palace was filled with consternation. The panic-stricken king, to appease his insurgent subjects, issued a decree, banishing Godoy from the realm, and abdicating the throne in favor of his "well-beloved son Ferdinand." The people had triumphed, and Madrid was filled with rejoicing. Ferdinand exultingly, yet with coward fear, at the head of the mob, ascended the throne.

But Charles again, most imploringly, appeals to Napoleon for help. "I have resigned," he writes, "in favor of my son, because the din of arms and the clamor of my insurgent guards left me no alternative but resignation or death,

which would speedily be followed by that of the queen. I have been forced to abdicate, and have no longer any hope but in the aid and support of my magnanimous ally, the Emperor Napoleon."

Ferdinand also immediately wrote, with the utmost importunity, to secure from the Great Emperor the recognition of his lawful title to the throne of Spain. He spared no expressions of adulation, and no efforts of sycophancy, to obtain the support of that powerful will which he knew must be the arbiter of his fate. Napoleon despised father and son alike, and cautiously, yet energetically, moved on in his plan to eject them both from the throne. Ferdinand, hoping that by a personal interview he would be better able to secure the favor of the emperor, and lured by invitations from him, advanced, yet with great hesitation, and receiving many remonstrances from his people, step by step, till he crossed the Pyrenees, and met Napoleon at Bayonne, within the territory of France. Here he was detained by the most polite and magnificent, yet effectual imprisonment. He was treated with the utmost deference, surrounded by a splendid retinue, and sumptuously regaled. Napoleon studiously refrained from acknowledging him as king, but regarded him merely as a claimant of the throne. He must hear both parties before he can decide to whom the crown by right belongs. Charles was anxious to urge his claims, and, fearing the personal influence of Ferdinand upon the emperor, decided to go also to Bayonne to plead his own cause. Napoleon encouraged them to come, perfidiously say the English, adroitly say the French. Charles, Louisa, and Godoy consequently enter their luxurious carriages, taking with

them Carlos and Francisco, the two younger brothers of Ferdinand, and cross the Pyrenees. They are received by Napoleon with the utmost cordiality. The whole garrison, under arms, received them at the gates of Bayonne with royal honors. Napoleon, immediately upon their arrival, called to welcome them. Says Alison, "The old king met the emperor at the foot of the stair, and threw himself into his arms. Napoleon whispered in his ear, 'You will always find me, as you have done, your best and firmest friend.' Napoleon supported him under the arm as he ascended the stair, returning to the apartments. 'See, Louisa,' said the old king, 'he is carrying me.' Never had the emperor's manner appeared more gracious; never did he more completely impose, by the apparent sincerity of his kindness, upon the future victims of his perfidy."

Charles, enervated by years of vicious indulgence, desired only ease and facilities for luxurious dissipation. Napoleon immediately held a private interview with Charles, Louisa, and Godoy, and all three most cheerfully united in surrendering the uneasy crown of Spain to Napoleon, in consideration of a handsome castle, ample grounds for hunting, and money enough for the gratification of all their voluptuous desires. They thus enjoyed the opulence of royalty without its cares. All that Napoleon wanted was the care—the power. Personal indulgence had few charms for his energetic spirit. The ignoble trio, well pleased with this arrangement, retired to Italy, and slumbered away their remaining years in idleness and sensual excess.

Ferdinand and his brothers were, however, more reluctant to surrender the throne of their ancestors. Charles assailed them in the strongest language of vituperation, and

INTERVIEW WITH THE SPANISH PRINCES.

declared that he would institute proceedings against them as traitors if they refused. Louisa came down upon her son, before the astonished council, with Billingsgate eloquence, and for a time all were mute with astonishment in view of her amazing volubility. Poor Ferdinand seemed actually to dodge the sharp and cutting words which, like grape-shot, were rattling upon him from his mother's tongue. Napoleon now threw off all disguise, and assured Ferdinand that he would never allow a member of the house of Bourbon to occupy the throne of Spain. By the combined influence of promises and threats, he soon obtained from the three brothers the relinquishment, in his favor, of all their rights to the crown. Napoleon then terminated this strange scene by assigning to the three brothers the Castle of Valençay as their regal mansion.

A large assemblage of the Spanish nobles met at Bayonne, anxious to free their country from the disgraceful dynasty by which it was plunged into imbecility and shame, and to receive a monarch who could be respected. Joseph Bonaparte was a conscientious and worthy man; and had he remained quietly upon the throne of Spain to the present hour, millions would have had cause to rejoice. England, determined to crush Napoleon, roused the disaffected, deluged the Peninsula for years in the blood of a civil war, drove Joseph Bonaparte from the throne, and shouted with exultation as she replaced the crown upon the brow of that incarnation of stupidity, and treachery, and cruelty.

Napoleon's own account of this affair to Las Casas is in the following words: "Ferdinand offered, on his own account, to govern entirely at my devotion, as much so as the Prince of Peace had done in the name of Charles IV.;

and I must admit that, if I had fallen into their views, I should have acted much more prudently than I have actually done. When I found them all assembled at Bayonne, I found myself in command of much more than I could have ventured to hope for. The same occurred there as in many other events of my life, which have been ascribed to my policy, but, in fact, were owing to my good fortune. Here I found the Gordian knot before me. I cut it. I proposed to Charles IV. and the queen that they should cede to me their rights to the throne. They at once agreed to it; I had almost said voluntarily, so deeply were their hearts ulcerated toward their son, and so desirous had they and their favorite now become of security and repose. Ferdinand did not make any extraordinary resistance; neither violence nor menaces were employed against him; and if fear decided him, which I well believe was the case, it concerns him alone."

Ferdinand, immediately upon his accession to the throne, with perfidy unparalleled, commenced his "reign of terror." Violating all his most sacred promises and oaths, he banished from his realm the English, by whose blood his restoration had been accomplished, refused his people the Constitution he had solemnly promised them, and sent the purest patriots by hundreds and thousands to bleed upon the scaffold, or to die in exile upon the sands of Africa. Mercy had no appeal which could touch his heart. The gloom of the most relentless despotism settled down over the whole length and breadth of Spain, and now that once powerful and energetic monarchy is almost in a state of semi-barbarism, and England is groaning under the burden of the enormous debts accumulated in the prosecution of the Pen-

insular and its kindred wars. Spain presents to the traveler an aspect of widespread dreariness and desolation; and though, in all its natural advantages and resources, it is one of the most beautiful countries on the surface of the globe, a sparse and beggarly population of but about ten millions are now scattered over the neglected hills and vales of the Peninsula.

In the Castle of Valençay the three brothers were surrounded by all the appliances of opulence. They soon found, however, that their obsequious servants were also their vigilant guards, and that, though luxuriating in wealth and splendor, and free to prosecute their pleasure, they were, nevertheless, hopeless prisoners on the soil of France. Still they were well contented with their inglorious yet voluptuous lot; and their admiration of Napoleon was such, incredible as it may seem, that they were accustomed to celebrate his successive victories by illuminations and bonfires, at the expense of the woods of Valençay; at which the proprietor of the estate, Talleyrand, very bitterly complained. This is but another instance of the singular infatuation with which, as by a species of magic, Napoleon succeeded in making his very victims join eagerly in swelling the tide of his glory.

In 1814, after the Spanish princes had been five years at Valençay, came the downfall of Napoleon. Joseph Bonaparte, whom Napoleon had placed upon the throne of Spain, was driven from the kingdom. Ferdinand and his brothers were set at liberty, and with a magnificent retinue, and in regal splendor, returned to Spain. The degenerate Spaniards, with much apathy, received Ferdinand VII. to the throne of his ancestors. Professedly to accomplish this res-

toration, England had deluged the Peninsula with blood, and filled its overarching skies with the smoke of its smouldering cities. The restoration of the Bourbons to the throne of Spain was almost the greatest curse which could by any possibility have been inflicted upon the country. Napoleon thought only of national grandeur; the Bourbons thought of nothing but sensual gratification. Spain, through the impotence and degradation of the restored Bourbons, has fallen into the lowest abyss of national adversity.

Ferdinand married first his cousin Maria, a princess of Naples. She was a princess of high accomplishments, possessing a warm and confiding heart, an elevated spirit, and great independence of character. He soon got weary of his bride, and treated her with the grossest abuse and insults. His elevated rank did not meliorate in the least the coarseness and vulgarity of his mind. Like a sailor in a drunken brawl, he would assail his trembling spouse with the most profane and indecent language of vituperation. After five years of misery, the wretched princess died of poison, probably administered by her husband's hand. In three months from her death Ferdinand married Maria Isabel, a princess of Portugal. She, one year after her unhappy union, died miserably in a fit. A few months after her death the king took, for his third wife, Maria Amelia, a princess of Saxony. She endured him for ten sorrowful years, and then, weary of life, sunk into the grave. All three were childless. Ferdinand had now attained the age of forty-five years, and had no heir to inherit his throne. His constitution was exhausted by a dissolute life, and there seemed but little prospect that he could transmit the crown to any descendant of his own.

Should he die childless, the scepter would pass into the hands of his brother Carlos. This prince had become a fanatic monk, and the inmates of the cloisters and all the rigid religionists had espoused his cause. The brothers now were rivals, and implacable hostility toward each other had sprung up in their bosoms. Ferdinand, however, immediately sought another bride, and married a daughter of the King of Naples. Christina was an ambitious, frivolous, unprincipled girl of twenty, utterly devoid of conscience, and totally devoted to gayety and pleasure. Carlos and his party were bitterly opposed to this union; for, should the queen produce an heir to the throne, their hopes would all be dashed. The ministers of Ferdinand, in their solicitude, suggested to Christina that a law higher than that of ordinary morality rendered it essential that she should be the mother of their future king. Should she produce a son, during the minority of that child, upon the event of the death of Ferdinand, she would be regent, and thus would retain her regal power. Should the king, however, die, leaving no heir, Carlos, her implacable foe, would ascend the throne, and would exult in driving her back again into obscurity. Christina resolves that Carlos shall not thus triumph over her.

There was a private in the king's guard by the name of Munoz. He was the son of a tobacconist in Madrid, and entirely uneducated. He was, however, young and handsome; Ferdinand was old and ugly. The queen fixed her eye upon the well-proportioned dragoon, and, following the example of Louisa, made Munoz her Godoy. She received him to her entire confidence, and lavished upon him wealth and titles of nobility. Great was the excitement through-

out Spain when it was announced that an heir to the throne was expected. Carlos and his party were in consternation. The birth of a *son* would be the death-blow to all their hopes. Christina and her party exulted, and yet with trembling; for, should the child prove a daughter, the crown would still descend to Carlos. As, by the law of Spain, the crown could only be transmitted to male heirs, there was still a chance left for the Carlists.

While such was the posture of affairs, and all Spain was impatiently awaiting the issue, the political world at Madrid was suddenly electrified by the publication of a decree, in which the old law, limiting the succession to a male heir, was abrogated by an edict from the government, and the crown declared capable of descending to a *daughter* as well as to a son. The object of this edict was at once evident, as it effectually excluded Carlos from the throne. The Carlists, by this act, were roused to frenzy. They denied the right of the king to change an old and established law of the realm for the sake of keeping the crown in his own immediate family at the expense of the rights of another. They declared that they would deluge the kingdom in the blood of a civil war before they would submit to such a usurpation of power. The murmur of the rising tempest echoed along the base of the Pyrenees, and among the fastnesses of the Sierra Morena. Both parties were stimulated to more vigorous preparations for the approaching conflict by the announcement, on the 10th of October, 1830, that a daughter was born to the queen. This child was Isabella, the present Queen of Spain.

Ferdinand still lived, though trembling upon the borders of the grave. He appointed, upon the event of his death,

Christina as regent during the minority of the infant queen. Christina marshaled her troops and strengthened her fortresses to defend her own and her daughter's contested claims. The Carlists also gathered their strength to seize the crown, and place it upon the head of Carlos as soon as it should fall from the brow of the dying Ferdinand. Thus, through all the provinces of Spain, the clangor of arms was heard; and father and mother, brother and sister, arrayed themselves on different sides, in anticipation of the approaching conflict. A few months of intense and ever-increasing excitement thus passed away, when it was announced that the queen was again soon to become a mother. Hope upon the one side, and fear upon the other, again agitated every bosom in Spain. The birth of a son alone could save the nation from all the horrors of a civil war. Then Carlos would have no shadow of a claim to the throne. Now his claim was unquestionably as good as that of Isabella. An unprejudiced judge would probably decide in his favor. Soon, however, the birth of another daughter, Louisa, left the conflicting claims between Carlos and the infant Isabella unchanged. Neither party, however, could do any thing decisive to maintain their supposed rights to the crown while Ferdinand lived. Carlos, therefore, with his immediate family, withdrew to a castle in Portugal, where he impatiently awaited the death of his brother. His partisans, and those of Christina, were busy, in all parts of Spain, secretly making preparation for the strife which all saw to be inevitable.

When Isabella was three years of age, Ferdinand, to give additional strength to her claim, assembled the Cortes to take the oath of allegiance to her as their future sover-

eign. Those who were favorable to the claims of Carlos, of course, refused to heed the summons. The ceremony was fixed for the 20th of June, 1833. Madrid, for many years, had witnessed no festival so brilliant and imposing. The vast Plaza Mayor, in the capital, had been prepared for a magnificent *bull-fight* in honor of the occasion. The ancient forms, and customs, and costume of the nation were scrupulously revived. The Spanish grandees exhibited themselves with every possible display of pomp and ostentation, and the city was resplendent with gorgeous equipages, and satin robes, and nodding plumes. Night overtook the vast assemblage in the midst of their festivities, when, suddenly, the flash of millions of torches, illuminating every dwelling and every spire, threw noon-day light upon the carousing multitude. The pale and feeble Isabella gazed with childish wonder upon this scene of barbaric enchantment. As she listened to the oaths of allegiance which rent the skies when she was presented as the future Queen of Spain, little did she imagine the oceans of blood with which the nation was, in consequence, to be deluged, and the woes with which her own heart was to be lacerated. Upon this scene Carlos and his adherents gazed in sullen silence, biding their time.

At last the dying hour of Ferdinand came, presenting such a scene as has rarely, if ever before, been presented on earth. In the interior of the palace, on the royal couch, lay, moaning and paralyzed, the dying king. All the appliances of opulence embellished the regal apartment; but haggard death was there, pronouncing its sentence of vanity and mockery upon all terrestrial splendor. A wretched life had arrived at its most mournful termination. The pitiable old

man, old in infirmity and vice, tortured by pain, and lashed by an avenging conscience, trembled as he approached the dread tribunal of his Judge. Angry disputants surrounded the pillow of death, and the groans of the dying were drowned by the vociferation of enraged relatives. The crown was falling from the brow of Ferdinand, and his death-struggles were unheeded, as those around him eagerly grasped at the glittering prize. As the storm swells into the louder and more vehement language of vituperation and abuse, the king, bewildered by the unearthly clamor, turns upon his thorny bed, and groans with inexpressible agony. The exasperated disputants, totally regardless of the dying monarch, seize each other by the collar and by the hair. Oaths are vollied forth, blows interchanged, and knives gleam over the bed of death. In the fierce struggle, they reel to and fro through the room, and stagger against the couch, and almost upon the body of the dying king. The noise of the clamor penetrates the most distant apartments of the palace, and others are collected to mingle in the fray. The robust child, Louisa, is declared by an eye-witness to have come rushing from the nursery, and, seeing one of her favorites discomfited by a more powerful assailant, with puny fist, but with more formidable tooth and nail, to have played a conspicuous part in the peril of the fray. At length the combatants are separated, and, furious, almost foaming with rage, leave the death-chamber. The expiring monarch apparently falls asleep. Some one goes to awake him. Ferdinand is dead. O! how much is there in that one word DEAD! What awful visions rise of judgment, eternity, and retribution. Such was death in the palace. The mind shrinks back appalled from following the career

of such a spirit amid the self-enveloping gloom with which it enters upon futurity.

The death of Ferdinand was the signal for the grasping of arms, and the direful clang and uproar of war. For many years the two parties had been preparing for this crisis, and now, with most merciless fury, each hurled itself upon the other. Spain was about equally divided in favor of the claims of Isabella and of Carlos. The flame of civil war instantaneously burst forth with most sanguinary violence all over the Peninsula. Cities were sacked, villages burned, and harvests trampled by the rush of armies. All industry was paralyzed; robbery and violence were rampant, and every stream was crimsoned with blood. All Spain was desolated with scenes of unimaginable woe. Now the armies of Carlos swept victoriously over a province, and the soldiers glut their appetites and wreak their vengeance upon the families adhering to Christina. Again the partisans of Isabella gain the ascendency, and with refluent wave surge back over the blood-deluged and smouldering plains, retaliating with augmented ferocity upon the brothers and the maidens of the supporters of Carlos. Bands of robbers, under the guise of guerilla soldiers, prowl every where, now calling themselves Carlists and now Christinists, and they plunder and violate the unprotected without discrimination. No home is sacred; no castle affords protection; no mountain fastness can furnish a hiding place for person or property.

At one time the fortune of war decided in favor of Carlos, and, with his exulting troops, as King of Spain, he marched toward Madrid. The Regent Christina flies in dismay and despair. Again the scene changes. By a suc-

cessful surprise, the intoxicated, rabble band of Carlos was dispersed, and he fled, a fugitive among the mountains, alone and in disguise, dodging the bullets of his foes as he leaped from crag to crag. And now Christina, with vain-glorious trumpets and flaunting banners, enters her capital in triumph, vaunting the entire demolition of the Carlists. But the political kaleidoscope is again turned, and Christina, burdened with the jewels she has grasped, is seen fleeing over the Pyrenees to take refuge in France. Thus for ten or twelve years miserable Spain was surrendered to the crimes and woes of civil war. The national spirit was transformed into the ferocity of the bloodhound. Pity had fled from the hearts of men. The wail of the widow and the orphan mingled with the shouts of onset and the cries of the dying. Carlos, the fanatic monk, was the representative of civil and religious despotism. All the inmates of the cloisters rallied around his banner. Austria, Russia, and Rome, the three most terrible despotisms in Europe, encouraged his claims. The cause of Isabella was espoused by those who were the friends of a higher degree of civil and religious liberty. They called the Carlists *fanatics*, and were called, in return, atheists and infidels. England and France were friendly to the cause of Isabella. Foreign governments, however, did not lead their armies into the conflict, but left the Spaniards to settle the quarrel with their own knives.

Such were the scenes in the midst of which Isabella's infancy was nurtured. The clamor of war was the lullaby of her cradle. During all these years of strife, the young queen dwelt, an unhappy child, in the palaces of Spain, against which the storms of civil dissension were incessant-

ly and mercilessly beating. The most implacable hostility rankled in the bosoms of the different members of the royal family. Isabella was soon embroiled in a quarrel with her sister Louisa. The mother of Isabella was a selfish and unnatural woman, unsusceptible of an emotion of pure affection for her child, and seeking only her own aggrandizement and sensual gratification. One half of the nation wished the young queen dead. Thus nurtured, hardly a pure thought or a kindly emotion was ever excited in her heart. Unloving and unbeloved, neither sunrise nor twilight brought one peaceful ray upon the heart of the wretched Isabella. Neither the summer morning nor the winter evening brought any joy to the palaces of Spain.

Her unnatural and abandoned mother had several other children, the acknowledged offspring of Munoz. She endeavored to veil the ignominy of their birth by surrounding them with the most dazzling splendors of opulence. To do this, she robbed the revenues of Spain. To elevate them from the stigma which their mother's dishonor reflected upon them, Christina even purloined the jewels and stripped the wardrobe of Isabella At one time, when Christina fled before her enemies into France, she seized every species of property within her reach, and the young queen was left absolutely destitute of her necessary clothing.

Grasping avarice stood out prominently among the innumerable vices of Ferdinand. During his whole reign he was feloniously appropriating the revenues of the kingdom to his own private purse. He died enormously rich. His property, invested in stocks all over the world, was estimated at forty millions of dollars. Christina probably contrived to destroy the will, as none could be found, and

adroitly contrived to grasp the property herself. But even this vast sum did not satiate that thirst for wealth which, once thoroughly roused, never can be assuaged. Christina rapidly augmented the sum by a systematic pillage of the revenues of her child, the youthful queen. While the troops who were fighting her battles were barefooted and starving, this shameless wanton turned a deaf ear to their sufferings, that she might conceal, under the dazzling exterior of luxury and splendor, the children resting under the stigma of a dishonored birth. These children now appear among the grandees of Spain, crowding the courts of Isabella. Squandering the almost inexhaustible treasures accumulated by Ferdinand's avarice and Christina's pride, they revel in more than princely pageantry. Titles of nobility and offices of emolument and influence are conferred upon them; cringing courtiers wait upon their nod; and the once proud and powerful Castilian nobles condescend to court their smiles.

In the midst of all these scenes of crime, and war, and woe, Christina and the courts of Europe were intriguing for a husband for the hapless Isabella. England, France, and Austria each had a bridegroom to urge upon the passive princess; and yet neither of these powers would consent that either of the others should have the benefit of such an alliance. At last it was decided to compromise the question. All abandoned their claims, and they agreed to force upon Isabella a husband so weak and impotent that none need fear his influence. Francisco, Isabella's youngest uncle, had two sons, Enrique and Francisco. The only difference between the two was, that while the elder was coarse, brutal, energetic, and unblushing in atheism and

vice, the younger was imbecile, silly, and mean in his besotted temper. Isabella preferred Enrique, if she must take one of the two. It was, however, decided that Francisco must be her spouse. His imbecile mind, and feeble person, and squeaking voice, excited her utter contempt. For a time she flatly refused to surrender herself to one whom her soul loathed. She wept, she stormed, she declared that she would sooner die than wed Francisco.

One night, her unnatural mother and a crafty minister took the weeping, agonized child of sixteen into an inner chamber of the palace, to constrain her consent. The imperious mother, with her conspiring counselor, first tried the efficacy of threats upon the unprotected child. Finding them unavailing, she turned to entreaties and tears. Thus, with expostulations, and solicitations, and menaces, the long hours of the night passed away, and day dawned upon the pale and tearful cheek of Isabella, before she would give her consent to receive the despised Francisco for her husband. At last, worn out with exhaustion and despair, she resisted no longer, and submitted herself to the outrage. Fearing lest she might again summon resolution to rebel, the marriage was hastily consummated. But hardly was the irrevocable tie formed, before Isabella's repugnance to her spouse became so absolutely insupportable that she could not even endure his presence. Both were proud and irascible. They quarreled; they separated. Again they attempted to live near each other; again the total want of congeniality, and invincible disgust on the part of Isabella, drove them asunder. Our sympathies strongly incline us to represent Isabella as an amiable, pensive, and gentle child, fading away before the blight of un-

timely sorrow. Truth, however, compels us to admit that she is imperious, irritable, and masculine. She is the child of ungovernable passions, and is wrecked, both in body and soul, by a life of joylessness. She possesses nothing but her sorrows to win our love. How could it be otherwise? Her father was one of the most worthless wretches who ever disgraced a throne. Her mother was an intriguing, unprincipled, abandoned woman. From infancy, Isabella has breathed as polluting a moral atmosphere as it is possible for one to inhale. It would, indeed, be a miracle, were one, born of such parents and reared in such a home, to possess the graces of a refined and lovely spirit. The wreck and ruin of her own *heart* are even more desolating and more to be commiserated than the external calamities which have enveloped her in glooms which apparently never can be dissipated. Isabella has no resources within for consolation. *She never has been, and never can be loved.* Earth has no heavier doom than this.

A recent traveler in Spain gives the following account of the appearance of the royal family just before the marriage of Isabella: "This being Sunday, I had an excellent opportunity of seeing the royal family of Spain at their devotions. The royal chapel in the palace is open to the public, and I entered without question shortly after noon. I had not long to wait. The service commenced at one o'clock; and a few moments before that hour, Christina and her two daughters, Isabella and Louisa, entered the small royal chamber in front of the altar, and immediately knelt down to take part in the service. All three were dressed in black, and wore nothing on the head but mantillas. Queen Isabella is grown a little taller and much

plumper. In fact, she inclines so much to *embonpoint*, that I should not be surprised if in the course of a few years she should rival Donna Maria of Portugal. Ever since her infancy, Isabella's gait has partaken a good deal of an ungainly waddle, a common failing among the Spanish Bourbons; and, now that she manifests so strong a tendency toward corpulency, her dancing is not the most pleasing spectacle. Thus, at the court ball, when Francisco danced with her, she astonished the spectators with something like elephantine gambolings. Her face is not improved, the lower parts presenting a still more marked resemblance to the portraits of Ferdinand VII. Her eyes are bright colored and not unpleasing. The contour of her face is perfectly round, and, with rather a sharp nose, gives her something of the aspect of those physiognomies which decorate ancient china tea-cups. The mantilla, however, became her well; I think better than the Parisian bonnet and mignon parasol which she sports in her carriage on the Prado. Queen Isabella is by no means deficient in abilities, being endowed with a prodigious memory—with a deal of cunning, at least, if not of judgment. She is likewise fond of raillery, and has a good deal of sarcastic wit, with which she peppers her *amanti*, Don Francisco, considerably. I am assured that, with all her defects, she is high-minded and queenly, and has many noble qualities, and I trust she may develop them progressively, as she grows older, for the welfare and prosperity of Spain.

"Her sister Louisa does not improve in appearance as she grows up. Her infantine graces have merged somewhat into coarseness, but she may still be almost regarded as beautiful. Her features, like her mother's, are longer

and more Italian than her sister's, and her complexion purer. Her grace of attitude and movement is remarkable, a quality which she inherits exclusively from Christina. She is certainly a charming young person, and looks wonderfully well in her dark crape dress and mantilla. She was born on the 30th of January, 1832. Whether Montpensier lose the inheritance of Spain or not, he will have found in her an enchanting wife, and France a princess who will look to advantage even by the side of De Joinville's Brazilian beauty. It is commonly reported that there is no Bourbon blood in Louisa's veins. She is probably the daughter of Montez.

"Christina, who seemed even to outdo her daughters in devotion, and joined in the service with much fervor, is evidently breaking up. Her face is beginning to wear a somewhat haggard expression, and her figure to lose its graceful and rounded contour. The unremitting toils of intrigue have stolen on her nocturnal hours, and the atmosphere of political manœuver, out of which she can not exist, has paled the roses which once adorned her cheek, and cast a deeper shade upon her brow."

The masculine character of Isabella's mind is disclosed by the amusements in which she chiefly delights. The palace of La Granja is her ordinary home. Her mornings are spent in equestrian exercises, drives, shooting, and fishing. Her evenings are generally devoted to music, of which she is very fond. She may often be seen among the foremost riders in the stag-hunt, or even pursuing the boar, and she is greatly delighted when she succeeds in wounding the animal with her own hand. She may often be seen in the grand *alleé* of the park, preceded by two soldiers, and fol-

lowed by four equerries, dashing by in her phaeton, drawn by four beautiful Andalusian ponies, which she guides and urges to their most rapid speed with the most perfect coolness and self-possession.

An officer of her household was not long ago thrown from a very spirited and restive horse, and killed. Isabella ordered the animal to be brought into the court-yard of the palace. She mounted him, and rode for some time around the yard at all paces, perfectly controlling the high-mettled charger. Alighting from his back, she coolly remarked, "The animal is well enough. The officer deserved to be killed! he did not know how to ride."

Isabella's sister, Louisa, was a few months ago married, when fourteen years of age, to the Duke of Montpensier, the youngest son of Louis Philippe. This marriage produced very great excitement throughout Europe, and roused the most vigorous, though unavailing, remonstrances on the part of England. Should Isabella die childless, Louisa will ascend the throne. And thus the son of Louis Philippe will be the husband of the queen. Of course, the two kingdoms, had not Louis Philippe been ejected from his throne, would have been most intimately allied, and the cabinet of Versailles would have had great influence in the councils of Spain. Indeed, it was more than possible that the crowns of the two kingdoms of France and Spain, as in the case of Castile and Aragon, would have descended upon one brow. This would fearfully destroy the "balance of power" in Europe. England was extremely jealous of this influence, and was ready to wage war with France, rather than have a son of Louis Philippe marry the Queen of Spain. Isabella would have liked, it is said, that connection.

The following extract from Blackwood's Magazine will show the angry spirit with which England contemplated this marriage: "With Louisa less trouble was requisite. It needed no great persuasive art to induce a child of fourteen to accept a husband as willingly as she would have done a doll. Availing himself of the moment when the legislative chambers of England, France, and Spain had suspended their sittings—although, as regards those of the latter country, this mattered little, composed as they are of venal hirelings—the French king achieved his grand stroke of policy, the project on which, there can be little doubt, his eyes had for years been fixed. His load of promises and pledges, whether contracted at Eu or elsewhere, encumbered him little. They were a fragile commodity, a brittle merchandise, more for show than use, easily hurled down and broken. Striding over their shivered fragments, the Napoleon of Peace bore his last unmarried son to the goal long marked out by the paternal ambition. The consequences of the successful race troubled him little. What cared he for offending a powerful ally and personal friend. The arch schemer made light of the fury of Spain, of the discontent of England, of the opinion of Europe. He paused not to reflect how far his Machiavelian policy would degrade him in the eyes of many with whom he had previously passed for wise and good, as well as shrewd and far-sighted. Paramount to these considerations was the gratification of his dynastic ambition. For that he broke his plighted word, and sacrificed the good understanding between the governments of two great countries. The monarch of the barricades, the *Roi Populaire*, the chosen sovereign of the men of July, at last plainly showed, what

some had already suspected, that the aggrandizement of his family, not the welfare of France, was the object he chiefly coveted. Conviction may later come to him—perhaps it has already come—that *le jeu ne valoit pas la chandelle*, the game was not worth the wax-lights consumed in playing it, and that his present bloodless victory must sooner or later have sanguinary results. That this may not be the case, we ardently desire; that it will be, we can not doubt. The peace of Europe may not be disturbed—pity that it should in such a quarrel—but for poor Spain we foresee, in the Montpensier alliance, a gloomy perspective of foreign domination and still-recurring revolution.

"A word or two respecting the king-consort of Spain, Don Francisco. We have already intimated that, as a Spanish Bourbon, he may pass muster. 'Tis saying very little. A more pitiful race than these same Bourbons of Spain surely the sun never shone upon. In vain does one seek among them a name worthy of respect. What a list to cull from! The feeble and imbecile Charles the Fourth; Ferdinand, the cruel and treacherous, the tyrannical and profligate; Carlos, the bigot and the hypocrite; Francisco, the incapable. Nor is the rising generation an improvement on the declining one. Certainly Don Francisco is no favorable specimen, either physically or morally, of the young Bourbon blood. For the sake of the country whose queen is his wife, we would gladly think well of him, gladly recognize in him qualities worthy of the descendant of a line of kings. It is impossible to do so. The evidence is too strong the other way. He accepted the hand reluctantly placed in his, became a king by title, but remained, what he ever must be in reality, a zero."

The probability, however, now is, that Louisa will soon ascend the throne. Isabella looks care-worn and haggard. Wretchedness has broken down her constitution, and epilepsy, one of the most awful diseases to which the human frame is subject, is apparently hurrying her to the grave. It is now most probable that her sorrowful life will soon be terminated by death. Indeed, it is alleged that the ministry of Madrid are on the point of declaring their sovereign incompetent to reign, and of recommending to the Cortes the regency of Louisa. The kingdom is filled with stories of her discreditable demeanor, and of her bickerings with her spouse. England has been calling loudly for the queen's divorce, hoping that another union may be more successful, and that heirs of Isabella may yet prevent a son of Louis Philippe from being queen-consort. The dethronement of Louis Philippe, for the present, allays these fears. But monarchy is not yet dead in France.

The death of Isabella, without issue, would probably be the signal not only for the outbreak of civil war in Spain, but it might also involve all Europe in hostilities. The Carlists would immediately present their claims to the throne, sustained by England, Austria, and Russia. Louis Philippe, with his armies, would, of course, have sustained the cause of Louisa. There is no kingdom of Europe now in a state of deeper depression, or whose prospect for the future is more gloomy, than that of Spain. What combinations are to be presented by the new turn recently given to the political kaleidoscope, no one can tell.

And yet, were it not for foreign interference, Spain, under the nominal reign of Louisa, with the Duke of Montpensier as her counselor, would unquestionably be far bet-

ter governed than she has been for many ages. The duke is a young man of elevated character and education. He has seen much of the world, and, with peculiarly conciliating and affable manners, has great energy of purpose and action. He undoubtedly would be able to accomplish much toward the redemption of Spain from the degradation into which she has fallen. Perhaps the greatest calamity this wretched nation has ever experienced was inflicted upon her by the armies of England, in driving Joseph Bonaparte from the throne, and placing in his stead Ferdinand VII.

The national pride of the Spaniards, however, causes many of them to be unwilling to have a Frenchman so near the throne, and the desire to preserve the balance of power in Europe will induce other nations to combine to support the claims of the Carlist party. Louisa must, therefore, probably ascend the throne, upon whose step she has already placed her foot, over the dead bodies of thousands of her countrymen, and perhaps not until after the flames of war shall have desolated Europe.

When Montpensier, about a year ago, on his way from Paris to Madrid, arrived on the banks of Bidassoa, he did not think it prudent to adventure himself across the frontier, upon the territory of Spain, with his unarmed yet splendid retinue. Low murmurs had reached his ear of threats of assassination. Guerilla bands, with sharpened stilettoes, were lurking among the defiles of the mountains. The impatient prince looked wistfully over the hazy plains of the south, and waited for an escort. Enveloped in an armed band of two thousand steel-clad dragoons, the imposing cavalcade swept like a whirlwind over hill and dale. Upon his arrival in Madrid a hurried wedding ensued. The

marriage feast was quickly terminated, and Louisa was borne in triumph to Paris. She was there received with the warmest congratulations of the royal family. Montpensier has recently purchased a magnificent palace in Madrid, and architects and workmen are now busily employed in embellishing it with all the splendors of art. He is soon to take up his residence in the capital of Spain, to identify himself with the country of his adoption, and to be at hand to lead Louisa to the throne as soon as her sister falls from it. Probably Louisa longs, with childish ambition, to be a queen. But when the crown shall press her brow, she may have cause to envy the condition of the humblest gipsy who wanders through her realms. There is, probably, hardly a mud hovel in Spain, which, during the last fifty years, has been the scene of so much wretchedness as the imperial chambers of the Escurial and La Granja.

Isabella has many magnificent mansions among which to choose her residence. Her own fortune and the revenues of her kingdom enable her to live in a style of great magnificence. The Escurial is perhaps the most celebrated palace in Spain, or on the continent of Europe. It is situated among the wild and somber scenery of the old Castilian mountains, about twenty-two miles from Madrid. This enormous palace, seven hundred and forty feet in length, by five hundred and eighty feet in breadth, was reared by Philip II., in the middle of the sixteenth century, at an expense of about fifty millions of dollars. Philip, austere, gloomy, and fanatical, selected this wild and gloomy mountain fastness as the site of his palace, and reared the regal mansion in the form of a *gridiron*, in commemoration of

the instrument of the martyrdom of St. Lawrence. The embellishments of more modern kings, and the luxuriant foliage of trees and shrubbery, have now invested even this uncouth order of architecture with a kind of venerable beauty. Four towers, at the angles, represent the legs of the gridiron. The apartments of the enormous pile especially devoted to the residence of the reigning monarch, constitute the handle of the gridiron. The Spanish description of this structure forms a large quarto volume. It is stated that there are eleven thousand doors. This may be an exaggeration; and yet the enormous edifice, with its cupola, its domes, its towers, its chapel, library, painting-gallery and college, mausoleum, cloisters, regal saloons, apartments for domestics and artisans, its parks, gardens, walks, and fountains, constitutes almost a city by itself. A statue of St. Lawrence is over the grand entrance, with a gilt gridiron in his hands.

Spacious reservoirs, constructed upon the neighboring mountains, collect the water, conveyed by aqueducts, to supply ninety-two fountains. A very beautiful road, about one mile in length, fringed with lofty elms and lindens, is the avenue to this magnificent palace; and a subterranean corridor of equal length, arched with stone, connects the edifice with the neighboring village.

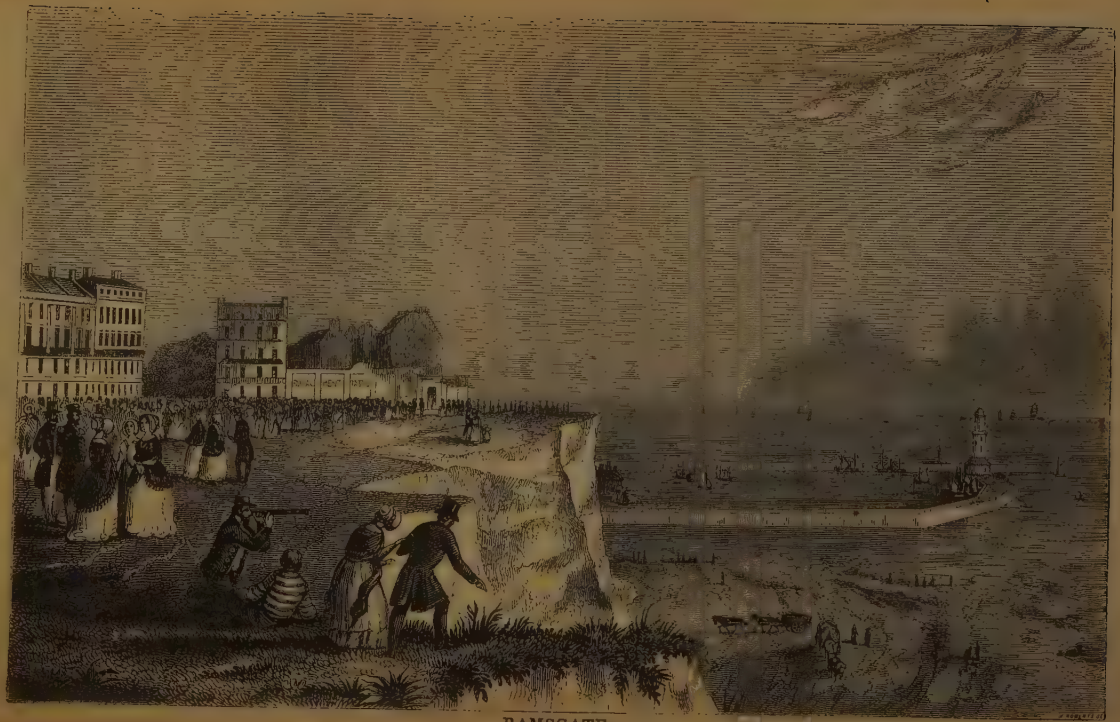
Underneath the building is the subterranean chamber called the Pantheon, the burying-place of the royal family. It is a very magnificent apartment, circular in its form, thirty-six feet in diameter, its walls incrusted with the most beautiful and highly-polished marble. Here repose the moldering remains of the Spanish monarchs. Their bodies lie in marble tombs, one above another. A long,

arched stair-way, lined with polished marble, beautifully veined, conducts to this mausoleum, far below the surface of the earth. A magnificent chandelier, suspended from the ceiling, is lighted upon extraordinary occasions, and sheds noon-day brilliance upon this grand yet gloomy mansion of the dead. The labor of many years was devoted to the construction of this sepulcher.

For nearly three hundred years the domes and towers of this monument of Spanish grandeur and superstition have withstood the storms which have swept the summer and wrecked the winter's sky. Many generations of kings, with their accumulated throng of courtiers, have, like ocean tides, ebbed and flowed through these halls. But now the Escurial is but a memorial of the past, neglected and forgotten. Two hundred monks, like the spirits of dead ages, creep noiselessly through its cloisters, and the pensive melody of their matins and vespers float mournfully through their deserted halls. Here have been witnessed scenes of revelry and scenes of fanaticism—the spirit of sincere though misguided piety, and the spirit of reckless and heaven-defying crime, such as few earthly abodes have ever exhibited. The fountains still throw up their beautiful jets, but the haughty cavaliers and the high-born maidens and dames who once thronged them have disappeared, and the pensive friar, in sackcloth and hempen girdle, sits in solitude upon the moss-grown stone. The blaze of illuminations once gleamed from those windows and corridors, and night was turned to day as songs and dances resounded through hall, and bower, and grove. Now midnight comes with midnight's silence, and solitude, and gloom, and naught is to be seen but here and there the glimmer

of some faint taper from the cell where the penitent monk keeps his painful vigils. The jewelry, and the flaunting robes of fashion, and the merry peals which have ushered the bridal party, have passed away, and now the convent bell but calls world-renouncing, joyless hearts to the hour of prayer, or tolls the knell, as, in the shades of night, the remains of some departed brother are borne, with twinkling torches and funereal chants, to their burial. Such is now the Escurial. And yet how many are there, weary of the world, with crushed hearts and dead hopes, who would gladly find, in these dim cloisters, a refuge from the storms of life. Here soon, beneath this marble canopy, the body of the hapless Isabella will molder to the dust. May God grant, that when the trump of the archangel shall awake her from the long sleep of the grave, she may arise to sit upon a more exalted throne, and to wear a brighter crown than mortal mind hath ever conceived.

VICTORIA.



RAMSGATE.

Victoria.

THE present Queen of England is one of those happy individuals whose tranquil life has presented but few incidents to gratify that love of the marvelous which so often constitutes the charm of biography. It is very seldom that one, whose misfortune it is to inherit a throne, meets with years so peaceful, so uneventful, as has been the lot of Victoria. Sunny skies have overarched her, and flowers have decked her path, and scarcely has one stormy day yet checkered the scenes of her tranquil pilgrimage. It is a problem which can not be solved until the light of another world shall illumine our minds, why Victoria and Isabella are led through such different paths: the one dwelling in a region of purity, and love, and joy, the other surrounded with every curse but poverty to embitter existence.

George III. was the father of fourteen children. His oldest son, many years before the death of his father, in consequence of the insanity of that venerable king, reigned as prince regent. Upon the death of his father, the Prince of Wales ascended the throne as George IV. By his marriage with the unhappy Caroline he had one daughter, his only heir. This daughter, the beloved and lamented Charlotte, about one year after her marriage to Prince Leopold, now King of Belgium, died, with her infant child. Thus the line of George IV. became extinct.

Upon the death of George, his next brother William as-

cended the throne. He was a frank, blunt, honest-hearted sailor, whose character had been formed, and whose education had been acquired, on ship-board. William IV. reigned but a few years, and died also childless; and thus his line became extinct. The crown then would have descended to the third brother, Edward, duke of Kent; but, about eighteen years before the death of William, Edward had suddenly died, a few months only after his marriage, leaving an infant daughter, Alexandrina Victoria, but eight months of age, to inherit all the rights and privileges which might pertain to him. This little girl was, of course, regarded, during all the reign of William, as the heiress of the British throne. She now, universally respected and beloved, occupies that throne as Queen Victoria I.

Edward, the Duke of Kent, was an honest, sincere, warm-hearted man, of very simple habits, strongly attached to the quiet enjoyments of domestic life, and so republican in his political tendencies as to incur the displeasure of his kingly father. His income was so small, that he was often mortified by his inability to sustain that style of living befitting his rank. Many of the young nobility, who were necessarily his associates, far surpassed him in equipage and general splendor. Perhaps this necessity for economizing contributed to give him those home habits, and that reflective and studious turn of mind, which adorned his character. He was very benevolent toward the poor, and had a heart feelingly alive to all the sorrows of humanity. He was, consequently, much beloved by his acquaintances, though not much known. He was, however, openly allied with the opposition to his father's government.

"At a public dinner, the Duke of Kent, in glancing at his

own position, remarked: 'I am a friend of civil and religious liberty, all the world over. I am an enemy to all religious tests. I am a supporter of a general system of education. All men are my brethren, and I hold that power is only delegated for the benefit of the people. These principles are not popular just now; that is, they do not conduct to place or office. *All* the members of the royal family do not hold the same principles. For this I do not blame them; but we claim for ourselves the right of thinking and acting as we think best, and we proclaim ourselves members of his majesty's loyal opposition.'"

Victoria Maria Louisa, daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and sister to Leopold, the present King of Belgium, became the bride of Edward. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg is of one of the most ancient and illustrious families of Europe. There are few of the nobility of this world who can trace their lineage further back into the obscurity of past ages. But "blood in the veins" is not "money in the purse," and, unfortunately, this illustrious family is comparatively poor. When Victoria Maria was but sixteen years of age, she was married to the Prince of Leinengen. He had wealth and rank, was forty-four years of age, and had hardly a redeeming quality to compensate for dissolute habits and an absolutely hateful mind and heart. This union abounded in wretchedness. The young princess, sacrificed to this unfeeling debauchee, was soon abandoned by her husband to entire neglect, and was rendered the victim of his unceasing petulance and cruelty. She thus passed many years of unspeakable sorrow. Her gentle mind and affectionate heart were crushed by the magnitude of her calamity. Her sorrows, however, were borne with

the greatest meekness and submission. Her sweet disposition and gentle manners won all hearts except that of her uncongenial spouse. He, apparently, was incapable of an emotion of generous affection. Fifteen joyless years thus lingered away, when she was relieved, by his death, from the chains imposed upon her. Great must be those griefs which can find, even in the desolations of widowhood, a solace.

The Duke of Kent met this lady, a young widow of thirty, and, attracted by her loveliness of person and mind, and by her congeniality of taste, sought her for his bride. They were married two years after the death of her first husband. She came to England as the Duchess of Kent, and found, in a modest competence for persons of such distinguished rank, a happy home. A year of great enjoyment fled on its swiftest wings. The heartless conduct of her former spouse had prepared the Duchess of Kent to appreciate the domestic habits, and warm affections, and literary tastes of her second husband. On the 29th of May, 1819, their mutual happiness was greatly increased by the birth of a daughter, Alexandrina Victoria, the present Queen of England. This child was immediately recognized as the heiress to the throne of England. Of course, her birth added still more to the public importance of her parents. Just eight months after the birth of Victoria, her father was suddenly taken sick, and died in less than two years from the period of his marriage. The Duchess of Kent watched with the most intense anxiety and affection around the couch of her husband, and, when he breathed his last, the blow was so severe that it was for some time doubted whether she would long survive the dreadful shock. A few hours of

sunshine had illumined her darkened path, and now the gloom of midnight again settled around her. A committee from the House of Commons was deputed to present an address of condolence to the bereaved widow. The duchess, holding the infant Victoria in her arms, with weeping eyes and a bursting heart, met the deputation. All cheeks were bedewed with tears as she mournfully presented to them the smiling but unconscious babe as their future sovereign, and assured them of her determination to consecrate all her energies to prepare her child for the distinguished situation she was destined to fill.

It is a little remarkable, that when Victoria was born, though George III. had six sons, and most of them somewhat advanced in life, no one of them had a child. Charlotte, the only daughter of the Prince of Wales, had died two years before the birth of Victoria. The eyes, consequently, of all England were directed to this princess, and much solicitude was felt and expressed that her moral, intellectual, and physical education should be properly secured. Great was the excitement produced when it was stated that the nursery windows of the royal child had been broken by shot from the guns of some boys who were shooting birds near the royal residence, and that the shot passed directly over the head of the princess. It was, indeed, a narrow escape, and shows how futile are all earthly precautions unless there is the interposition of a higher hand than that of man.

The Duchess of Kent was a very intelligent and superior woman. She did not seclude the royal infant from the observation of the public, but accustomed her to walks and rides where she could be seen, and where she would see the

common people. Much attention was paid to her physical culture, that, with a vigorous constitution, she might be prepared to encounter the trials to which all, whatever may be their lot, must be subjected. She was, in her early years, a frail and delicate child, but extremely active in her habits, of a joyous temperament, fond of all sports and games, and of an inquiring mind. She was not educated as a petted favorite, but was inured to hard study, exposed to fatigue, and habituated to constant industry.

She early evinced a taste for the beauties and sublimities of nature, a taste which she still cherishes and cultivates. On one occasion, when too young to express her ideas in words, she called her uncle Clarence to the window to share with her the exuberant joy she felt in witnessing a beautiful sunset scene.

Other anecdotes were related of her, which were read with much avidity by the English public, and which show that she was a sprightly and interesting child. She was once with her mother making a visit to Wentworth House. The party were strolling through the beautiful gardens, admiring the shrubbery and the flowers. The active little princess was running in advance of the rest, in very sportive mood, when the gardener cautioned her not to go down a particular walk. "The ground is damp and *slape*," said the gardener. "Slape! slape!" with great volubility, inquired the little princess; "and, pray, what is slape?" "Very slippery, miss—your royal highness, ma'am," replied the gardener. "Oh! that's all," she rejoined; and, quite regardless of the caution, she went skipping over the treacherous descent. She had not, however, proceeded far, before her feet slipped from under her, and she rolled down

the declivity. She rose from her fall with a sadly-soiled frock, and not a little abashed by the mishap. The noble owner of the grounds, being at but a short distance from the party, had observed the whole occurrence, and, perceiving that Victoria was not injured at all by the accident, laughed most heartily, and exclaimed, "Now your royal highness has received an explanation of the word *slape* both theoretically and practically." "Indeed I have, my lord," rejoined the good-natured princess; "and I think that I shall never forget the meaning of the word *slape*."

It is related of her, that when she first commenced taking lessons upon the piano-forte, she was very weary of the monotonous hours which she was under the necessity of devoting to fingering and at the gamut. She was informed that all her future success in that delightful accomplishment depended upon being perfect mistress of her piano.

"Oh! I am to be mistress of my piano, am I?" asked the ingenuous girl. To which inquiry it was replied, "Undoubtedly."

"Then what would you think of me if I became mistress at once?" continued the princess.

"That would be impossible. There is no royal road to music. Experience and great practice are essential."

"Oh! there is no royal road to music, eh? No royal road? And I am not mistress of my piano-forte? But I will be, I assure you; and the royal road is this!" at the same moment closing her piano, locking it, and taking the key. "There! that's being mistress of the piano! and the royal road to learn is, never to take a lesson till you're in the humor to do it."

Those present laughed heartily, and in a few minutes the lesson was resumed.

On another occasion, when on a visit at Bushey Park, her royal highness was cautioned that a dog which she was fond of caressing could not always be relied on, and that his temper was most uncertain. Confiding in her character, and attached to dumb animals, she continued to show him kindness; but Growler at length forgot his good manners, and made a snap at the princess's hand. The person who had cautioned her was on the spot at the time, and looked with anxiety to know the result.

"Oh! thank you, thank you," said the princess; "you are right, and I am wrong. But he did not bite me; he only warned me. I shall be careful in future."

These anecdotes, though possessing no special interest, exhibit the youthful queen in the pleasing light of an amiable, intelligent, and sprightly child.

Though Victoria was the heiress of the most powerful throne upon earth, her mother had quite a small income for one of her rank. By her marriage with the Duke of Kent, she had forfeited an income of about twenty thousand dollars a year, which she had previously received in Germany. Parliament had conferred, however, upon the newly-married couple a grant of about thirty thousand dollars per annum. This was a very small sum to meet the expenditures of a ducal family, intrusted with the education of the heiress to the throne. For the first five years of her life Victoria was intrusted almost entirely to the tuition of professors from Germany. There was a little disposition to complain of this; but it was remembered that the anxious mother was a German, and but imperfectly acquainted with the English language, and that she was anxious to understand herself all the instructions which were to be

communicated to her child. English and German are to Victoria vernacular tongues.

When Victoria was five years of age, her uncle Leopold gave a very brilliant breakfast at Marlborough House, in honor of the young princess. Many members of the royal family were present, and other distinguished guests; and Victoria, by her simple and unaffected demeanor, and her manifestation of deep attachment to her mother, won all hearts. There was, of course, great danger that the vanity of a child so young would be excited by so much attention. "It is not *you*," said the duchess, "but your future office and rank, which are regarded by the country, and you must so act as never to bring that office and that rank into disgrace or disrespect."

It has been before mentioned that the Duke of Kent was a very estimable man, sincerely benevolent, and desirous of promoting the welfare of all. After his death a statue was erected to his memory at the top of Portland Place. Victoria was taken by her mother to see the statue, and she took the occasion to impress upon the mind of her child that this statue was erected in honor of her father, not merely in consequence of his rank, but because he was a useful and good man, was kind to the poor, and that he took great interest in establishing schools, that all children might be educated; that he aided in founding hospitals for the sick, and pitied and tried to reform the vicious.

It is not surprising that, under the guidance of so judicious a mother, Victoria should have developed a very modest and lovely character. She was as artless and unaffected, apparently, as any child. Victoria being now six years of age, it was deemed important that she should be

invested with more of that pomp and splendor deemed in Europe so essential to royalty. Lord Liverpool consequently presented a motion to Parliament, that, to meet these additional expenses, thirty thousand dollars be added to the annual income of the Duchess of Kent. The grant passed both houses with but little opposition.

Ramsgate, a celebrated place for sea-bathing, was a favorite place of resort for the Duchess of Kent and her child. The following interesting account is given by an eye-witness of her appearance upon the beach when about five years of age. "When first I saw the pale and pretty daughter of the Duke of Kent, she was fatherless. Her fair, light form was sporting, in all the redolence of youth and health, on the noble sands of old Ramsgate. It was a fine summer's day, not so warm as to induce languor, but yet warm enough to render the fanning breezes from the laughing tides, as they broke gently on the sands, agreeable and refreshing. Her dress was simple: a plain straw bonnet, with a white ribbon around the crown, a colored muslin frock, looking gay and cheerful, and as pretty a pair of shoes on as pretty a pair of feet as I ever remember to have seen, from China to Kamschatka. Her mother was her companion, and a venerable man, whose name is graven on every human heart that loves its species, and whose undying fame is recorded in that Eternal Book where the actions of men are written with the pen of truth, walked by her parent's side, and doubtless gave those counsels and afforded that advice which none were more able to offer than himself, for it was WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

"Yes, there he was—he, the mighty moral combatant of that now crushed giant, Slavery! who had fought so nobly

and so well for the great principle that no man had a right, either real or imaginary, to the person and being of another man. Ah! never shall I forget with what irresistible force those lines recurred to my mind as I gazed on the diminutive and trembling form of that moral Hercules:

> "'Were I so tall to reach the poles,
> Or grasp the ocean with a span,
> I would be measured by my soul—
> The mind's the standard of the man.'

Yes, the mind, unchained, unfettered, unenslaved—the mind, immortal as the Being from which it sprang, and as immortal as the state of existence to which it is destined—'the mind's the standard of the man.' And what a mind was there before me! Wilberforce was not simply the benevolent, the virtuous, and the pious, but he was a great man, with a great mind, occupied about great interests, large and vast questions, and devoted to the glorious mission of raising his fellow-men, in all countries and climes, from degradation, misery, brutality, and bondage.

"Mr. Wilberforce looked, on that day, all benevolence; and when did he look otherwise? never, but when the wrongs of humanity made his fine heart bleed, and caused the flush of honest indignation to mantle his pale forehead. His kindling eye followed with parental interest every footstep of the young creature as she advanced to and then retreated from the coming tide; and it was evident that his mind and his heart were full of the future while they were interested in the present. 'There is, probably, the future monarch of an empire, on whose dominion the great orb of day never sets,' was a thought which was evidently depicted on his face as he pointed to the little dancing queen, who was

much amused at getting her shoes wet in a breaker which had advanced further and with more rapidity than she expected. The Duchess of Kent waved her hand, and Victoria, obedient to the signal, did not again risk the dangers arising from damp feet.

"The scene was interesting. The old veteran in the cause of humanity and truth placed between his hands the little fingers of the blooming girl of five years of age, and something was then said which I would have given a great deal to have heard, which caused the blue eyes of our now beloved queen to stare most fixedly at her venerable instructor, while her devoted mother looked alternately at both, evidently interested and affected by the contrast. No doubt some monitory, touching, truthful words had fallen from the lips of Mr. Wilberforce; and it may be that from that sacred moment she dated her first abhorrence of the principles and practice of slavery. Thus the little party I have described advanced to the edge of the tide; and the emancipator of the negro and black population of the world condescended to the trifle of watching the encroachments of each new breaker, and the tact of a Newfoundland dog, who exhibited his skill in bringing safe to shore some sticks which were thrown at great distances into the sea, that he might swim after them. It was in this way that an hour was spent.

"I had known Mr. Wilberforce more in public than in private life, though I had visited him at his quiet residence at Brompton, and always found him accessible and kind. But I had the prudence not to intrude upon him on this occasion, and I was simply a spectator. The duchess was earnest in her manner during the great portion of that hour,

and seemed much delighted when Mr. Wilberforce fixed the attention of her darling daughter by some sentences he pronounced in her hearing. I am quite satisfied they related to slavery. His attitude, his movements, his solemnity, and the fixed eye and the deeply-mournful face of his charming young pupil, convinced me of that. I think he described to her a young slave girl torn from her parents, consigned to a slave ship, delivered up to a cruel and inhuman trafficker in flesh, and subjected to the lash, and to misery, tears, and groans, ere her heart should have even known what sorrow and anguish were. But the hour soon flitted away. The duchess and her daughter returned to their modest and unpretending dwelling, and Mr. Wilberforce, joined by some friend, walked quietly on the pier.

"The favorite bathing-woman of the Princess Victoria appeared, as the party retired, to smile and courtesy, and to receive the nod of youthful recognition on the part of her royal highness, who asked some little question about the best hour to bathe the next morning. I kept my distance, but followed the duchess and my now queen toward her abode, and I observed with delight the freedom from affectation and restraint in which the daughter was educated by her royal mother. The town's people and the visitors were respectful in their manner, and the young Victoria was courteous, yet lively. She was just the light, gay being she ought to have been at such an age, and under all the circumstances of her rank and prospects; and she even then knew that which her recent visits to the nobility of England have distinctly proved she continues to feel, that the monarchy of Great Britain is limited, constitutional, and popular.

"And let not the unobservant man, who notices not the

daily and hourly meanderings of the youthful mind, until it becomes vast and majestic in maturer years, smile at this statement of the early sentiments of Queen Victoria. Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look, with a father's nod of approbation, or a sigh of reproof; with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance; with handfuls of flowers in green and daisy meadows; with birds'-nests admired, but not touched; with creeping ants and almost imperceptible emmets; with humming-bees and glass beehives; with pleasant walks in shady lanes; and with thoughts directed, in sweet and kindly tones and words, to nature, to beauty, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of valor and of virtue, and to the source of all good—to God himself.

"Now I believe in my conscience, and I may add that I have the best of all reasons for saying so, that the earliest years of the young Victoria, her first education, partook of this character, and was devoted to such recreations as those of which I have been speaking. It was felt by her illustrious mother that the cultivation of the heart was yet of more importance than that of the mind, and that her daughter's tastes should be those which would render her happy, as well as capacitate her for the most intellectual society, and for pronouncing on very interesting and important questions.

"As the princess proceeded up the High-street from the sands, there sat, on a low step of a closed shop, an aged Irish woman, pale, wan, dejected, sorrowing, her head bent forward, and, while all nature was gay, she looked sickly, sad, and famishing. Whether she was too depressed to beg, or too exhausted at that moment to make the effort, I

can not tell; but she asked for no alms, and even looked not at the passers-by. The young princess was attracted by her appearance, and spoke to the duchess. 'I think not,' were the only words I heard from her mother; and, 'Oh! yes, indeed,' was all I could catch of the youthful reply. I have no doubt that the duchess thought that the old woman was not in need of relief, or would be offended by the offer of alms; but the princess had looked under her bonnet, and gained a better insight into her condition. There was a momentary pause; the Princess Victoria ran back a few steps most nimbly, and with a smile of heartfelt delight placed some silver in the hands of the old Irish woman. Tall and stately was the poor creature, and, as she rose slowly, with clasped hands and riveted features, she implored the blessing of Heaven on the 'English lady.' She little dreamed that that lady would be the future queen of these realms, or that she was a member of that house of Brunswick whose illustrious scions have been ever distinguished for their sympathy with human suffering, and for that charity which is kind and which never faileth. The old Irish woman was so taken by surprise by this unexpected mark of beneficence on the part of she knew not whom, that she turned over her sixpences again and again, thanked the Virgin, as well as the 'young lady,' a thousand and a thousand times, and related to those who stopped to hear her exclamations the 'good luck' that had come upon her. A few moments more, and we all had separated: the beggar to her wallet, the duchess and princess to their studies and occupations, Mr. Wilberforce to his *causeries*, and myself to my reflections on the chances and changes of this sunny and cloudy world. I can not say *au revoir*, for in

this life we shall certainly never meet again; but, thank God! there is a world where pure thoughts and noble souls will all form part of one vast stock of happiness and virtue —where truth shall be eternal, and bliss unalloyed."

Victoria's first presentation at court took place upon her attaining her twelfth year. The drawing-room of her majesty, Queen Adelaide, wife of William IV., was decorated with a degree of splendor which dazzled the eyes even of those who had ever lived in the midst of the most gorgeous scenes of courts. Victoria arrived at the palace in state, accompanied by her mother and quite a retinue of noble ladies. As she stood in the graceful simplicity of childhood by the side of her majesty on the throne, she was an object of interest and of admiration to all who were present. With much self-possession, and yet with the deepest interest, the young princess gazed upon the bewildering scene around her. Splendid presents upon her twelfth birth-day were presented her, and, among other things, two beautiful ponies, which became great favorites of their royal mistress. The king and queen also gave a very brilliant juvenile ball in honor of the princess, at which a very large number of the children of the nobility were assembled. This scene, Victoria has often remarked, was the one which made the deepest impression upon her youthful imagination.

The Duchess of Northumberland was now appointed governess to Victoria, and her education was prosecuted with renewed zeal. It was deemed essential for her welfare that she should be withdrawn from society, and her whole time devoted to intellectual and physical culture. Some dissatisfaction was expressed that Victoria was no longer seen in the brilliant drawing-rooms of the palace;

but the judicious plan was persevered in. Victoria was thoroughly instructed in the history of her own country—its laws, its literature, its science. There is not a nation upon the globe which has a literature more rich in all the treasures of poetry, eloquence, and science, than the English; and there is no fashionable folly of the present time more glaring than that which consigns so many young ladies of our own country to entire ignorance of the treasures of their own mother-tongue, in order that they may acquire a few common-place phrases of French. Victoria was to be Queen of England, and, first of all, she was to be educated as an English woman: to be able to converse gracefully in the English language, to write in her own vernacular tongue with ease and elegance, and to become familiar with the works of the poets and philosophers who have been the brightest ornaments of humanity. An English education is the most important accomplishment of an English mind.

Victoria's education, however, did not stop here. From infancy, she spoke and wrote the German language with equal facility with the English. She also became familiar with the French, and was introduced to several other of the languages of modern Europe. In Latin she also made such proficiency as to be able to read Horace with considerable fluency. She was enthusiastically fond of music, and became, upon several instruments, quite an accomplished performer. Much attention was devoted to drawing, and in daily excursions she was taught to sketch from nature. There was hardly a romantic rock, or tree, or water-fall, a moss-covered tower, or an embowered cottage in the vicinity of Kensington, her childhood's happy home,

which Victoria had not transferred with her pencil to paper. And this pleasure-giving accomplishment still continues to be one of the prominent sources of enjoyment to the queen.

Her physical education was an object of very special attention. She was accustomed to much exercise in the open air, took long walks and rides, and, under the tuition of a very celebrated riding-master, became an accomplished and even a daring equestrian. Her graceful manners, her royal air and demeanor, and the unaffected simplicity of her dress and habits, attracted the attention of all who were permitted to approach her. In fact, every thing was done which the wisdom and the wealth of the nineteenth century could contribute, to adorn this maiden with every excellence of which human nature is susceptible. She was regarded with favorable eyes by the whole nation. It was *fashionable* to speak of our *lovely princess;* to regard her with a sort of chivalrous homage; and often was she met by fairy-footed maidens, who scattered flowers in her path, while gathering thousands greeted her with their acclamations.

While engaged in these delightful avocations in the old palace of Kensington, and sporting with childish mirthfulness in the lovely gardens surrounding it, the little princess had, at times, for a companion and a play-fellow, a young cousin Albert from Germany. Little Albert gathered flowers for his fair cousin; with her trundled the hoop, and played at "tag" among the shrubbery of the graveled walks. He was a handsome and a noble-hearted boy. The playmates loved each other as cousins, and soon far better. Happy Victoria! to find in a *court* a *heart!* These were the sunny hours of a morning whose day has

not yet been clouded. And when the hour came for Victoria to leave the old palace gate of the dear home she had loved so well, and to enter upon the more stately and ostentatious splendors of Buckingham House, and St. James Palace, and Windsor Castle, tears of regret flooded her eyes; and sobbing almost convulsively, she was unmindful of the brilliant future in the retrospect of joys which had departed forever.

The old palace of Kensington, endeared to Victoria by all the scenes of her happy childhood, she still cherishes with the fondest affection. The years which were passed in the midst of the beautiful scenery and luxurious adornments of that favored home, were perhaps as blissful as childhood ever enjoyed. Wealth had lavished its resources in embellishing the gardens which surrounded the palace. Flowers and shrubbery bloomed in every direction. Serpentine walks invited the steps to bowers, and groves, and sheets of water of enchanting loveliness. There she first took the hand and won the heart of the ingenuous boy who is now her much-loved husband. There a mother's love watched over her and guided her. There her affections and the powers of her mind were developed by judicious teachers. She was surrounded with every thing which wealth, love, and rank could contribute to promote her happiness. And there she first heard the cry which must have produced such a bewilderment of delight in her youthful ears, "Long live Victoria!" It was not a weakness—it was strength of heart—which caused the tears to flow as Victoria left that happy abode. Napoleon, when he bade adieu to his Guard in the court-yard of the palace of Fon-

tainebleau—the Guard, endeared to him by such long-tried fidelity—wept like a child.

On the 29th of May, 1837, Victoria attained her legal majority. She was then eighteen years of age. The day was ushered in by merry peals of congratulation; and the highest dignitaries of the land, and the embassadors and representatives of foreign courts, thronged the saloons of Victoria to do homage to the future Queen of Great Britain. There also appeared her slender and handsome cousin Albert, with throbbing heart, to do double homage to her who was doubly his queen. Albert was also then eighteen years of age. We love to see, in courts or out of courts, these youthful attachments ripening into the union of congenial hearts. There is so much of prose in this poor world, that a little of romance lends to life many additional charms. The festivities with which this occasion was celebrated were in the style of the utmost splendor. St. James's Palace had never witnessed scenes of greater magnificence, and the impression produced upon the minds of all who were present was one never to be forgotten.

Scarcely had these scenes of rejoicing terminated, and Victoria had but just returned to the tranquil sphere of her ordinary life, when her uncle, the reigning king, William IV., was suddenly taken sick, and died on the 20th of June, 1837. At five o'clock in the morning, the Archbishop of Canterbury, with others of the nobility, arrived at the palace of Kensington to communicate to Victoria the important tidings which constituted her Queen of England. Lord Melbourne, Lord Brougham, and Mr. Bathurst, speaker of the House of Commons, soon followed; the lord-mayor of London, and the city marshals, hastened in their track, all

anxious, as in duty bound, to recognize their youthful sovereign. That very morning, in the palace of Kensington, Victoria held her first privy council. More than one hundred of the highest dignitaries of the realm were present. It was a scene, in its imposing character, such as has rarely been witnessed. "Painting has depicted it, poetry has described it, and history will record it; but neither painting, poetry, nor history can do it justice." In the midst of the scarred veterans of war, gray-haired statesmen, judges of the courts, dignitaries of the Church, and chancellors of the universities, stood this youthful maiden, with an eye moistened with tears, in view of the death of her beloved uncle the king, and with a heart throbbing with emotion, as she felt the responsibilities thus suddenly thrown upon her. All eyes were riveted upon the fragile and fairy form, the pale and pensive countenance of the modest girl, as she appeared before them, graceful and queenly, in her childlike loveliness. And when the herald announced, "We publish and proclaim that the high and mighty princess, Alexandrina Victoria, is the only lawful and rightful liege lady, and, by the grace of God, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, defender of the faith," the timid and lovely maiden, overwhelmed by the scene, threw herself into her mother's arms, and wept with uncontrollable emotion. Her favorite uncle, the Duke of Sussex, drew near to her, and, falling upon his knee, took her royal hand to kiss it, and to take the oath of allegiance to his new sovereign. Victoria again burst into tears, and, throwing her arms around his neck, imprinted a kiss upon his cheek, and sobbed out, "Do not kneel to me, my uncle. Am I

not still Victoria, your niece." All in the room were wholly overcome by this touching scene.

We next meet Victoria in the drawing-room of the palace of her ancestors, the universally-recognized Queen of England. She was surrounded with the most chivalrous enthusiasm. Her youth, her beauty, her gentleness, her amiability, made her the idol of the young and of the old, and the willing homage of all hearts was yielded to her. It was so romantic to have this "fairie little lassie" for a queen, that all England surrendered itself to the most poetic gallantry. It became the *fashion* to adore her. All praise was lavished upon her person, mind, and heart. This first drawing-room scene of the queen was a spectacle of the most dazzling splendor. All that England could contribute of the illustrious in wealth, rank, and dignity, were there assembled to gaze upon and revolve around this fragile child. The potentates of Europe had sent their embassadors, and the thrones of Asia were represented in barbarian pomp, to do homage to the maiden queen. The mustached Turk and turbaned Persian moved with the glittering throng through the saloons of Buckingham House. The enthusiasm of the scene neither pen nor pencil can depict.

In the midst of such bewildering scenes, almost realizing the creations of Eastern story, a few days of unprecedented excitement and novelty passed away, when it became necessary for the young queen, in person, to prorogue the Parliament of her realms. It was the 17th of July, not one month from the time when she had been rambling, a girl, free from care, in the gardens of Kensington. She entered her carriage, doubtless with a throbbing heart, to drive to the House of Lords. Her mother and other friends accompanied her.

The roar of cannon, the shouts of the populace, and the merry peal of bells, accompanied Victoria to the House of Lords. It was her first public act as a sovereign. The novelty of the occurrence had gathered the whole peerage of England, and the most illustrious from the courts of the Continent. Her mother was breathless with anxiety for her timid child, and all who loved Victoria best trembled with solicitude lest her fortitude should fail her.

As Victoria entered the presence of the most august assemblage of the world, the vast apartment was thronged with statesmen, nobles, and embassadors from foreign courts. Every eye was riveted upon her as she ascended the throne; not with the tall, commanding figure of Queen Elizabeth, but as a gentle, sylph-like girl—even more youthful in appearance than in years—to win all hearts to sympathy, and tenderness, and love. The room was hushed to almost perfect silence as the clear and silvery tones of that almost infantile voice fell distinctly upon every ear in uttering the speech of prorogation. Her self-possession, and the graceful modesty of her appearance on this occasion, attracted universal applause.

The morning of the coronation at length arrived. The attention of all the courts of Europe was directed to the imposing pageant. Westminster Abbey, to receive England's youthful sovereign, was decked in gorgeous attractions, such as even that venerable pile had never displayed before. The rank and beauty of England and of the Continent were there congregated, glittering in diamonds, and gems of every hue. The queen, advancing toward the altar, with royal robe and golden diadem, knelt, and fervently implored Divine guidance. The Archbishop of Canterbury

then proclaimed aloud, "I here present unto you Queen Victoria, the undoubted queen of this realm; wherefore all you who are come this day to do her homage, are you willing to do the same?" A confused murmur of assent rose from the assembled multitude. The queen then partook of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, an essential part of this gorgeous ceremony; and when those aisles and fretted arches resounded with the peal of the organ, as it gave utterance to the sublime anthem, "Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire," there were few, among the thousands who crowded the Abbey, who were not affected even to tears. And as the venerable archbishop placed the crown of England upon the youthful brow of Victoria I., shouts of "God save the queen!" rose simultaneously from every lip.

But a few more days passed away, when the queen assembled her counselors around her, the venerable, the noble, and the sage, and announced to them her intention to ally herself in marriage to the Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg. "Deeply impressed," said the queen, "with the solemnity of the engagement I am about to contract, I have not come to this decision without mature consideration, nor without feeling a strong assurance that, with the blessing of Almighty God, it will at once secure my domestic felicity, and subserve to the interests of my crown and people." The nation approved of the match, and two youthful hearts, drawn together, amid the splendors of a palace, by mutual love, were united in the most sacred and delightful of ties. Such espousals seldom occur in the frigid regions of a court. This union has been highly promotive of the happiness of the illustrious pair. They are both respected and beloved, and dwell together in a spirit of harmony and affection

which is rarely experienced by those whose misfortune it is to dwell in the cold and cheerless regions of elevated rank and power.

Victoria, since her accession to the throne, has often given evidence of the strength of principle by which she is governed. The following anecdote illustrates the devout regard she entertains for the sacredness of the Christian Sabbath. Soon after she ascended the throne, at a late hour on one Saturday night, a nobleman, occupying an important post in the government, arrived at Windsor with some state papers. "I have brought," said he, "for your majesty's inspection, some documents of great importance; but, as I shall be obliged to trouble you to examine them in detail, I will not encroach upon the time of your majesty to-night, but will request your attention to-morrow morning." "To-morrow morning!" repeated the queen; "to-morrow is Sunday, my lord." "True, your majesty; but business of the state will not admit of delay." "I am aware of that," replied the queen; "and as, of course, your lordship could not have arrived earlier at the palace to-night, I will, if those papers are of such pressing importance, attend to their contents after church to-morrow morning." In the morning the queen and her court went to church, and, much to the surprise of the noble lord, the subject of the discourse was on the sacredness of the Christian Sabbath. "How did your lordship like the sermon?" asked the queen. "Very much indeed, your majesty," replied the nobleman. "Well, then," added her majesty, "I will not conceal from you that, last night, I sent the clergyman the text from which he preached. I hope we shall all be improved by the sermon." Not another word was said about

the state papers during the day, but at night, when Victoria was about to withdraw, she said, "To-morrow morning, my lord, at any hour you please—as early as seven, if you like—we will look into the papers." "I can not think," was the reply, "of intruding upon your majesty at so early an hour; nine o'clock will be quite early enough." "No, no, my lord; as the papers are of importance, I wish them to be attended to very early. However, if you wish it to be nine, be it so." At nine o'clock the next morning the queen was seated at her table, ready to receive the nobleman and his papers.

It has before been stated that the income of the Duke of Kent was quite limited, and he was often seriously embarrassed by the difficulty of maintaining a style of living corresponding with his rank in life. Some of his friends had aided him with loans of money, and he died much involved in debt. These sums the Duchess of Kent was entirely unable to pay. Victoria greatly revered the memory of her father, and, during her minority, often referred to those debts, and expressed a very strong desire to be able to repay those friends who had aided her father in his time of need. As soon as she ascended the throne, she sent to Earl Fitzwilliam and Lord Dundas, who had assisted her father, the full amount of the sums due, accompanied with a valuable piece of plate to each as a testimony of her gratitude.

The queen, since her accession to the throne, has manifested no fondness for display, and no desire to govern. She appears never so happy as when surrounded by her own little family of lovely children, riding or strolling with them and her husband in the lanes and woods of

Cintra. She is also extremely fond of the ocean, never suffering even in the severest storms from sea-sickness. A portion of every year she spends in the royal yacht, as beautiful a miniature palace as ever floated on the ocean, cruising about among the picturesque islands over which she reigns.

Not long ago the queen visited Scotland in the royal yacht, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm by all her subjects there. A little incident occurred while the yacht was lying at the garth which gave rise to the greatest delight and enthusiasm among the simple-hearted, royalty-admiring North Britons. The graceful "Fairy," bearing the queen and the royal family, floated upon the bosom of a little bay, perfectly surrounded by innumerable boats of every kind from both sides of the strait, crowded with the inhabitants, eager to catch a glimpse of their beloved queen. Victoria sat upon the deck, deeply gratified with the animated scene, and graciously responding to the ardent expressions of homage she was receiving from the spectators.

A gentleman rose from one of the boats nearest the yacht, and addressing Lord Fitzclarence, who was in the retinue of the queen, stated that it would be an inexpressible source of gratification to the assembled multitude could they be permitted to see the queen's oldest son, the Prince of Wales. The desire was immediately communicated to the queen, who, rising, full of maternal pride and pleasure, took her little boy, the heir-apparent to the throne of England, by the hand, and led him to the side of the vessel. Lord Adolphus then lifted the youthful Prince of Wales on to a side seat, and in full view of the enthusiastic assemblage.

This was the signal of tremendous cheering. The little prince, "doffing his glazed hat," very gracefully bowed his acknowledgments. He was dressed throughout in the attire of a British sailor, with blue jacket, white trousers, and "nor'wester."

Victoria has recently had built, for her exclusive use, a steamboat, as beautiful and perfect in all its appointments as modern luxury and art can furnish. Unfortunately, Prince Albert suffers much from sea-sickness; but he who marries a queen must not expect to find the rose without a single thorn. English gossip begins to accuse Victoria of being rather exacting in her demands upon her husband, and, in her own love of the ocean, of being forgetful of his sufferings upon the swelling waves. It is to be hoped that this is mere gossip.

The throne of Queen Victoria is erected in the chamber of the House of Lords. This is a very magnificent apartment, ninety feet in length, forty-five in breadth, and of the same height. At the southern end of this room is the royal throne. It is elevated upon a platform raised a few steps from the floor. The platform is covered with a rich carpet of a bright scarlet ground, into which are very beautifully woven roses and lions alternately, of a gold color. The canopy, overhanging the throne, is divided into three compartments. The central one, which is much more lofty than either of the others, is for the queen. The one upon her right hand is for her eldest son, the Prince of Wales, the heir-apparent. That upon her left is for Prince Albert. Beneath each of these canopies the coat of arms of the royal occupant is superbly emblazoned. On each side of the recess for the queen's chair of state, or throne,

there is a pedestal surmounted by an angel, bearing the royal arms. The legs of the chair rest upon four lions couchant, and the whole regal structure is so ornamented with carvings, gold, jewelry, and richly-embroidered velvet, as to present an appearance of great magnificence. A carved footstool is before the throne, covered with crimson velvet gorgeously embroidered in gold. Behind the throne there is a passage for the royal attendants, it not being etiquette to pass before the throne while her majesty is seated. The chairs upon each side for the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert are similar in form and general details, but less gorgeous in their embellishments.

Victoria has several royal palaces at her disposal. Buckingham House is her town residence. This is a very costly pile of buildings, some three millions of dollars having been expended in its construction. It is also furnished in the highest style of splendor which modern art can furnish. Windsor Castle, upon the Thames, is her world-renowned country seat. She has also St. James's Palace, and the royal pavilion at Brighton. These palaces are furnished and kept in repair at the public expense. Her majesty's privy purse amounts to about three hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. Prince Albert has also an additional grant of about two hundred thousand dollars per annum. A very liberal sum is also appropriated to each child as born. These sums, however, constitute but a small part of the expenses of the royal family, as the salaries of many of the important officers of the household are paid by the government, and the expenses of the royal household are so interwoven with the general expenditures of the government, that it is exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to

decide what Victoria's income may be. The whole expense of the royal family is generally estimated at about four millions of dollars. The time will inevitably soon come when the people of England will inquire if the splendors of royalty are worth so great a price. A queen is a very expensive ornament. But nations, like individuals, may prize such glittering gems so highly as to be willing to sacrifice for them many solid comforts. The salary of the President of the United States is twenty-five thousand dollars. Should we rear for him palaces of more than Oriental magnificence, and lavish upon his sons and daughters boundless wealth, and surround him with nobles luxuriating in splendor, it could not in the least contribute to the thrift of the inhabitants of the United States. Our cheap government must be exciting an ever-increasing influence over the world. And the time will probably eventually come when royalty will be divested of its costliness, as it has already been divested of much of its power. As intelligence increases, there is less disposition to be overawed by pomp and pageantry. There is now not a throne in Europe which stands on a firm foundation. The government of England is, however, without any question, the best government in the Old World, and the most strongly intrenched in the affections of the community.

The Queen of England *reigns*, she does not *rule*. She sits upon the throne, but she manifests no desire to sway the scepter. Few of the cares of government rest upon her. The veteran statesmen who are clustered around her guide the affairs of the nation in her name. She has but little to do personally, except to attend to the etiquette of the court, to present herself as the conspicuous pageant on

a gala day, and to attach her signature to those acts of Parliament which are supported by those friends to whom the affairs of government are intrusted. The romance of the coronation day and of the bridal scenes have long ago passed away. The lovely maiden queen, whose youthful form, and blooming beauty, and timid grace arrested all eyes and won all hearts, is now an affectionate wife, an amiable woman, a care-worn mother. With matronly dignity she cherishes the children who are clustered around her. With exemplary fidelity she discharges her duties as queen, as wife, as mother. She is highly esteemed and beloved by her subjects, and is worthy of the respectful affection she universally receives, for seldom has any throne been occupied by one more conscientious and meritorious in character than Queen Victoria. The accident of birth has placed her where she is. She is exposed to the strongest temptation which can be presented to become an idolator of the world. Every thing which earth can furnish of pomp and pageantry is arrayed to dazzle her eye. It is certainly greatly to her credit, that, in the midst of such scenes, she could have maintained her integrity as she has done. There is much corruption in the government of Great Britain. There are many wrongs perpetrated by that government upon the people. But Victoria did not originate those wrongs, and she can have but little influence in removing them. Great as is the need of reform in the social condition of England, the queen has but little power either to hasten or retard those changes which time is surely promoting. The government of England is probably as well administered in her name as it would be in the name of any other person who might accidentally sit

upon the throne. And we would, therefore, join in the prayer of all good Englishmen, and say, "God save the queen."

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Louis Napoleon.

SOME seventy years ago, a lady was crossing the Atlantic Ocean from Martinique to Havre. She was young and beautiful. As she walked the deck of the brig, she led by the hand her daughter, a little child about five years of age. The little girl was full of vivacity, and became an extreme favorite with the sailors. Playing with a goat, and dancing by the songs of the sailors, she became the pet of the whole crew. Soon her only pair of shoes were worn out. A kind-hearted seaman cut down a pair of his old slippers, and with needle and twine made a rude fit for the mirthful child. This lady was Josephine Beauharnais. This child was Hortense, afterward Queen of Holland, and mother of Louis Napoleon, the present Emperor of the French. Josephine, when Empress of France, remarked,

"No present which I have ever received afforded me half so much pleasure as the gift of those rough shoes from the hands of that old sailor."

Josephine arrived in Paris in the midst of the horrors of the French Revolution. Her husband was sentenced to the guillotine. Their property was confiscated. Josephine was imprisoned. The day for her execution was appointed. Hortense and her little brother Eugene were left to wander in friendlessness and poverty through the streets of Paris. No one dared to befriend the children of the doomed. A kind old nurse saved them from starving. Robespierre fell.

Josephine was liberated but a few hours before the time appointed for her death. She emerged from her prison to embrace her children, and to struggle with poverty. Eugene was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker. Hortense was placed in the shop of a seamstress. Tardy justice restored to Josephine a portion of her property. She met Napoleon—married him. His powerful protection encircled the children. Hortense was sent to the school of Madame Campan. She became one of the most brilliant, beautiful, and fascinating of ladies. Napoleon loved her with the fondest paternal tenderness. Her character, like that of all the members of the Bonaparte family, has been most shamefully traduced. Bourrienne, the enemy of Napoleon, the servant of the Bourbons, says,

"Napoleon never cherished for Hortense any feeling but a real paternal tenderness. He loved her, after his marriage with her mother, as he would have loved his own child. At least for three years I was witness to all their most private actions. I declare that I never saw any thing that could furnish the least ground for suspicion, or the slightest trace of culpable intimacy. This calumny must be classed with those that malice delights to take with the character of men who become celebrated—calumnies which are adopted lightly, and without reflection. I freely declare that, did I entertain the slightest doubt with regard to this odious charge, I would avow it. But it is not true. Napoleon is no more. Let his memory be accompanied only by that, be it good or bad, which really took place. Let not this reproach be made a charge against him by the impartial historian. I must say, in conclusion, on this delicate subject, that Napoleon's principles were rigid in an extreme degree, and that any

fault of the nature charged neither entered his mind, nor was it in accordance with his morals or his taste."

The Duchess of Abrantes, with her sprightly pen, thus describes Hortense when seventeen years of age.

"She was as fresh as a rose, and though her fair complexion was not relieved by much color, she had enough to produce that freshness and bloom which was her chief beauty. A profusion of light hair played in silken locks around her soft and penetrating blue eyes. The delicate roundness of her slender figure was set off by the elegant carriage of her head. Her feet were small and pretty. Her hands were very white, with pink, well-rounded nails. But what formed the chief attraction of Hortense was the grace and suavity of her manners. She was gay, gentle, and amiable. She had wit, which, without the smallest ill temper, had just mischievousness enough to be amusing. She drew excellently, sang harmoniously, and performed admirably in comedy. In the year 1800 she was a charming young girl. She afterward became one of the most amiable princesses of Europe. I have seen many, both in their own courts and in Paris, but I never knew one who had any pretension to equal talents. Her brother loved her tenderly. Napoleon regarded her as his child. It is only in that country, so fertile in the inventions of scandal, that so foolish an accusation could have been imagined, as that any feeling less pure than paternal affection actuated his conduct toward her. The vile calumny met with the contempt it merited."

Though the voice of slander has given its utterances so long and so loud against Hortense, there is no shadow of evidence to impeach her character. *The Berkeley Men* in the "Napoleon Dynasty" give the following testimony:

"We have found nothing, in our investigations on this subject, to justify even a suspicion against the morals of Louis or Hortense; and we here dismiss the subject, with the remark, that there is more cause for sympathy with the parties to this unhappy union, than of censure for their conduct."

It is grateful to one's feelings thus to rescue the memory of a pure-minded and noble woman from unmerited obloquy. Human nature is bad enough at the best. It is not well to bring in the aid of an envenomed imagination to dim still more deeply its tarnished lustre.

Napoleon's younger brother, Louis, was a man of profound religious sensibilities. He was melancholy in his temperament. He was romantic and solitary in his tastes. He loved seclusion, books, solitary walks, reverie, and the quiet of a fireside which gayety and the crowd could never invade. Louis fell deeply in love with a beautiful young lady, a daughter of one of the ancient nobility. All the energies of his pensive soul were engrossed by the devouring passion. Napoleon was just entering upon the morning twilight of his brilliant career. Democracy was triumphant in Paris. He feared that the alliance of his brother with a daughter of the old aristocracy might injure his rising fortunes. He arranged a mission which sent Louis from Paris, and obtained the marriage of the young lady with another. It was the ruin of the pensive Louis. His crushed heart never recovered from the blow.

Napoleon soon became conscious of the irreparable wrong he had inflicted upon his brother. To make amends, as far as possible, he planned a union of Louis with the amiable, the beautiful, the fascinating Hortense. But Hortense had

already given her heart to another. Duroc, one of the most spirited, handsome, and gay young soldiers in France, was her lover. But the tact of Josephine and the power of Napeleon eventually triumphed over every obstacle. The bride and bridegroom were reluctantly led to their melancholy espousals.

"Never," said Louis, in his dirge-like memoirs, "was there a more gloomy wedding. Never had husband and wife a stronger presentiment of the horrors of a forced and ill-suited marriage. Before the ceremony, during the benediction, and ever afterward, we both equally and constantly felt that we were not suited to each other."

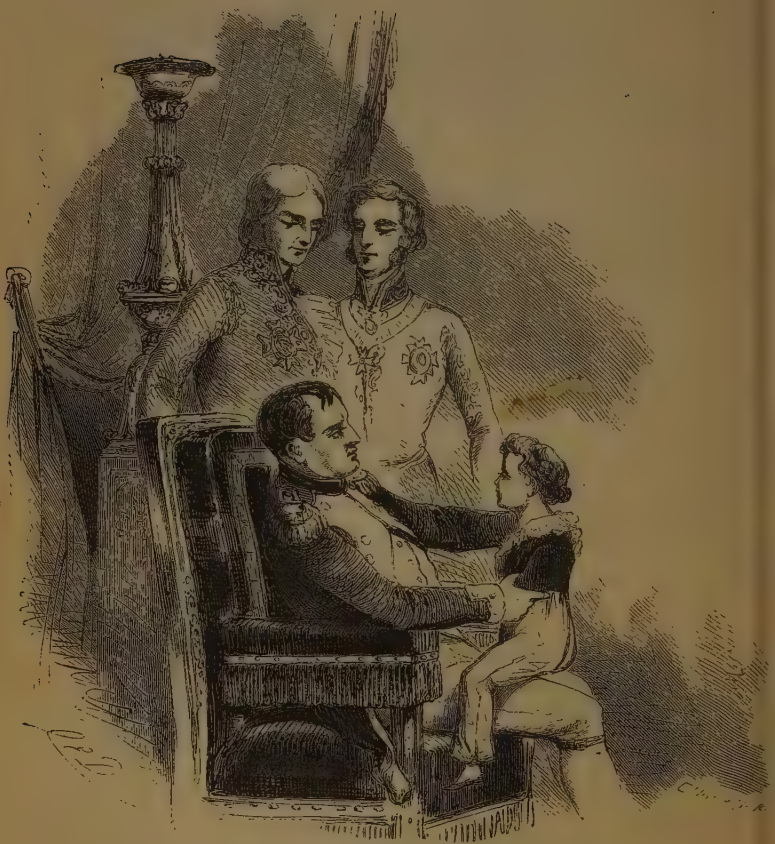
These sombre nuptials were contracted on the 4th of January, 1802. Louis was appointed King of Holland. During a few years of dejection and gloom, they lived sadly together. Three children were born to them. The eldest, whom Napoleon contemplated for his heir, died when a child but five years of age. The second died twenty years ago. The third, a melancholy man, without father, mother, brother, or sister, now occupies the throne of France.

Louis and Hortense became satisfied that they could not live happily together. They separated. Louis soon abdicated the throne, and, wandering disconsolately over Europe, lived a retired and scholastic life until 1846, when he died at Leghorn, sixty-eight years of age. During these long years, whose gloom no ray of joy ever penetrated, he devoted himself chiefly to literature. He was a man of more than ordinary genius, of the utmost purity of morals, and of a devotional frame of mind. Hortense, with her two younger sons, repaired to Malmaison, where she resided for a time with Josephine. Afterward she retired to a lonely castle in

Switzerland. There she lingered through the gloom of her remaining days until the year 1837, when she died. Her remains were buried by the side of Josephine, in the church of Ruel, near Paris. Her only surviving son has reared there a beautiful monument to her memory.

Such was the parentage of Louis Napoleon. It helps to explain his character. He is a melancholy and a lonely man. His countenance bears the trace of years of disappointment and sorrow. The writer of these pages has seen him in the retirement of his cabinet, in the brilliant saloons of the Tuileries, and in the proud review of his armies, when eighty thousand men, in martial array, encircled him. At all times the same sad expression rests upon his face. His smile, though gentle, is melancholy. His life has been a scene, until the last few years, of incessant conflict and of incessant disappointment. It has been his doom that he could never forget the exalted name he bears. Years ago, the French nation, by a vote of unanimity unprecedented in the annals of the world, founded the Napoleon dynasty. They declared the throne to be hereditary in the family of their elected and adored Emperor. Louis Napoleon, the son of the Emperor's brother and of his adopted daughter, is the heir to whatever rights this popular vote can give. The sovereigns of Europe claim that kings reign, not by the vote of the people, but by divine appointment.

The allied monarchs, after deluging Europe with blood, marched at the head of a million of bayonets upon Paris. They hurled the elected monarch from his throne, and chained him to a rock. They forced upon a reluctant people a rejected dynasty. Louis Napoleon has ever claimed that he was entitled to the throne of France by the vote of the peo-



THE EMPEROR AND LOUIS NAPOLEON.

ple; that both Bourbonists and Orleanists were usurpers, trampling upon popular rights, and sustained upon the throne by foreign bayonets and by fraud.

Louis Napoleon, now the Emperor of the French, and the subject of this brief sketch, was born at the Palace of the Tuilleries, on the 20th of April, 1808. His birth took place a few months after the separation of his father and mother. He was the first prince, of the Napoleon dynasty, born under the empire. His birth was accordingly hailed by extraordinary military and public honors. The thunder of cannon and the waving of banners announced his birth from one extremity to the other of the majestic empire of Napoleon. He was often fondled upon the knee of the great Emperor, and, previous to the birth of the son of Maria Louisa, was regarded as the not improbable inheritor of the imperial dignity. When, upon the restoration of the Bourbons, Hortense retired to her castle in Switzerland, she took with her two little children—Napoleon Louis and Louis Napoleon. She was in possession of an ample income, and her dwelling was surrounded with all the appliances of wealth and luxury. Illustrious guests from all parts of Europe were drawn to her castle by the renown of her souvenirs; and she was enabled to confer upon her sons the advantages of a thorough and polished education.

These two young men passed most of their early years in comparative retirement among the mountains and valleys of Switzerland. They took occasional journeys with their mother. Wherever they appeared, their name, their rank, their wealth, rendered them conspicuous. The education they received was mainly scientific and military. In reading of the renowned deeds which have immortalized the Em-

peror, and of the rise and fall of the kings and queens of the Bonaparte family, their souls were fired with ambition. They mourned over their inglorious lot; they hungered and thirsted to be led into some field of peril and of majestic enterprise. Thus restive and fretted, the slow years lingered away, till the young men became about twenty years of age. The elder of the two brothers, Napoleon Louis, married his cousin, a daughter of Joseph Bonaparte. The joys of the youthful bride for a short time enlivened the melancholy castle of Hortense. Suddenly the news arrived of the Revolution of 1830. Charles X. was driven from his throne. France was in commotion. The eager young princes had hardly time to mount their horses before they heard that Louis Philippe was firmly seated upon the throne of France. It was vain to attempt to thrust him from his place.

The next year they heard tidings of revolutionary movements in Italy. The name of Bonaparte was recognized all over Europe as the watchword of the popular party—as the banner beneath which the people must rally in their hostility to feudal kings. The two brothers, with feverish impetuosity, hurried to the scene of revolution upon the Italian peninsula, eager to join in any enterprise which might bring them prominently before the world as the efficient and available advocates of popular rights. But Austria was there, sustaining her iron despotism with her well-trained hosts. The insurrection was shot down mercilessly. The elder brother, Napoleon Louis, overcome by fatigue and exposure, suddenly died. Louis Napoleon was now left alone. He, also, was taken dangerously sick. The Austrians had nearly surrounded him. His mother, half frantic with anguish, came to the rescue of her only surviving child. With the

utmost difficulty, she succeeded in extricating him from the exasperated troops of the government. Fearing that, in the agitated state of Europe, Switzerland could hardly afford them an asylum, she rapidly traversed France with her bereaved, disappointed, and unhappy son, and sought refuge in England. After a brief residence there, as affairs became more settled upon the Continent, she returned to her quiet home in Switzerland.

Five years now passed away, in which Louis Napoleon remained in the retirement of his Swiss castle, fretting at the obscurity to which he was doomed to consign the great name of Bonaparte. His boundless ambition was ever fed by his equally boundless self-confidence. He never doubted that he had inherited the ability of Napoleon, and was equally able with that mighty spirit to control all the elements of anarchy and passion. He regarded himself, and was regarded by others, as the legal heir of all that could be recovered of the fortunes of the Exile of St. Helena. He endeavored to beguile some of his weary hours, and to attract attention by authorship, and published several works, which were quite creditable to his political and military attainments.

In the autumn of 1836, Louis Napoleon visited the baths of Baden. There he found many restless adventurers from all parts of Europe, and with them he planned an expedition to enkindle a new revolution in France, eject Louis Philippe from his throne, and place the crown of Napoleon upon his own brow. He was aware that France was ever ripe for change. He dreamed that the name of Bonaparte alone would be as potent as if the great Emperor himself were to appear, with his exquisitely chiseled features, and in his well-known costume.

Louis Napoleon is not at all deficient in personal courage. With a kind of despairing energy, he has ever been ready for any rash and headlong enterprise. The name of Napoleon was still a talisman in every cottage in France. In the army, there were many weary of the pacific policy of Louis Philippe, and longing for a chieftain to lead them to military glory. There were many restless spirits scattered over the empire prompt to embark in any enterprise which promised wealth and power.

It is said that Louis Napoleon has ever been a close copyist of his uncle. In the plan he now adopted, he seems to have studied to imitate the career of the illustrious Exile of Elba. Had the tomb of St. Helena given forth its mighty dead, all France would have risen to greet him. But Louis Napoleon was a stranger. He had but just emerged from the period of boyhood. Few had ever heard the mention of his name. No veteran warriors recognized his features or his voice. Unfortunately, he did not, in the slightest degree, inherit the contour of his uncle. Still the young man was sanguine of success. He resolved to make his appearance in some frontier town; to utter the magic name of Napoleon; to unfurl the eagles of the Empire, and to march, with the accumulating thousands who would throng him, triumphantly upon Paris.

A small detachment of the army was stationed at Strasbourg, situated upon the frontiers of France. This place seemed to present a favorable opportunity for the commencement of the enterprise. Louis provided himself with the gray coat and with the cocked-hat so invariably associated with the Emperor. It is said that he also studied to acquire his attitude and gesture. Several of the officers in the gar-

rison were in the conspiracy. They doubted not to be able to lead their men to declare in favor of Louis.

The day appointed for the mad enterprise arrived. It was the 30th of October, 1836. A cold winter's day dawned gloomily. Nature seemed to frown upon the enterprise. No "sun of Austerlitz" rose over the bleak hills. The stormy air was filled with drizzling rain and sleet. Before one ray of the morning had pierced the murky clouds, the whole garrison of the place, consisting of three regiments of infantry, three of artillery, and a corps of engineers, found themselves drawn up, by their officers, in the barrack yard. They had no idea for what purpose they had been marshaled in this dark and untimely hour. As they stood drenched with rain, and shivering in their ranks, in the cold and stormy morning air, several gentlemen, in the uniform of French officers, entered the yard, bearing the eagle-crowned banner which had so often waved over the victories of Napoleon.

Louis, attired in his gray coat and cocked hat, then stepped forward from his retinue, and was presented by the colonel of the regiment to his troops as the nephew and heir of the Emperor, who had come to place himself at their head, and to lead them to revolution and to victory. The old soldiers recognized the hat and the coat. It instantly roused their enthusiasm. They shouted "Vive l'Empereur!" The younger soldiers were at first bewildered. But soon they caught the sympathetic contagion, and joined in the cry. Taking advantage of the enthusiasm of the moment, the officers marched the troops through the street, with the ringing of bells, the streaming of banners, and exultant music. The quiet little town of Strasbourg was, in a moment,

thrown into a paroxysm of amazement and commotion. Heads, enveloped in night-caps, were thrust out of the windows into the snowy air. The streets were soon filled by a throng following the column, bewildered and wondering at the strange uproar. The troops marched directly to the head-quarters of the general who was in command of the garrison, and took him prisoner. The sanguine Louis now felt sure of success. He thought that he had nothing to do but to traverse France like a whirlwind, and to take possession of the Tuilleries and of the Empire. He subsequently wrote in reference to the affair:

"O my mother! judge of the happiness which I enjoyed at that moment. After twenty years of exile, I again touched the soil of my native land. I found myself surrounded by Frenchmen, whom the memory of the Emperor was about again to warm with electric heat."

But a dreadful disappointment was at hand. The next regiment they met were not prepared to embark in so desperate an enterprise. Some of the officers succeeded in rallying the men in favor of Louis Philippe. After a short and tumultuary scene, Louis and all his party were taken prisoners. Hardly an hour had elapsed ere the young prince found himself incarcerated in a cell of iron and of stone. He was removed to Paris for trial. Louis Philippe treated him with great magnanimity. It was not thought best to familiarize France with the idea that the great Emperor had an heir who claimed the throne. The matter was hushed up as much as possible. In the darkest hours of the night Louis Napoleon was taken into Paris. He was immediately carried to the office of the Prefecture of Police. A few dim lamps lighted the apartment.

After a very short examination, he was again sent away, before the light of the morning dawned, to Port Louis, near Lorient. He was there placed on board a frigate which was equipped for sea. As soon as the wind permitted, the frigate weighed anchor. The commander had received sealed instructions, which he was not to open until he came to a designated point of latitude and longitude upon the ocean. There it was found that the vessel was ordered to Rio Janeiro, where Louis Napoleon was not to be permitted to land. From that place he was to be taken to New York. On shipboard he wrote to his mother:

"Every man carries within himself a world, composed of all that he has seen and loved, and into which he continually withdraws, even when he is wandering over a foreign land. At these moments I am doubtful which are the most melancholy recollections—those of misfortunes which have befallen us, or those relating to happy times which exist no longer. Two months ago, I wished for nothing except never to behold Switzerland again. Now, if I were to follow my own inclinations, I should have no other wish than to find myself again in my little chamber, in the midst of that fine country in which I fancy I ought to be so happy. Do not think of coming to meet me. I do not at present know where I shall take up my abode. Perhaps I should find better opportunities of obtaining a livelihood in Southern America. Labor, to which the uncertainty of my circumstances will now subject me, will afford the only consolation which I can now enjoy."

"So much mere scandal," says the Home Journal, "concerning the character of Louis Napoleon, during his brief residence in this city in the year 1837, has been presented

through the press to the public, that we are glad of an opportunity to give to it, from authentic sources, distinct and emphatic refutation. We do this the more cordially for the reason that, not the conductors of the press alone (who, in their eagerness to minister to popular gratification, may be supposed sometimes liable to mistakes), but able and prominent periodicals, whose pretensions are, and whose *aim* at least should be, *truth*, have repeated such scandalous inventions, and to this day permit them to remain unqualified and uncontradicted. Such oracles must submit to be *barked at*, at least, and, on the score of national hospitality, if no other, stand rebuked for having overleaped, not only discretion, but truth also, and even probability.

"The fact is, that few enjoyed the acquaintance of Prince Louis when among us at the period referred to, and but a small number of those few remain to speak of him. A naturally reserved disposition, enhanced by the circumstance of his exile, made him averse to general society. He was, however, an object of peculiar regard and interest wherever presented. He is remembered as a quiet, melancholy man, winning esteem rather by the unaffected modesty of his demeanor than by *éclat* of lineage, or the romantic incidents which had befallen him. Where best known, he was most endeared. His personal character was above reproach. In the words of a distinguished writer who well knew him at that day, 'so unostentatious was his deportment, so correct, so pure his life, that even the ripple of scandal can not plausibly appear upon its surface.'

"We have inquired of those who entertained him as their guest—of those who tended at his sick-bed—of the artist who painted his miniature—of his lady-friends (and he was

known to some who yet adorn society)—of politicians, clergymen, editors, gentlemen of leisure—in fact, of every source whence reliable information could be obtained, and we have gathered but accumulated testimonials to his intrinsic worth and fair fame. His career was unobtrusive, and affords scarce any incident wherewith to illustrate it. Firm faith in Destiny—a ruling star that would some day lead him to the throne of France—was his striking peculiarity. He often avowed it, and always with confidence. Allusion to his attempt upon Strasbourg evidently annoyed him. It was at that time the great event of his life. It was the cause of his then unfortunate exile, and had been the source to him of much misrepresentation and injustice.

"The Prince arrived at Norfolk on the 30th of March, 1837. To use the expression of the writer of the 'Brochure,' 'he touched that land of liberty which has ever received misfortune with kindness. He is free to return to Europe whenever he chooses, but deprived hereafter of the possibility of trying anew the part which suits best his position and character. We are ignorant whether he will return to his family, or fix forever his home in the New World.'

"And yet to-day he is Emperor of France. The man who quietly made these remarks in Washington Hall, New York, is now, by the voice of millions, Emperor of the French. The same man who quietly drove a pair of horses up Broadway every afternoon, was seen by me surrounded by a brilliant staff, reviewing thousands of troops in the Champs de Mars in Paris.

"While in New-York, he conducted himself with great good sense. He was quiet, unobtrusive, rather given to sol-

itude. False tales have been invented of his dissipated habits while resident here. Nothing can be farther from the truth.

"I remember well a dinner party was given to him at Delmonico's by a set of young men, some of whom were then figures in the political world, and have since become conspicuous. They were composed of the Democratic and opposite party. At the dinner, Louis Napoleon was seated next to a prominent Democrat, when the conversation turned on the subject of politics. In reply to a remark made in badinage, that the Democratic party was, in every country, made up of the uneducated and restless spirits of the nation, this gentleman answered, 'that, from the time of Cæsar to the present day, the most accomplished men, and of the highest intellect, were, in every country, the leaders of the popular party.'

"This remark attracted the attention of Louis Napoleon, who instantly turned to the speaker, and inquired if he had ever seen the remark that Cæsar was the head of the Democratic party of Rome. The gentleman answered he had not. Says Napoleon, 'My uncle, the Emperor, made the same remark; and, with your permission, I will send you a book, in which you may take some interest, relating to Cæsar.' That book was sent, with this written in the Prince's own handwriting on one of the pages: 'A Monsieur ——, souvenir de la part de Pe. Napoleon Louis Bonaparte.' The book is entitled, 'Precis des guerres de Cæsar par Napoleon, ecrit par M. Marchand, à l'ile Sainte-Helena, sous la dictée de l'Empereur.' It is an extremely interesting little work.

"The origin of it is as follows: The Emperor, while suf-

fering from his last illness at St. Helena, required one of his attendants to read to him, among other works, the 'Commentaries of Cæsar.' The reading would draw out from the Emperor remarks on the differences in the modes of ancient and modern warfare; the difficulties of moving armies between France and Italy during his time and that of Cæsar; the effect of the introduction of fire-arms in modern warfare; the difference between land and sea service. The navies of the ancients were nothing; that the trident of Neptune is the sceptre of the world, is true at the present time.

"All these, and kindred topics, were spoken of by the Emperor. His remarks were transcribed, and afterward printed in 1836. In this work he speaks of Cæsar's support by the popular party of Rome. He analyzes thoroughly the conspiracy against Cæsar, and exposes the fallacy that Cæsar could have wished to make himself king. It would have been a strange piece of policy to replace the curule chair of the vanquishers of the world with a throne despised by the conquered. Cæsar always adopted, to the last moment of his life, popular forms. Nothing was done but by a decree of the Senate. Magistrates were named by the people. If he arrogated to himself the reality of power, he left remaining all the forms of republicanism. He went abroad without pomp, like a simple citizen. He was constant in his attendance at the assemblies of the people, and in the Senate. He refused a body-guard. He introduced no change into the spirit of his army, which remained republican, and devoted to the popular party and democracy. For Cæsar the people had an amiable affection. These are almost literal translations of the Emperor Napoleon's remarks. Both these works show that the Emperor and Louis Napoleon

have built their hopes of success on the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people, as distinguished from the right-divine of the legitimates of Europe.

"At last the Prince, in June, 1837, determined to leave the United States to visit his mother in Switzerland, who was supposed to be on her death-bed. I have before me the card he left before he departed:

"'Le Prince Napoleon Louis Bonaparte, p. p. c.'

"On a bright sunny day I met him on the Battery, a short time before leaving. We walked together up and down the Battery, looking out on the beautiful bay. We were waiting for the hour of departure of the little steam-tug which was to convey passengers to the packet. In this interview, I remarked that I feared he would not be permitted to pass into Switzerland—that he would be compelled to return to the United States. He answered that he never expected to return here; that he would never be satisfied until he was at the head of the French nation; that the Emperor always looked upon him as his favorite nephew, and as one likely to fill his place on the throne of France; that the place was his of right, and he spoke of it as his destiny. When I saw him in the Elysée, I reminded him of his prophecy. He merely smiled, but it was the smile of conscious power. Little did I dream I should see it fulfilled. I looked upon him as a taciturn (Thiers called him 'the man that never speaks'), unhappy, and moderate man as to abilities. Time has shown him quick in invention, full of courage, energetic to a wonderful degree, and of the highest intellect.

"I have been told that he is a Fatalist. That he does

not believe he shall die a quiet death, but that he will be cut off suddenly; but that his hour has not yet come.

"The true secret of Louis Napoleon's success is not understood in this country. France has been rent asunder by factions. That most dreaded is the one which wars against property and against religion. Napoleon presents himself as the champion of order and of religion. He sends troops to Rome to support the Pope as the head of a religion sacred in the eyes of the French people. He banishes the men engaged in spreading doctrines calculated to unhinge society. He presents himself to the people as the representative of popular sovereignty—a throne sustained by the voice of the people contrasts powerfully with the divine right claimed by the Emperors of Austria and Russia, or even by the Queen of England.

"To us in America, accustomed to submission to written constitutions, his conduct presents revolting features. We should not measure him by our standard, but by the results which his talents and administration have developed. The future which lies before him is enveloped in mist. That he is not secure in his position is all we know. How brief or how long his reign, no one can foresee."

Early in the spring of 1837, Louis Napoleon was landed upon the wharves of New-York, an unsuccessful adventurer, a friendless and sorrow-stricken exile. Probably conscious of the exalted name he bore, and bowed down by the pressure of misfortune, he lived solitary and alone. Still he devoted himself with much zeal to the study of the institutions of the United States.

It was said, at the time of his banishment by the French government, that Louis Napoleon had promised not to cross

the Atlantic again for ten years. The young prince, upon hearing of this report, immediately pronounced it unqualifiedly false. It is, however, evident that, discouraged by the total failure of his enterprise, he had decided to abandon all the stormy and perilous enterprises to which Europe might invite him, and to settle down in quietude upon a Southern plantation as an American Republican. With this view he visited Louisiana, where he entered into negotiations for the purchase of an extensive tract of land. But not having available funds, and finding that the owner of the land demanded ample security, notwithstanding the proud assertion that the "name of Napoleon needed no endorsement," he abandoned the design of becoming a planter. Just then he received the following sad letter from his mother:

"My dear Son,—I am about to undergo an operation which has become absolutely necessary. In case it should not terminate successfully, I send you, in this letter, my blessing. We shall meet again in a better world. You will believe that, in quitting this life, I regret only leaving yourself and your fond, affectionate disposition, which alone has given any charms to my existence. This will be a consolation to you, my beloved child, to reflect that, by your attentions, you have rendered your mother as happy as circumstances could allow her to be. I press you to my heart, my dear child. I am calm—perfectly resigned. I would still hope that we may meet again, even in this world. The will of God be done. Your affectionate mother,

"Hortense."

Upon the reception of this letter, the ever affectionate son resolved immediately to embark for Europe, and to hasten to the bedside of his dying mother. He found her still alive. For a few weeks he watched with the most tender care around her couch of suffering, and had the mournful satisfaction of receiving her last messages of love, as, world-weary and sorrow-stricken, she sank in death.

Louis, dejected and bereaved, lingered for some months at the castle where his mother had breathed her last. The French looked with a jealous eye upon the young claimant of the French throne. It was represented to the Swiss government that to allow him to remain within so short a distance of France would endanger their safety; consequently, the government were compelled to withdraw protection, and Louis must again go forth alone, and heart-stricken, to meet the dim future. He repaired to England. His income was ample, yet he seemed weary of life. Still, the memory of the name he bore seemed ever to reproach him for submitting to an inglorious life, and to rouse him to desperate adventure to gain a throne and a crown.

For two years he remained in London. His name, his claims, and peculiar position, attracted much attention. When he appeared in society, or when he took his daily afternoon airings, on horseback or in a carriage, in the parks, he was observed by all. He studiously adopted the habits of life of his uncle. It is said that he invariably rose at six o'clock, and employed himself in his study, with his books and his pen, until mid-day. He then breakfasted, and read the morning papers, causing notes to be taken of all that peculiarly interested him. At two o'clock he received visitors. At four or five, he made his appearance with the

charioted throng, rolling through the parks. At seven o'clock he dined. The evenings he devoted to the various social and intellectual entertainments of the great metropolis.

During his stay in England he published a work entitled "Napoleonic Ideas," which, from its title and its author, rather than from any intrinsic merit, attained some celebrity. This work consists of an exposition of the political maxims of the great Emperor. The failure of his ill-planned adventure at Strasbourg, which had covered him with ridicule, seemed gradually to inspire him with a strong desire to attempt to retrieve his reputation by a more brilliant and successful enterprise.

The year 1840 arrived, and all France was in a blaze of enthusiasm to receive the remains of her idolized monarch from the rock of St. Helena. Murmurs long and loud against Louis Philippe were heard on every side. Louis Napoleon resolved to avail himself of this apparently propitious moment to drive the Orleans branch of the Bourbons from the throne, believing that every Frenchman would rejoice to have the sceptre in the hands of the nephew at the reception of the remains of the uncle. Many plans far less wise have been crowned with success. And yet it seemed a hair-breadth enterprise to attempt the subversion of an empire having so vigilant and energetic a spirit as that of Louis Philippe at its head, with instruments so feeble as those upon which the adventurer must rely. A plan was so secretly matured that no suspicion of the contemplated movement was excited either in England or in France.

On Sunday, the 4th of August, 1840, Louis Napoleon, accompanied, apparently, by a pleasure party of about sixty persons, entered a small steamer upon the Thames. Many

of the gentlemen were attended by their servants. They were all foreigners, and it is said that many of them were unaware of the enterprise in which they had embarked. The little steamer passed down the river and pushed out into the Channel. The prince then assembled his gallant army of sixty men, and informed them of the object of his expedition, which was no less than the invasion of France and the overthrow of the Orleans dynasty. Money was distributed freely. Wine flowed in abundance. The courage of all was soon roused to the highest pitch. French uniforms, which had previously been prepared, were given to all, and the captain was ordered to steer directly for Boulogne. The little steamer, "The City of Edinburgh," with its handful of gay revelers, hurried over the wave, to demolish the armies of Louis Philippe and to take possession of France. The innocent Captain Crow, though perfectly astounded at the quantity of wine which disappeared, submissively obeyed the orders of the Prince, and guided his tiny bark toward the shores of France.

It was midnight when the dim outline of the Gallic coast was first faintly discernible in the distance. The brilliant sun of a cloudless summer morning illumined both land and sea as the valiant army of invasion, heated with wine, and flushed with the night's revelry, landed, unopposed and unobserved, at the obscure village of Vimereux, near the garrisoned city of Boulogne. The tale seems incredible, and yet it is well authenticated, that this extraordinary army of sixty strong formed themselves in solid column, and advanced valiantly upon the guns and bayonets of the fortified city. Louis Napoleon, whom no one has ever accused of want of courage, or of a disposition to push his friends into

positions of peril which he was not willing to share, headed the Liliputian host. He had not forgotten the pithy remark of Chateaubriand, "that if the cocked hat and surtout of Napoleon were placed on a stick on the shores of Brest, it would cause Europe to run to arms from one end to the other."

Next to the general-in-chief came one in the uniform of a French officer, with a live eagle fluttering upon the perch. Then followed the rank and file of gentlemen and servants. They were abundantly furnished with proclamations. Louis had, in his imperial treasury, about one hundred thousand dollars to meet the expenses of the war. As they marched victoriously along through the green fields, a crowd of gaping peasants and ragged boys followed, wondering what it could all mean.

They reached Boulogne. The garrison there consisted of two companies. The soldiers, amused, bewildered, and amazed, gathered around the invading army. Louis harangued them energetically, and the vivacious French began to shout "Vive l'Empereur!" The officers caught the alarm, rushed to the barracks, gathered the soldiers around them, and recalled them to obedience. Louis lost his presence of mind, and, in his desperation, fired a pistol at the colonel. The ball missed its mark, but wounded a soldier in the neck. The whole party were now compelled to retreat. They fled through the streets in ridiculous confusion, pursued by the soldiers, the boys, and the dogs. Some few were shot; some were drowned; but most of the party were surrounded and captured.

These two wild adventures left the impression upon the public mind that Louis Napoleon was a simpleton and a

madman. And yet the boldness, the ability, and the eloquence of his defense when put upon trial astonished France. The name of Napoleon was adored by the people. It was not deemed safe to doom one of his descendants to an ignominious death. He was sentenced to *perpetual imprisonment* in the castle of Ham. When he heard the judgment, he exclaimed, "At least I shall have the happiness of dying upon the soil of France!" It is reported that, as he entered the gloomy fortress assigned as his home and his grave, he looked up at the impregnable battlements frowning upon him, and smiling, said, "The word *perpetual*, in the French language, means until the next revolution."

The castle of Ham is one of the gloomiest prisons in Europe. For six dreary years he endured the almost insupportable monotony of his prison life. The iron had entered his soul; the indelible traces of suffering still mark his pensive features. For some time he was exposed to every annoyance which could embitter his confinement. At length these stringent measures were mitigated, and he was allowed books and writing materials, and was permitted to correspond with his friends. In a letter to Lady Blessington, he says: "My thoughts often recur to the spot in which you dwell. Nevertheless, I have no desire to quit my present abode. Here I am in my proper place. With the name I bear, I must be either in the seclusion of the dungeon or in the brightness of power."

Again he wrote to a friend: "Twice betrayed by Fate, I have experienced all the vicissitudes and sorrows of this life. Having got the better of the illusions of youth, I find in the native air I breathe, in study, in the seclusion of a prison, a charm which I have not experienced when I participated in

the enjoyments of foreign countries, where I had to drink of the same cup as the conqueror of Waterloo."

The letter from which this brief extract is taken was published in the journals, and produced great excitement in France. The question was asked, "under what title he would be prepared to return to France, if the doors of his prison were thrown open and the decree of exile revoked?" He replied, "I never can believe that France is the property of any family. I have never pretended to any other rights than those of a French citizen. And I never shall have any other desire than to see the whole people legally convened, choosing freely the form of government which they may think best to have. A member of a family which owes its elevation to the suffrages of the nation, I should belie my origin, my nature, and, what is more, should do violence to common sense, if I did not admit *the sovereignty of the people as the fundamental basis of all political organization.* My previous actions and declarations are in accordance with these opinions. If I have not been understood, it is because we do not seek to explain defeats. We only condemn them."

Louis, who had a highly cultivated mind and intellectual tastes, endeavored to beguile the weary hours of his captivity by literary and scientific studies and philosophical experiments. He also published several works, highly creditable to his heart and to his pen. After an imprisonment of five years, he wrote, "Years roll by with disheartening monotony. It is only in the promptings of my conscience and my heart that I find strength to stand up against this atmosphere of lead which surrounds and suffocates me. But I still believe, with absolute confidence, that a better future is approaching."

It was now the year 1846. The father of Louis Napoleon was dying. Earnestly he appealed to the French government that his imprisoned son might visit him once more before he went down to the grave. The captive made the most energetic efforts, by application to all branches of the government, for liberty to visit his dying father. He pledged his word of honor that he would immediately return again to his captivity. The appeal was unavailing. He then resolved upon a desperate effort to escape. It was the morning of the 25th of May, 1846. A large number of laborers were employed in the yard of the castle. He had succeeded in obtaining the soiled and tattered clothes of a workman, which he exchanged for his own. Having removed his mustache and whiskers, with a slouched hat concealing his face, a pipe in his mouth, a heavy plank upon his shoulder, he passed deliberately by the sentinel, and walked calmly, in the bright morning sun, out into glorious freedom. A friend who was in the secret met him with a carriage and a passport. They drove rapidly to Valenciennes, took the railway for Brussels, and a packet for London.

Immediately upon his arrival in London, he wrote to the French embassador, "I come frankly to declare to the man who was the friend of my mother, that, in quitting my prison, I had no idea of renewing against the French government a war that has been so disastrous to me, but only to be enabled to go and to be near my aged father. Before taking this step, I made every effort to obtain permission to visit him. I offered every guarantee consistent with my honor. Finding all my applications fruitless, I determined to have recourse to the last expedient, which the Duke de Nemours and the Duke De Guise adopted in similar circum-

cumstances under Henry IV. I beg that you will inform the French government of my peaceable intentions. I hope that such an assurance may shorten the captivity of my friends who still remain in prison."

Louis, though now free, was exceedingly unhappy. Though he had ample means for all his expenses, he was an exile and alone. His adored mother, who had ever loved her impassioned, pensive, and warm-hearted son, was in the cold tomb of Ruel. His brother, the companion of his youth, his hopes, his misfortunes, was dead. His aged father was languishing upon a dying bed in Tuscany. The Austrian government would not allow the Prince to land upon the shores of Italy. For twenty months Louis remained in London, a solitary, world-weary man. He lived alone with his books and in the society of a small circle of friends, of the highest rank, to whom his illustrious name gave him a ready introduction.

On the 25th of July, 1846, his father, the brother of the great Emperor, the King of Holland, the gentleman of wealth, refinement, high intellectual culture and leisure, the husband of one of the most beautiful, amiable, and accomplished of women, terminated an utterly joyless existence of sixty-eight years.

In February, 1848, there was a new eruption of the French political volcano. Louis Philippe and Louis Napoleon crossed the Channel in opposite directions. The *people* began immediately to rally around the heir of the mighty Emperor. Louis Napoleon knew that they would. He knew that the masses of the people would espouse his cause the moment he could be fairly presented before them. Hence those measures which the world has stamped with folly were in-

spired by a higher wisdom than the world had imagined. Louis Napoleon was immediately elected to the National Assembly by the constituency of Paris, his native city. A majority of sixty thousand votes swept him triumphantly into that chamber of notables. In a few months, over five millions of votes elevated him to the post of President of the French Republic. The unanimity in his favor amazed all the world excepting France.

Factions were formed; conspiracies were rife; Socialists, Bourbonists, Orleanists, all were busy to gain the reins of power. The operations of the government were thwarted in every way. Anarchy threatened France. Louis was threatened with impeachment, with arrest, with imprisonment, perhaps with the guillotine. There was but one choice before him, to conquer or to fall. In the mysterious depths of his melancholy spirit, he resolved to demolish all his enemies at a blow. He violated his solemn oath. He trampled the constitution he had sworn to defend into the dust. Through the dark hours of the night, he sat in his silent cabinet in the Elysée, and while all Paris was asleep, his emissaries arrested every individual man who could harm him. The night passed away, the morning dawned tranquilly upon Paris. Louis Napoleon had gathered all the powers of an unlimited despotism into his single hand. In tones solemn and firm, he told France and the world what he had done. England cursed him for it. America cursed him. France laughed, applauded, blessed. The good-natured Parisians rubbed their hands with glee, and said it was a capital joke. They declared that it was most cleverly done. They affirmed that he had saved France. The nation, by the voice of universal suffrage, was called on to pronounce its verdict

upon the deed. Louis was sustained—triumphantly sustained—sustained by a majority almost unparalleled in the annals of the ballot-box. By universal suffrage he was proclaimed Emperor.

Thus the people of France threw out the gauntlet of defiance to feudal Europe. Thus they have said to the kings who reign by "divine right," "Your combined armies have invaded our territories; you have forced upon us a rejected dynasty; you have denied us the right to elect our own sovereign; you have torn from us the monarch of our choice; you have chained him till he died upon the rock of mortal agony. Again we spurn the rulers you have imposed upon us. We have sought the heir of the great Emperor. We have placed him upon our throne. We care not whether he be fiend or angel, we will prove to the world that France has a right to govern herself without the interference of her neighbors."

It has been stated in the British Parliament, by very high authority, that there is a letter extant in England, written by Louis Napoleon in the days of his exile, in which he says, "I have been treated very kindly in England. I have many friends there. But if I ever attain supreme power in France, I shall certainly invade England. *Waterloo and St. Helena are yet to be avenged.*" If Louis Napoleon has said this, he will certainly attempt the execution of his threat. He is the very last man in the world to utter idle words. A passion once enkindled in the glowing depths of his lonely spirit will never be smothered.

Still, notwithstanding the high authority which asserts the existence of such a letter, we doubt its truth. We believe that Louis Napoleon is cordially in favor of peace. He

wishes to enrich France by the hand of industry. Napoleon, with his dying breath, at St. Helena, entreated his son never to attempt to avenge his death. He urged him to do every thing in his power to avert the calamities of war. Though an army of invasion might inflict incredible suffering upon England, the idea of the conquest of that island is simply absurd. No man knows this better than Louis Napoleon. Still, England trembles in view of invasion. Well may she tremble. England has a guilty conscience.

Louis Napoleon has married a Spanish lady of remarkable grace, intelligence, and beauty. She is not of royal birth. It is a plebeian marriage, incited by the very unroyal sentiment of sincere affection. Upon this subject, Louis Napoleon concluded a remarkably able address to the Council of State in the following words:

"She who has become the object of my preferences is of high birth. French by heart, by education, and by the remembrance of her father's blood, which he shed in the cause of the Empire, she has, as a Spaniard, the advantage of not having in France any family to whom she would wish to give honors and dignities. Gifted with every mental quality, she will be the ornament of the throne, as in the day of danger she would become one of its most courageous supporters. A pious Catholic, she will address to Heaven the same prayers as myself for the happiness of France. Gracious and good, she will exhibit, I firmly hope, in the same position, the virtues of the Empress Josephine. I come, therefore, to say to France, I have preferred a woman whom I love and respect to one unknown, and whose alliance would have advantages mingled with sacrifices. I yield to my inclination, but not without having first consulted my reason

and my convictions. In short, in placing independence, the affections of the heart, and family happiness, above dynastic prejudices and the calculations of ambition, I shall not be the less strong, since I shall be more at liberty. Soon, in proceeding to the church of Notre Dame, I shall present the Empress to the people and to the army. The confidence which they have in me assures me of their kind feelings toward her whom I have chosen. And you, gentlemen, in learning to know her, will be convinced that again on this occasion I have been guided by Providence."

The government of Louis Napoleon is unquestionably the most stable of any which can now be established in France. Still, there can be no stability upon the edge of the crater of an ever-active volcano. It is the almost universal sentiment in France that the French nation can not sustain a republic. While the nation admires Republicanism in America, the popular voice declares a monarchy to be essential to France.

There are two other claimants to the throne. The one of these represents the Bourbon dynasty. Charles X. had a son, the heir of his rights. Many years ago, this young man, in leaving one of the theatres of Paris, was assassinated. He left a little boy a few years old. This little boy has now become a man thirty-seven years of age. He bears the title of the Count of Chambord. According to the doctrine of legitimacy, he, the lineal descendant of the Bourbons, is the legitimate King of France. He has been married ten years, and has no child. It is not probable that he will ever have an heir.

But there is another party, who repudiate the claims of the Bourbons, and espouse the cause of the Orleans branch of

that family. The Duke of Orleans, the eldest son of King Louis Philippe, was the inheritor of whatever rights his royal father could transmit. He was a noble young man—physically and intellectually noble. His generous qualities had rendered him universally popular. One morning he invited a few companions to breakfast with him, as he was about to take his departure from Paris to join his regiment. In the conviviality of the hour, he drank a little too much wine. He did not become intoxicated. He was not, in any respect, a dissipated man. His character was lofty and noble. But in that joyous hour he drank a glass too much. He slightly lost the balance of his body and of his mind. Bidding adieu to his companions, he entered his carriage.

His horses took fright and ran. But for that extra glass of wine, he would have kept his seat. He leaped from the carriage. But for that extra glass of wine, he would have alighted upon his feet. His head first struck the pavement. Senseless and bleeding, he was taken into a beer-shop and died. That extra glass of wine overthrew the Orleans dynasty—confiscated their property of one hundred millions of dollars—sent the whole family into exile. "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

The Duke of Orleans left a son, the Count of Paris, now thirteen years of age. This lad is the heir of whatever political rights the Orleans family can transmit. Should the Count of Chambord die childless, the young Count of Paris becomes the heir both of the Bourbon and of the Orleans family. Many attempts have been made to unite the friends of

these two claimants in their combined strength against Louis Napoleon.

The secret of Louis Napoleon's power with the masses is this: the Count of Chambord is the candidate of the old feudal nobility. He is the representative of their exclusive privileges, and will sustain them. The sympathies of the surrounding thrones are entirely with him.

The Count of Paris is the representative of the more modern nobility, and the higher aristocracy of the nation. He stands between the modern democracy and the old feudal despotisms.

Louis Napoleon is the Democratic candidate. The people believe him to be their friend, the representative of the rights of the masses. Hence they rally around him, not from any enthusiastic attachment to his person, but because they believe his very name pledges him to defend their cause.

The more intelligent of the people say, "Louis Napoleon is a despot—an utter despot. We admit it. But, divided as France is, we must have a man at the head of the government who is not afraid to enact the despot. *He* will tyrannize to protect us. The *Bourbon* and the *Orleanist* will tyrannize to crush us, and to uphold the exclusive privileges of the nobles."

Such is the present position of Louis Napoleon. Not long ago one of his friends took into the palace of the Elysée a political pamphlet written against him. "Ah," said Louis, with one of his melancholy smiles, "here we have the 'Life of *Napoleon the Little*, by *Victor Hugo the Great*.'" Louis Napoleon is not a man to be despised.

There is a very considerable portion of the American press which seems disposed to condemn, in an unqualified manner,

the whole course of policy pursued by the Emperor, and greatly to regret the establishment of his power over France as an event wholly retrogressive in respect to the cause of popular liberty. And, indeed, it must be confessed that the power which Louis Napoleon actually wields is sufficiently arbitrary. In its *form* it is centralized, compact, and absolute to the highest degree. But then it is a consideration of vast significance and importance that, in respect to *foundation*, it rests on a distinct and open acknowledgment of the great fundamental principles of our own system—*the sovereignty of the people.*

The Emperor Napoleon avows, before the world, that he holds his power as a *trust*, conferred upon him *by the votes of his countrymen*—the votes not of a part, a class privileged by birth, wealth, or ancient prerogatives, but of *all.* The pedestal on which this lofty column of power, which rears itself so conspicuously in the eyes of all mankind, is seen to stand, is plainly and legibly inscribed UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE. Now it certainly must be considered a great step in advance for the cause of human rights, that the grand and fundamental principle of popular sovereignty should be thus, even in form, acknowledged and acted upon by one of the most powerful of the ancient feudal sovereignties of Europe. It is as great a step, perhaps, as ought reasonably to be expected of one generation. The moral influence of it on the governmental changes which are to take place in Europe during the coming fifty years must be vast and incalculable.

Nor is the importance of this acknowledgment diminished essentially by the supposition which is sometimes very strongly urged, that the balloting, by which the empire of Louis Napoleon was established, was not honestly conduct-

ed, and that the result of it did not truly represent the popular will. Grant this ever so fully, and still the main point that we have urged remains unaffected by it, namely, that one of the most conspicuous and most powerful of the ancient monarchies of Europe has, in a very open and solemn manner, and in the presence of all mankind, rejected and renounced the doctrine of the divine right of kings, and inaugurated, in its stead, that of the sovereignty of the people.

By repeated acts they have recognized the popular will, expressed through the machinery of an organized, formal, and universal balloting, as the original and fundamental source of power, and they have organized a government which, however monocratic and absolute in its form, is still not an autocrat, representing irresponsible and hereditary power, but an *agent*, holding trusts and exercising functions conferred upon it by the special act of the millions, whose interests are affected by the exercise of them. Thus, if the government be a despotism, it is a despotism that has been created by the popular will, and what true believer in the sovereignty of the people will deny them the right to govern themselves by means even of a despotism, if they see fit so to do.

In fact, the people of France seem to have said to themselves, "We will acknowledge any efficient government, whatever form it may assume, provided it will acknowledge the principle that the sovereignty is originally in us, and will hold its power as a grant which we have conferred; and it would be very difficult for the most ardent advocate of popular rights to show that, considering all the circumstances of the case, they have not acted wisely in so doing.

THE END.

Date Due

NOV 22 '32

MAR 1 6 1984

Main D352.6.A22
Abbott, John S.
Kings and qu
3 5108 00071052 5
DENISON UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES

D
352.6
.A22

10923